

May 28, 1979

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THE NEW YORKER



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AWAKE AND SING!—This revival of Clifford Odets' classic play about a Jewish family in the Bronx during the Depression is unsatisfactory, partly because of the casting of several of the principal roles. It is almost redeemed, though, by the fine performances of Patricia Maueri as the daughter of the family, and of Peter Silbert as her hapless husband. Stephen Rosenfield directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, May 27.)

BEDROOM FARCE—A marvellously intricate and nearly always very funny account of four marriages. The setting is three bedrooms, so problems emerge. Alan Ayckbourn is the author, and the all-British cast is superlative. Starting Monday, May 28, the cast will begin to become Americanized. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—A play by Lanford Wilson, **TALLEY'S FOLLY**, with Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins, is the fifth in this season's series. Mr. Wilson's play is part of a planned cycle that already includes "The 5th of July," presented here last year. (5/14/79) Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10; on Friday, May 25, at 7, and Friday, June 1, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 3. . . . The sixth late show (i.e., 11 P.M.) of the season is **LIFE AND/OR DEATH**, a triple bill by Herb Gardner. Tuesdays through Thursdays. Closes Thursday, May 31. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Avenue S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

DEVOUR THE SNOW—Jon De Vries gives a remarkably strong emotional performance as a slandered survivor of the Donner Party in this overblown courtroom melodrama by Abe Polsky. The production, under Terry Schreiber's direction, is very good. With Edward Seamon, Berkeley Harris, Berit Lagerwall, and Gloria Maddox, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

DISPATCHES—A misguided effort by Elizabeth Swados to base a musical on Michael Herr's volume of reports from Vietnam. (4/30/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

THE ELEPHANT MAN—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsis directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Voted the best play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (1/29/79 and 4/30/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—The final production of the season is a revival of the musical **ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER**, with a book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, and music by Burton Lane. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 27. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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EUBIE!—Twenty-odd songs by Eubie Blake (at ninety-six the oldest pianist and composer around) give a firm foundation to this merry, fast-paced revue. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GETTING OUT—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play (presented here last fall by the Phoenix Theatre) are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. They are very well acted by Susan Kingsley and Pamela Reed, under the direction of Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Satur-

days at 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3.)

REMEMBER MAMA—Liv Ullmann heads the cast of a musical (based on the 1944 Broadway comedy of the same name) by Richard Rodgers (music), Martin Charnin (lyrics), and Thomas Meehan (book). Directed by Cy Feuer. Previews through Wednesday, May 30. Opens officially on Thursday, May 31. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 28, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Monday, May 28, at 3.)

JUST A LITTLE BIT LESS THAN NORMAL—A play by Nigel Baldwin, imported from London. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

KNOCKOUT—A sad little tale of life in the lower depths of Hoboken, which is low enough for all practical purposes. Danny Aiello and Edward O'Neill help to redeem the writing, which is by Louis La Russo II. (5/14/79)

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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LAST DAYS AT THE DIXIE GIRL CAFÉ—A play by Rob-in Swicord. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday at 2 and Saturday and Sunday at 4. Closes Sunday, May 27.)

MY OLD FRIENDS—This musical about an old people's home is in many ways better than you might expect. Maxine Sullivan, in one solo number—"A Little Starch Left"—is quite marvellous. Book, lyrics, and score by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs. (2/19/79) (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. After Sunday, May 27, may move to another theatre, to be announced.)

ON GOLDEN POND—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ON MOUNT CHIMBORAZO—A German play by Tankred Dorst and Ursula Ehler, translated by Peter Sander. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, May 26.)

PETER ALLEN-UP IN ONE—Mr. Allen and Lenora Nemetz in a musical entertainment. Directed by Craig Zadan. Opens Wednesday, May 23. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Opening-night curtain at 6:30; thereafter, Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, June 9.)

SARAVÁ—Sex and death in far-off Brazil, or perhaps in far-off Belascoland. Tovah Feldshuh is the hardworking star. (3/5/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

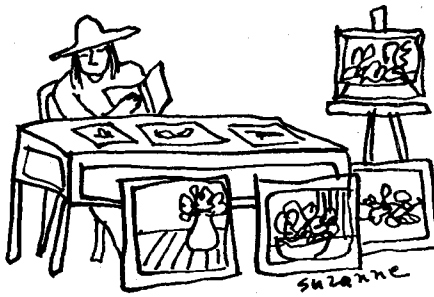
SAY GOODNIGHT, GRACIE—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is very good. (4/2/79) (78th Street Theatre, 236 W. 78th St. 595-5240. Wednesday and Thursday at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. After Sunday, May 27, will move to another theatre, to be announced.)

SWEENEY TODD—Many remarkable songs, by Stephen Sondheim, and two remarkable performances, by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, are reasons enough to attend this grisly melodrama. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. Chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG—Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WAKE UP, IT'S TIME TO GO TO BED—Keith Carradine and Ellen Greene head the cast in this concert of contemporary music conceived, written, and directed by Carson Kieyman. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

WARRIORS FROM A LONG CHILDHOOD—A play by Lavonne Mueller. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Sat-



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urday at 8. Matinees Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 27.)

WHOOPEE!—A weebegone disinterment of a musical that cannot have been all that wonderful back in the nineteen-twenties. Charles Repole stars. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?—A brilliant play by Brian Clark, in which a paralyzed young man argues with wit and eloquence that he must be allowed to die. Tom Conti is superb as the young man, and he is well supported by, among others, Jean Marsh and Philip Bosco. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, except May 30, and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Monday, May 28.)

LONG RUNS—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

... **ANNIE**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer. Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **CHAPTER TWO**: A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **DANCIN'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **DEATHTRAP**: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Stacy Keach, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert

Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **DRACULA**: Raúl Juliá and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,928 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, May 29, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Monday, May 28, at 3.) ... **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirtieth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **MUMMENSCHAUZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays, except May 29, through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinees Monday, May 28, and Thursday, May 31.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA**: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 27.)

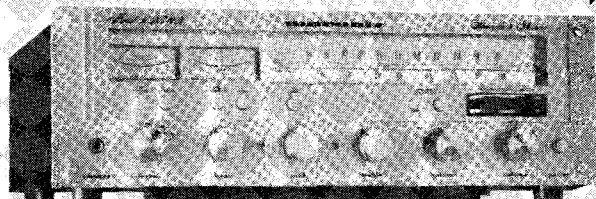
MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, in their hundred-and-ninth year, tenting on Eighth Avenue. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 23, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, May 24, at 10:30 and 7:30; Fridays, as well as Tuesday, May 29, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays, as well as Monday, May 28, and Wednesday, May 30, at 1 and 5:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the evening performance on Thursday, May 24, may be cancelled. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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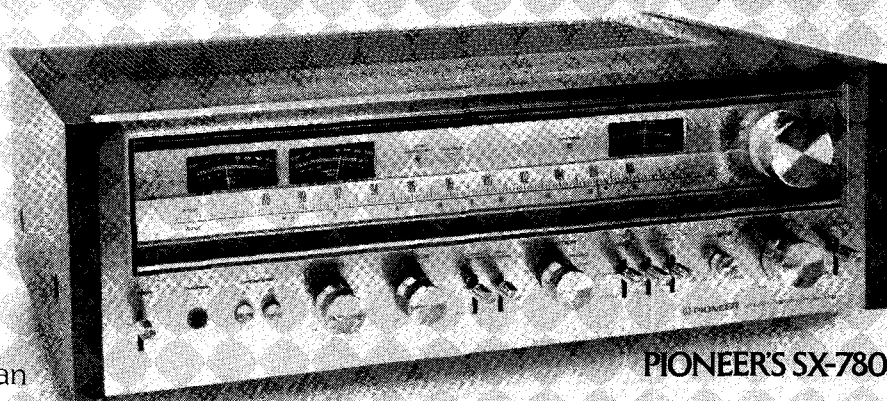
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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month-long festival celebrating black theatre, dance, and music. **MITZI E. NEWHOUSE THEATRE.** Wednesday, May 23, at 2:30 and 8: Repertory, Inc., from Washington, D.C., presenting "Five on the Black Hand Side," a comedy by Charlie Russell. . . . Friday, May 25, at 8, and Saturday, May 26, at 2:30 and 8: the Kuumba Workshop, from Chicago, presenting "The Amen Corner," by James Baldwin. . . . Sunday, May 27, at 8: Sun Ra and His Arkestra. . . . Tuesday, May 29, at 8 (a benefit performance), and Wednesday, May 30, at 2:30 and 8: The Dashiki Project Theatre, from New Orleans, presenting Ed Bullins' "The Fabulous Miss Marie." . . . Thursday and Friday, May 31-June 1, at 8: Philadanco, from Philadelphia, and the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. . . . Saturday, June 2, at 2:30 and 8, and Sunday, June 3, at 8: The Inner City Repertory, from Los Angeles, presenting "Iago," by C. Bernard Jackson, with Beah Richards and Sab Shimono. . . . **NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER.** Sunday, May 27, at 4:30: The Dixie Hummingbirds, Hilda Harris, Chapman Roberts and Friends, and Charles Stewart and the Good News Singers. . . . Sunday, June 3, at 4:30: A concert by Cissy Houston and Noel Pointer. (For information about tickets, call 787-9310.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 23: "Interplay," "La Source," and "Union Jack." . . . Thursday evening, May 24: "La Source," "Orpheus," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . Friday evening, May 25: "Watermill" and "Union Jack." . . . Saturday matinee, May 26: "In the Night," "Mother Goose Suite," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . Saturday evening, May 26: "Watermill," "Interplay," and "The Four Seasons." . . . Sunday matinee, May 27, "Interplay," "Orpheus," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . Sunday evening, May 27: "The Four Temperaments," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Bourneville Divertissements." . . . Tuesday evening, May 29: "Symphony in C" and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . Wednesday evening, May 30: "Jewels." . . . Thursday evening, May 31: "Watermill" and "Stars and Stripes." . . . Friday evening, June 1: "Jewels." . . . Saturday matinee, June 2: "Diver-timento No. 15," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Union Jack." . . . Saturday evening, June 2: "Vienna Waltzes" and "Union Jack." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, July 1.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday evening, May 23: "Swan Lake." . . . Thursday evening, May 24: "Theme and Variations," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Contredances," and "Fall River Legend." . . . Friday evening, May 25: "Contredances," "Other Dances," "Miss Julie," and "Fancy Free." . . . Saturday matinee, May 26: "The Tiller in the Fields," "Voluntaries," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Fancy Free." . . . Saturday evening, May 26: "Shadowplay," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Etudes." . . . Monday evening, May 28: "Petrouchka," "Undertow," and "Etudes." . . . Tuesday evening, May 29: "Petrouchka," "Other Dances," "Undertow," and "Voluntaries." . . . Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 30-31: "Swan Lake." . . . Friday evening, June 1: "Petrouchka," "Fall River Legend," "Pas de Deux Holberg," and "Theme and Variations." . . . Saturday matinee and evening, June 2: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2. Through Saturday, June 9.)

DANCEAFRICA '79—The first of four performances of African-American dances by four companies, Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers; Charles Moore and Dances & Drums of Africa; Chuck Davis Dance Company; and International African American Ballet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, June 2, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more no-

table performers in town. . . . Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Thursday through Sunday, May 24-27, and Wednesday through Saturday, May 30-June 2, electric violinist **MICHAEL URBANIAK**, his vocal wife, **URSULA DUDZIAK**, and their quintet will perform tunes built on jazz, rock, and Polish folk motifs. Sets begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A safe but nonetheless admirable collection of popular music in a setting considerably more intimate than the Palladium, Avery Fisher Hall, or Madison Square Garden. Friday and Saturday, May 25-26, will be devoted to the music of Passport, a German jazz-rock quintet. Singer Narada Michael Walden will be present on Monday and Tuesday, May 28-29. On Wednesday, May 30, pianist **ALDO CICCOLINI** will perform an all-Satie program. (Satie novices are advised to be on the lookout for programmatic and pseudoprogrammatic titles, rising and descending scales of parallel fourths, sirens, quasisymmetrical chord progressions, repetition, and unresolved chords.) Seawind, a jazz-rock group that is based in Hawaii, will come in for two nights on Friday, June 1. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, May 23-24.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some of the very best pianists in jazz. Two of them will be on the premises: **RAY BRYANT**, through Saturday, May 26, and **ROLAND HANNA**, with bassist **SAM JONES**, Monday through Saturday, May 28-June 2. Music from nine-thirty every night. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfá, Gil, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. A lovely place to dance, or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnival. Dining. Closed Mondays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** is singing and playing piano with his aides—drummer **GENE GAMMAGE** and bassist **BEVERLY PEER**. Non-disco interpretations of Coward, Gershwin, and Porter. Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** does some strong piano work nightly, except Sundays, from nine-forty-five to one.

CARNegie TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and elegant, **ELLIS LARKINS** slips onto the piano bench and plays in his delicate, understated way. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—CBGB's (as it is affectionately called by its patrons and by admirers of new-wave, formerly known as punk, rock), the Tin Palace (see below), and a few other restaurants and new-wave outposts have given fresh life to the Bowery. Mondays and Tuesdays tend to be showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is not only a legendary blues singer but also a funny, rocking, and altogether delightful entertainer. She's present Tuesdays through Saturdays, starting at eight-thirty, with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis, and she sings her own compositions, some of which are recent and some of which go back to 1922. Stride pianist

and occasional singer **BROOKS KERR** and his bassist, **AL HALL**, claim the Sunday and Monday slots, and begin at eight. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—A bustling taste-of-New Orleans restaurant. Trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM**, his clear, easy tone still intact (he's in his mid-seventies), performs with a trio Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, holds court in the carpeted lounge of this restaurant Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

DOWNEY'S, 705 Eighth Ave., at 44th St. (757-0186)—In the green-tartan-carpeted backroom of this steakhouse, **DARDANELLE**, the singer and pianist who has no faults, is working Mondays through Saturdays, although she has chosen not to call it work. Her piano here is a brand-new August Förster, which she calls "a pianist's dream," and playing it "isn't work but a pleasure." She begins at eight. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A businesslike traditional-jazz sextet occupies the bandstand weeknights from nine-thirty. On Sunday, May 27, guitarist **CHRIS FLORY** will lead a combo from eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors and mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls are all that is left from this new downstairs jazz club's disco past. Singer and pianist **MOSE ALLISON**, who can be simultaneously rural and urbane, works with his trio through Saturday, May 26; on Tuesday, May 29, drummer **ROY HAYNES** will bring in his quintet, the Hip Ensemble. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-fifteen. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA**, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three; on Sundays, Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman get a head start at seven. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATILIA ZOLLER**, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**, and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**. Weeknights, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

HORS D'OEUVRE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, guitarist **AL GAFIA**'s trio plays for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Emme Kemp alternates with them after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—new-wave rock bands. Taped rock and roll is played between sets and before eleven-thirty. (Sneakers are more in than platform shoes here.) The lineup: Penetration, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 23-24; Johnny Thunder's So Alone Revue, on Friday, May 25; the Flesthorns and the Speedies, on Saturday, May 26; James White and the Blacks, on Monday, May 28; and Model Citizens plus the Scientific Americans, on Tuesday, May 29. Live music every night from eleven-thirty; taped music from about nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—All one has to do here is take a seat or stretch out on the pillow furniture on the floor, and jazz musicians—competent unknowns or established veterans—take up their instruments and play. And if, for some reason, one doesn't like the living-room atmosphere or feels in danger of being too pampered, there are tables in the back, and even a bar, where one can order snacks and soft drinks. The established visiting performers will be trumpeter **RED RODNEY** on Friday and Saturday, May 25-26; on Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, Brazilian trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** will bring in a sextet. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine; Sundays from eight-thirty.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Satur-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—**BILLY TAYLOR** and **VICTOR GASKIN** are back in this corner restaurant Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A club that draws genuine, if transplanted, Texans; cowboy-booted New Yorkers; and Chicago-blues, Delta-blues, rhythm-and-blues, country-and-Western, and rock enthusiasts. Country singer **Johnny Paycheck** is here with his band through Thursday, May 24. On Sunday and Monday, May 27-28, **VASSAR CLEMENTS**, a Nashville legend and a thoughtful country fiddler, will be on hand with his quintet. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**JOHNNY HARTMAN** made a lovely record of standards some fifteen years ago with John Coltrane, and it might be his best recording. Today, he's still doing standards, and he still has a full, rich, remarkably responsive baritone voice. He's here through Saturday, May 26. On Tuesday, May 29, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will team up with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** for five nights. Sets Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; and Saturdays at eleven-thirty and one. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll from, for the most part, the extremist fringe. (See also CBGB and Hurrah, above.) The bands: on Wednesday, May 23, the **Raves** plus **Pure Hell**; on Thursday, May 24, the **Rentals** and **Su-Sin Shocks**; on Friday, May 25, **Elliott Murphy**; and on Saturday, May 26, the **Terrorists** plus **Suicide**. Shows begin usually long after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JOYA SHERRILL**, who spent her high-school years some thirty-five years ago as Duke Ellington's vocalist (she wrote lyrics for "Take the A Train"), is now using her direct, high-spirited singing style to pay tribute to composer **Harold Arlen**, the honoree of the month. Miss Sherrill is sympathetically buoyed by pianist **JUNIOR MANCE**'s trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, **Woody Allen** comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club. Singer and songwriter **OSCAR BROWN, JR.**, will be on this bandstand Thursdays through Saturday, May 31-June 2. Music from ten to two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—**AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursday and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. On Mondays and Fridays, the **Downtown Blue Blowers**, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**, takes over. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may be under renovation, but the brick walls here still look the same. **SAM AND DAVE**, who were one of the slickest soul acts in the sixties, are back in action here through Saturday, May 26; on Sunday, May 27, pianist **HAROLD DANKO** will lead his combo; Wednesday and Thursday, May 30-31, will belong to Cajun fiddler **DOUG KERSHAW**; and, to round things out completely, on Saturday, June 2, comedian **HENNY YOUNGMAN** will take the stage. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9000)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER**, who did wonders as chief arranger for the **Jimmy Lunceford** band of the thirties, does pretty well with his bouncy dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The black-and-white-tiled stage of this famous seventies cabaret is claimed at nine by **Linda Langford**, a singer, and at eleven-thirty by

Jackie Curtis, an ex-Andy Warhol superstar. They are both here until Saturday, May 26. Beginning Tuesday, May 29, singer and pianist **BLOSSOM DEARIE** will return to do two shows a night, at eight-thirty and eleven, for six nights. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz room. Pianist **CEDAR WALTON** will guide a quintet Thursday through Sunday, May 24-27; and on Thursday, May 31, vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI** will arrive with a quartet featuring drummer **STEVE GADD**. Other jazz groups round out the schedule. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SHERATON CENTRE (formerly the Americana Hotel), Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—New Orleans seems, for some reason, to appeal to decorators of New York night clubs (see also **Crawdaddy**, above), and this one, a room named the **French Quarter**, off the hotel lobby, celebrates the **Crescent City** with lots of turn-of-the-century red curlicues—in the carpeting, on the brocade-like wallpaper, and in the bright stained glass overhead. Pianist **EARL (FATHA) HINES** and his little group are playing here through Saturday, May 26; on Monday, May 28, seven-string guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** will bring in his trio. Music nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE** and trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** co-pilot a quartet through Saturday, May 26; Sunday and Monday, May 27-28, saxophonist **Ron Cuber** will head up a quintet; and on Tuesday, May 29, alto saxophonist **Arnie Lawrence** will come in with his quintet. Music from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed room that attracts both musicians and listeners. Most of the lineup: guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER** leads a quartet on Wednesday, May 23; Thursday through Sunday, May 24-27, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** will perform with drummer **BILLY HART** and pianist **JOHN HICKS**; and on Thursday, May 31, drummer **HORACEE ARNOLD**'s quintet, which will include saxophonist **RON BRIDGEWATER**, will move in. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Shows nightly at midnight and two, usually. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Pop-jazz flutist **Herbie Mann** and his group, the **Family of Mann**, will be here Friday through Sunday, May 25-27, in the downstairs room. As of Friday, June 1, Fridays and Saturdays will belong to pianist **MCCOY TYNER** and his intense, vertiginous sextet.

Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on the Terrace, from nine to midnight. On Sundays, in the **Top of the Gate**, **Bob January** guides a dance band from seven to eleven.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON** has anchored here for a couple of weeks with his quartet. Mondays are lately claimed by the **MEL LEWIS JAZZ ORCHESTRA**, a seventeen-piece organization. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist **Sonelius Smith**, who plays in a variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like **Keith Jarrett** or attack like **Cecil Taylor**. **Armen Donelian** usually has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and a nightly stage for aging swing musicians who can still swing. Saxophonist **George Kelly** leads his **Jazz Sultans** through Sunday, May 27; on Tuesday, May 29, the **COUNTSMEN**, a Basie-flavored quintet co-piloted by **DICKY WELLS** and **EARLE WARREN**, will drop in; and on Wednesday, May 30, bop trumpeter **HOWARD MCGHEE** and his group, the **Bebop 5**, will take over. Bebop pianist **Joe Albany** is the Monday-night attraction. The music begins about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

MARTHA SCHLAMME—In "A Woman Without a Man Is..." an evening of song and poetry. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 355-7025. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PATTI SMITH GROUP—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, May 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

CHEAP TRICK and THE ROCKETS—Palladium. Thursday and Friday, May 24-25, at 8.

HANK THOMPSON and HIS BRAZOS VALLEY BOYS and **THE CENTRAL PARK SHEIKS**—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, May 25, at 7 and 10. For information about tickets, call 522-4152.

DEWEY REDMAN TRIO and JOE LEE WILSON and JOY OF JAZZ—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, May 25-26, at 11.

ROBERT GORDON—Palladium. Saturday, May 26, at 8.

ABDULLAH—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Monday, May 28, at 8. For tickets, call 924-5026.

TAMMY WYNETTE, JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ, and MICHAEL MURPHEY—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, May 30, at 8.

DIONNE WARWICK—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 31, at 8.

SUPERTRAMP—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, May 31, at 8.

PATTI LABELLE—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, at 8.

JOE JACKSON—Palladium. Friday, June 1, at 8.

HOMAGE TO MINGUS—At Carnegie Hall, two benefit concerts of his music. Friday, June 1, at 8: **Randy Brecker**, **Ted Curson**, **Joe Farrell**, **John Handy**, **Dannie Richmond**, and others. ... Saturday, June 2, at 8: **Dexter Gordon** and **Woody Shaw**, **Randy Brecker**, **Larry Coryell**, and others.

ABDULLAH IBRAHIM (DOLLAR BRAND) ORCHESTRA and DANCERS—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, at 11.

TOM ROBINSON BAND and THE SHIRTS—Palladium. Saturday, June 2, at 8.

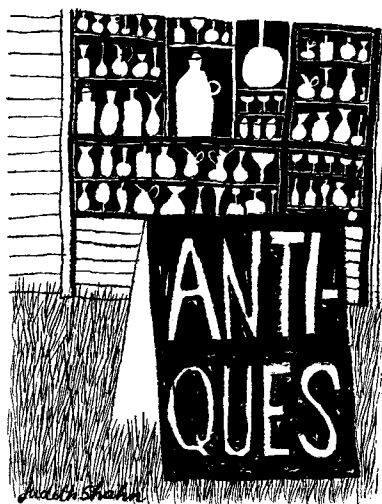
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ELISE ASHER—Oil paintings on Plexiglas. Through June 6. (Ingrber, 3 E. 78th St.)

ROBERT DE NIRO—Oils and monotypes of figures



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and interiors. Through Friday, May 25. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—An indoor atmosphere seems to have developed in the nine large new Ocean Park series paintings in this show, and the color is a shade lighter. Also, an archway has insinuated itself into many of the works on paper. Otherwise, things are about the same in Ocean Park. Through Thursday, May 31. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

RAOUL DUFY (1877-1953)—Pencil drawings, with occasional touches of color, reflecting the good life—in Paris, Nice, New York, at the races, in grand salons, fine restaurants. Through June 9. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Saturday, May 26.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Thirty watercolors and drawings: twelve from the teens, twelve from the twenties, and the rest from the thirties. Through July 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

GREGORY GILLESPIE—Recent paintings by this realist craftsman include a large still-life incorporating portraits of the artist and his wife, and a good many small oils teeming with snakes, monsters, and figures that might have come out of a Hieronymus Bosch. Through June 8. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Saturday, May 26.)

GILLIAN JAGGER—An arrangement of fragmented cast stone fitted together on a bed of stone tiles. The tone is sombre, and so are the arrangements. Through Saturday, May 26. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—Five shaped canvases, around ten feet long, that look like the tip ends of airplane wings; they are in solid colors—blue, white, and grays. The show is running concurrently with one at the Metropolitan Museum. Through Friday, May 25. (Blum Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

PIOTR KOWALSKI—A seven-foot revolving mirror built like a revolving door shows the viewer how he looks to others (no reversed image), and a recording apparatus repeats his utterances as they sound to others and also in reverse, which sounds stranger than one might imagine. Through Saturday, May 26. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

JOSIAH LANCASTER—Representational paintings of doorways and cobblestone streets in Paris. Through Saturday, May 26. (Ta-Nisia, 741 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

GEORGES MATHIEU—Oils and gouaches by a contemporary French abstractionist whose last show here was in 1960. Through Friday, May 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

CATHERINE MURPHY—In the past four years, this artist, who works very slowly and with a quality of realism that is entirely her own, has turned out eleven paintings, ten drawings, and three lithographs, all of which are in this show. Through Saturday, May 26. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

HOWARD NEWMAN—Sculptured creatures from a strange, sleek middle world, half mechanical and half flesh and blood, plus related drawings. Through Saturday, June 2. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

GABOR PETERDI—Paintings. Through June 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MARK RENDLEMAN—Photo-Realist studies of rock formations exposed in cliffsides or in stream beds. One painting, called "Earthquake," shows the ruler-straight lines of cleavage running through a wall of boulders. Through June 15. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St. Closes at 4; closed Saturday, May 26.)

SHALOM OF SAFAED—Paintings and lithographs illustrating Old Testament scenes by a self-taught artist who is also showing works at the Jewish Museum. Through June 15. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JOHN STORRS (1885-1956)—Paintings and small sculptural pieces done during the thirties by this mainstream abstract artist. Through Saturday, May 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

RUFINO TAMAYO—Works on paper from his entire career: watercolors, gouaches, drawings, and prints. A larger retrospective is currently on view at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Aug. 12. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

WILLIAM TUCKER—Two exhibits of large-scale steel sculptures and the drawings for them: a single work at the Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.; and five pieces in SoHo at 98 Prince St. Both through Tuesday, May 29.

SHAKER ART—Fifty-eight drawings, dated 1830 to 1860, by Shaker artists, including Hannah Cohoon, who is best known for the widely imitated "Tree of Life." Also, Shaker furniture and a few paintings (of the same period) drawn from the gallery's collection. A benefit show. Through Friday, May 25. (Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the LEFEBRE, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the gallery artists, among them Pierre Alechinsky, Asger Jorn, Walasse Ting, and Horst Antes. Through June 29. ... **LUBIN HOUSE**, 11 E. 61st St.: Fifteen works in clay (by such artists as Helen Frankenthaler, Anthony Caro, and Kenneth Noland) produced at Syracuse University's Clay Institute. Through June 26. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) ... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Prize paintings from the twenties are on view, including works by Picasso, Léger, Rouault, and Soutine, plus a recently acquired small Calder mobile of fishes made of flattened brass wire. Through June 16. ... **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: English paintings and drawings, 1830-1930. Through June 16.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ROBERT ARNESON—This California portraitist has divided his more-than-life-size ceramic busts into two categories: heroes and clowns. In the first category he includes Elvis Presley, "Vince" van Gogh, and "Mother" Dürer. In the second, the artist includes only himself. Through June 8. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

ANNE ARNOLD/ANNE DUNN—Stoneware dogs (some glazed) of several breeds, all of them dog-size. Through June 6. / Sheaves of wild flowers done with colored inks and perked up with Pointillist dots that form a backdrop for some of the individual blossoms. Through Thursday, May 31. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

FRANK AUERBACH—Semi-abstract landscapes and urban scenes, dashed off swiftly in ink, charcoal, bright-colored chalk, and pencil as studies for paintings. The artist, German-born, lives in England. Through Saturday, May 26. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

LEONID BERMAN (1896-1975)—This romantic artist travelled the world, keeping to the water's

edge, sketching the ports, studying fishing methods, and observing rice planters. Through June 15. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JAMES BISHOP—Small drawings and a couple of paintings on a single theme—windows. Through Saturday, May 26. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

BERNARD BUFFET—The first showing here in a dozen years of the angular paintings of this well-known French artist. The impasto has subsided a bit with the passing of time, but the heavy black outlines are as distinctive as ever. Through Saturday, May 26. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—Now almost ninety-two, this gentle old man goes on painting the same lovers and doves and circus people and donkeys and mythic birds, but it doesn't matter *what* he paints—it's *how*. As he has said, "It is the voice that matters, not what one sings." Through Saturday, May 26. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

ANN CHERNOW—Two women seated at a soda-fountain counter—eleven times over—and other drawings, and prints. Through June 16. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM COPLEY—Painted variations on a theme by Francis Picabia, showing a dancing couple; here, the styles are largely Latin, the scenes shifting from Spanish Harlem to old San Juan. Through Saturday, May 26. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

ALAN EAKER—Wall pieces in which six or eight interconnected rectangular empty black frames seem to be angling out into the room. Except for one small section, though, which does protrude an inch or so, it is all a trick of perspective. Through Saturday, June 2. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

ALICE FORMAN—Large oil paintings in which colorful plants in decorative vases are set forth on rich Oriental fabrics. Through Saturday, May 26. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

SAM FRANCIS—Two exhibits: Large-scale oils based on a grid—they were first shown last summer at the Beaubourg in Paris—as well as smaller oils and works on paper. Through June 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.) ... Lyrical abstractions, streaked with dribbled color, make up a showing of works on paper done by the artist between 1948 and 1959. Through June 5. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

RICHARD FRANCISCO—Decorative wall pieces in the form of small boxlike wooden frame-works. Through Saturday, May 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

MARY FRANK—A new group of her characteristic fragmented reclining-figure sculptures, plus a new series of works in porcelain, which look like glorified fossils, and some new drawings on ceramic tablets. Through June 8. (Zabris-ke, 29 W. 57th St.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Relatively small acrylic works on paper—exercises in chromatic harmony, really. Through June 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

MICHAEL GRAVES—Architectural artwork, ranging from formal oil paintings to doodles, and including a rendering of a combination bridge and cultural center. Through June 9. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

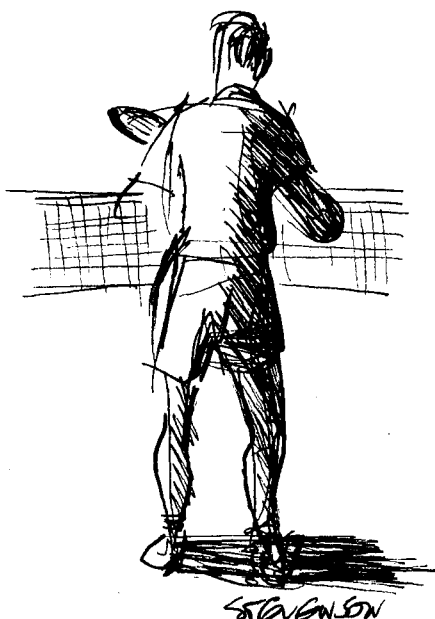
BARBARA HEPWORTH (1903-75)—Thirty-five pieces of sculpture done by this English artist during the last fifteen years of her life—bronzes and carvings in marble and wood. Through June 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD KALINA—Oil paintings in which formal, nicely balanced arrangements of such pleasures as peaches, tulips, Dutch windmills, and robins are seen through a stylized metal grille. Through Thursday, May 31. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

BRUCE KURLAND—Tiny, meticulously finished paintings of berries and fiddleback ferns and birds, plus a few somewhat larger works of gulls and bird skeletons, and some detailed working drawings done with a hard pencil. Through Saturday, June 2. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

ETHEL MAGAFAN—Preparatory works for a Civil War mural that the artist has designed for the National Military Park, in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Through June 8. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

MARCIA MARCUS—Oil paintings—self-portraits,





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

for the most part—in which the artist is seen standing out boldly against a background of classical ruins, Greek or Egyptian. Through Friday, June 1. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 26.)

GEORGE-ANNE ROBERTS—Semi-abstract paintings of seashores and nude figures, which are sometimes melded into one composition, plus pencil figure drawings. Through Thursday, May 31. (Yssa, a new gallery at 123 E. 57th St.)

DEE SHAPIRO—Recent pattern paintings. Through Saturday, May 26. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

TONY SMITH—There are two works in this show, one consisting of ten freestanding geometric forms, about five feet high and painted black. It is titled "Ten Elements." The other, called "Throwback," which looks as if it might have been made up of the elements all hitched together (but wasn't), is the sort of thing he was doing some time ago. Through June 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 26.)

SYD SOLOMON—Abstract paintings, high-pitched in color and explosive in design, that reflect the artist's residence on the west coast of Florida. Through June 9. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 26.)

J. C. SUAREZ—Fifty original drawings, nearly all of them for his current book "The Devil's Dictionary." Through Friday, June 1. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 26.)

PETER VOGEL / WILLIAM P. GOTTLIEB—Delicate wire constructions strung with electronic components that sound off musically when a viewer draws near enough to cast a shadow on them. Some are wall pieces and others are mounted on pedestals. Photographs of most of the leading figures in the golden age of jazz—Armstrong, Ellington, Calloway, Billie Holiday, Dizzy Gillespie, and so on. Through June 30. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

TOM WESSELMANN—Enormously blown-up studies of women's faces and breasts, and a couple of additions to his Great American Nudes. Through Friday, June 1. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

SIET ZUYDERLAND—The artist was so captivated by a red wall he saw while he was riding on a Chicago subway (above ground) that he has re-created the wall in a large painting and built a staircase leading up to it. Through Saturday, June 2. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

WORKS ON PAPER—Fernand Léger and Jean Arp are represented in this show by colorful drawings and collages (Arp has a marble carving, too), and Henri Laurens by some unusual Cubist drawings and later life studies. Through June 23. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St.: Two group shows—works in many mediums, chiefly by the gallery regulars (through June 9), and photographs by five artists (through June 2)... **GLADSTONE-VILLANI**, 38 E. 57th St.: Watercolor still-lives by Sondra Freckleton, Jon Carsman, and ten other artists. Through June 22. (Closed Saturdays)... **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: The works (usually one each) of forty-four American artists, starting with Charles Willson Peale's 1792 portrait of David Gelston and ending with a new painting by Jack Levine. In between: Demuth, Luks, Marin, Baskin, among others. Through Saturday, May 26... **MARKEL**, 50 W. 57th St.: Vivid floral still-lives in watercolor by Marie Brumund, Marcia Carner, and Melanie Greene. Through Saturday, June 2... **ODYSSEA**, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Fourteen artists (Jack Beal, Ellen Lanyon, Lucas Samaras among them) showing pastels. Through June 15. (Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

ED BAYNARD—Large, stylish-looking still-lives. Through Thursday, May 31. (Milliken, third floor, 141 Prince St.)

WALTER DE MARIA—"The Broken Kilometer" is the title of a work composed of five hundred solid cylindrical brass rods that would measure a kilometer if they were placed end to end. They are not. Through Saturday, June 2. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Open daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

PAMELA ENDACOTT—Two life-size female nudes and one male nude are done in cast resins, and

a number of smaller pieces are cast in bronze. Also, X-rated figure drawings. Through Thursday, May 31. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

ENUNICE GOLDEN—Portraits of family and friends. Through June 13. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

GEORGE GREENAMYER / CRIS CRISTOFARO—Huge welded-iron vehicles standing on great wheels and looking like prehistoric ancestors of the locomotive. The largest is twenty-six feet long and eight and a half feet high. Abstract wall constructions, some of them with collage additions. Through Thursday, May 31. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

HANS HAACKE / NANCY HOLT—Ironic advertisements for well-known institutions which do nothing to put the product in the best light. Drawings and photographs of a circular stone structure designed by this artist for the Washington State University campus. Through Tuesday, May 29. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

GORDON HART—New works by this abstract artist include a group of eight canvases done in black and white and a touch of gold, and an impressive diptych in which gold leaf is laid on by the age-old method that Giotto used. Through Saturday, June 2. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

PETER HUTCHINSON—In these color photographs, the months of the year are spelled out letter by letter, written on the snow or on the sides of flourishing trees, for instance, or picked out of commercial signs. Through June 16. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

RON KLEEMANN—Photo-Realist paintings of a huge, gleaming truck cab; an Indianapolis Speedway wrecker; and a rock group (the Bay City Rollers) just landed from a private plane. Through Saturday, May 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

STEVEN KOBROSKY / ANNETTE WEINTRAUB—A shower of variously colored small rectangles seen against a dark background. Drawings of crumpled gift-wrap paper. They are done with colored pencils and then waxed over. Through Saturday, June 2. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 114 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

MARION LERNER LEVINE—Olive-oil tins, tea canisters, and other containers arranged on shelves appear as watercolor still-lives. Through Wednesday, May 30. (Prince Street Gallery, 106 Prince St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

DAVID MAULDIN / PAGE TIGAR—Colorful oil paintings of rippling straw mats by a son of the Second World War cartoonist. Abstract paintings of architectural forms. Through Wednesday, May 30. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

MALCOLM MORLEY—Cataclysms by the yard, painted with a sort of naive expressionist touch. One large work, "Day of the Locust," depicts the fictional disaster that hit Los Angeles; another is entitled "The Grand Bayonet Charge of the Legionnaires in the Sahara." Through Thursday, May 31. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

ROSS NEHER—Paintings in which vertical slats of the same color are extended across a wide canvas like a picket fence. Through Saturday, May 26. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

ROBERT SIEVERT—Paintings of New York Harbor, including several night scenes. Through Thursday, May 31. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

ROBERT STACKHOUSE / CASPAR HENSELMANN—Two vast, shallow wooden boat hulls—one seventy-two feet long and the other thirty-seven—inspired by Viking funeral ships. An environment, built of standard metal scaffolding (rented for the occasion), in which the viewer seems to be in the middle of a big construction job. Through Saturday, May 26. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

KES ZAPKUS—Wall-size paintings made up of individual postage-stamp-size abstractions crammed together across the canvas, forming a surface that fairly teems with color. Through June 9. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FELDMAN**, 420 West Broadway: An exhibit of conceptual works by Chris Burden, Les Levine, and Thomas Shannon. Through Saturday, May 26... **LANDMARK**,

469 Broome St.: Seventeen artists are participating in an all-drawing show. Through June 9. (Opens at 11:30.)

OTHER GALLERIES

CARL ANDRE—Two installations: one a solid square made up of a hundred and twenty-one Douglas fir timbers a foot square and three feet tall, and the other two widely separated rows of thirty similar timbers each. They are juxtaposed on different levels of the Hammarkjöld Plaza, at Second Avenue and Forty-seventh Street. Through July 28.

JANET CULBERTSON—Five large drawings (six feet by eight) of animals and of scenes from nature. Also smaller drawings of rock formations. Through Friday, May 25. (Interart, 549 W. 52nd St. Opens at noon Mondays through Fridays.)

JOHN FERREN (1905-70)—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through June 22. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays and Wednesday, May 30.)

JOAN THORNE/STEVE SEABERG—Large, colorful abstract paintings in which ribbons of a single color weave their way around a canvas crowded with similar ribbons. / Rough, raw tableaux made up of found objects. Through June 9. (Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

JAPAN TODAY—Ongoing exhibits include the following: **JAPAN HOUSE**, 333 E. 47th St.: A show of nearly a hundred items used by tea masters of the past four hundred and fifty years, together with the tea ceremony itself, which customarily lasts forty minutes and can be observed, by reservation (inquire at the entrance), every day at 11:30 and 2:30. (Hours: Daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)... **NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.: A show centered on Japanese technology which includes a catalogue of kimono patterns from 1696 and a 1978 videotape unit. ... An exhibit called "Three Centuries of Japanese Prints." (Hours: Mondays, except May 28, through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)... **BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway: A show of Japanese prints and paintings of birds and flowers. ... A display of the museum's collection of Japanese ceramics, which date from the Stone Age to the present. (Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, May 28, from 1 to 5.)... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two hundred photographs of contemporary Japan by nineteen photographers. (Hours: Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

SUSTAINED VISIONS—Works by three individualistic artists: Gaylen Hansen, who paints characters from his own mythology; Claire Moore, who writes on her canvases as much as she draws on them; and Salvatore Scarpitta, who makes things out of wood (full-scale racing cars, sleds, and abstract collages). Through June 23. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8. Closed Friday through Monday, May 25-28.)

ARTIST AS CURATOR—Nancy Graves, Sol LeWitt, Howardena Pindell, and Joan Snyder are exhibiting their works alongside the works of other artists selected by them. In turn, the selectees each chose an artist: in all there are works by twelve artists. Through June 8. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. Mondays, except May 28, through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, 11 to 4.)

FOLK ART—A two-part show: patriotic quilts that were made between 1866 and 1945, generally with a flag motif; and nautical collage paintings that were done by R. Johnson, who is thought to have worked from the thirties through the fifties. Through June 27. (Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ALVIN LANGDON COBURN (1882-1966)—Nearly a hundred photographs. Half of them were made during his association with the Photo-Secessionists, and the other half in the nineteen-fifties (the latter are semi-abstracts). Through June 9. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 9.)

ROBERT AND FRANCES FLAHERTY—Photographs of the native actors in Flaherty's "Nanook of the North," of 1922, and original photographs of the people in the Aran Islands by Mrs. Fla-

herty. Through June 23. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

SCOTT HYDE/BETTY HAHN—Impressionistic color prints. / Photographs of flowers that have been altered by applications of paint, pastels, and chalk. Through June 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER (1852-1934)—A hundred prints, most of them platinum portraits, by the renowned Pictorialist are on exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

BOYD WEBB—Color prints by a British photographer showing here for the first time. Through Saturday, May 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

MAX YAVNO—Photographs, most of them made in New York and California in the forties. Through June 15. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Five interior designers have converted the gallery space here into five model rooms for a show that might be billed "How to Decorate Your Home, Office, or Resort-Spa with Photographs." Through Saturday, June 2. ... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Nineteenth-century photographs by Hill and Adamson, Talbot, Hippolyte Bayard, and others. Through July 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) ... **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: A survey of two hundred photographs of New York City which ranges from the mid-nineteenth century to the present. Through June 17. (Tuesdays, except May 20, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Monday, May 28, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Treasures from the Kremlin," an exhibit of about a hundred objects made by Russian craftsmen from the twelfth century to the twentieth. Among the works are icons, arms and armor, and coronation regalia; one highlight is Fabergé's fourteen-inch-high stylized representation of the Kremlin, in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Sept. 2. ... A show of Ellsworth Kelly's recent works, including eight monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases, a series of black-and-white paintings, and wall and floor sculptures. Through June 24. A complementary show (ending Friday) is at the Blum Helman Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. ... Drawings: sixty-four sixteenth-century Italian drawings from the Lehman Collection (through June 17); and fifty seventeenth-century Italian drawings from the museum's collection (through July 8.)

Rembrandt etchings and drawings illustrating scenes from the Bible. Through June 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of sculptures from the museum's own collection which date back no further than fifteen years. Either in the galleries or in the garden are examples by Chamberlain, Judd, LeWitt, Caro, Serra, Hesse, Aycock, Shapiro, Dubuffet, Beuys, Christo, and many others. Through Aug. 7. ... Two shows of illustrated books: "The Donkey and the Darling" has lithographs by Larry Rivers and a text by Terry Southern; "The Blue Guitar" consists of twenty etchings by David Hockney, who was inspired by Wallace Stevens' poem "Man with the Blue Guitar." Through July 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Rufino Tamayo. (Also on view are some pre-Columbian and popular Mexican works that served as inspiration to him.) Through Aug. 12. A complementary show is at the Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. ... A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon, and Picabia. Through Aug. 12. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, May 28, from 11 to 5.) ... On Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, at 8:30: performance artist Sylvia Palacios Whitman. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A survey of the sculptures of George Segal, ranging from early life-size



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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white-plaster figures to the more recent solid-color pieces. Also early pastels. Through Sept. 9. . . . **■** A retrospective show of Cy Twombly, containing forty-five abstractionist paintings and forty drawings dated 1954 to 1977. Through June 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. Starting Tuesday, May 29, the museum will get a jump on summer and shift its hours—Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 8; weekends, noon to 6—but will continue to admit visitors without charge on Tuesdays after 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the nineteenth-century artist Elihu Vedder. Through July 8. . . . **■** **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Works by Gertrude Käsebier. Through July 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, May 28, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of art and artifacts from Pompeii. For information about tickets and hours, call 999-7777.

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibition of works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's awards. Manuscripts and musical scores by, among others, Arlene Croce, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Kay Boyle, James McConkey, Philip Schultz, Dave Smith, John N. Morris, and Ned Rorem. Also paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by Larry Rivers, Willem de Kooning, Tony Smith, John M. Johansen, and others. Starts Thursday, May 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 44 W. 53rd St.—"New Handmade Furniture," an exhibit of more than forty chairs, tables, and some less conventional objects, made from a variety of woods. Through July 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of seventy-three Indian miniature paintings, dating from 1600 to 1660, whose subjects are birds and flowers, landscapes, historical events, and figures. Through June 10. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of eighty-two objects that date from the Han dynasty (206 B.C. to 220 A.D.), including painted tiles, stone carvings, dressing-table items, bronze vases, and, among the *ming ch'i*, models of horses, acrobats, dragons, and houses. Through Sunday, May 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A loan show of sixty-three drawings by Fragonard, together with the Frick's own series of Fragonard's oils, "The Progress of Love." Through June 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings and a stained-glass triptych by Shalom of Safed. A complementary show is at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Michelangelo and His World," a show of forty-one drawings by the artist on loan from the British Museum. Also, Renaissance drawings and documents, among them letters by Michelangelo and drawings by Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and Parmigianino. Through July 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of paintings and fraktruts that date from 1773 to 1894. Through June 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of eighty eighteenth-century French drawings on loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Starts Thursday, May 24. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of Hale Woodruff's paint-

ings, ranging from early landscapes of Paris to recent abstract works. . . . **■** Abstract drawings, paintings, constructions, and prints by, among others, Howardena Pindell, Al Loving, and William T. Williams. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through June 24.

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Installations by William Leavitt (through June 9) and Ken Wade (starts Saturday, May 26).

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Judith Barry (film), Thursday, May 24, at 8:30; Susan Gladding Martits and Robin Perl showing booklike works, through Saturday, May 26.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Grethe Holby and dancers, Wednesday through Saturday, May 23-26, at 8:30; new-wave rock groups on videotape, Saturday, June 2, at 8:30; Ron Clark (videotape), through Saturday, June 2. . . . **■** On Sunday, May 27, at 6:30 and 8, Charlemagne Palestine will give a concert of carillon music at ST. THOMAS CHURCH, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St.

PROJECT STUDIOS ONE, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—A group exhibition called the "Altered Photograph," which features works related to photography, and a large number of individual exhibits are on view through June 10.

U.S. CUSTOM HOUSE, Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.—Joining the Reginald Marsh murals and the Daniel Chester French statues are sixteen new works (generally conceptual in nature) also created expressly for this building space. Plus dance, music, and other business—performance art—Wednesdays through Fridays at 12:30 and Sundays at 3. Through June 17.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting the final "Music in May" concerts—An Italian-Viennese program Thursday through Sunday, May 24-27, at 8, (with Maralin Niska, soprano, and Jon Garrison, tenor); a program of Russian music Thursday through Saturday, May 31-June 2, at 8 (with John Browning, piano, and Gianna Rolandi, soprano); and a benefit repeat performance of the Italian-Viennese program on Sunday, June 3, at 8 (for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415).

NEW YORK PRO ARTE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Raffael Adler conducting, with Robert Routh, horn. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 23, at 7:30.)

BROOKLYN COLLEGE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Darrold Hunt conducting, with Karl Kraber, flute; Charles Kuskin, oboe; and Raymond Mase, trumpet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, May 30, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

GABRIEL BANAT—Violin. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8060. Wednesday, May 23, at 8.)

NEW YORK CONSORT OF VIOLS—Music and readings from Shakespeare's time, with Sheila Schonbrun, soprano, and James Selby, actor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 23, at 8.)

MORDECAI SHEHORI—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 24, at 8.)

MANNES BENEFIT CONCERT—Vera Zorina, narrator; Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute; Joseph Fuchs, violin; Artur Balsam, piano; the American String Quartet; and songs by E. Y. Harburg. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 24, at 8.)

JOUNG-JA KIM—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 27, at 5:45.)

EUGENE MOYE—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, May 29, at 8.)

ALLIANCE FOR AMERICAN SONG—American vocal and instrumental music ranging from 1789 to 1978, performed by Janice Meyerson, mezzo-soprano; Elizabeth Wright, piano; and John Graham, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 29, at 8.)

LAURIEN LAUFMAN—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 30, at 8.)

MARGARET KALIL—Soprano. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. 582-4090. Wednesday, May 30, at 8:30.)

ST. LUKE'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—The final concert of the season. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, June 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

THRUSTON JOHNSON—Violin, in a program of Spanish music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, June 2, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

MUSIC AND POETRY—Richard Goode and Liora Hendel, duo piano, and William Bronk and Henry Weinfield reading from their own poetry, in a benefit performance. (Undercroft, Church of the Resurrection, 115 E. 74th St. Sunday, May 27, at 3:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the performance.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Wednesday and Thursday, May 23-24, at 8:05. . . . **■** Pittsburgh, Friday, May 25, at 8:05; Saturday, May 26, at 4:05; and Sunday and Monday, May 27-28, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, at 8.

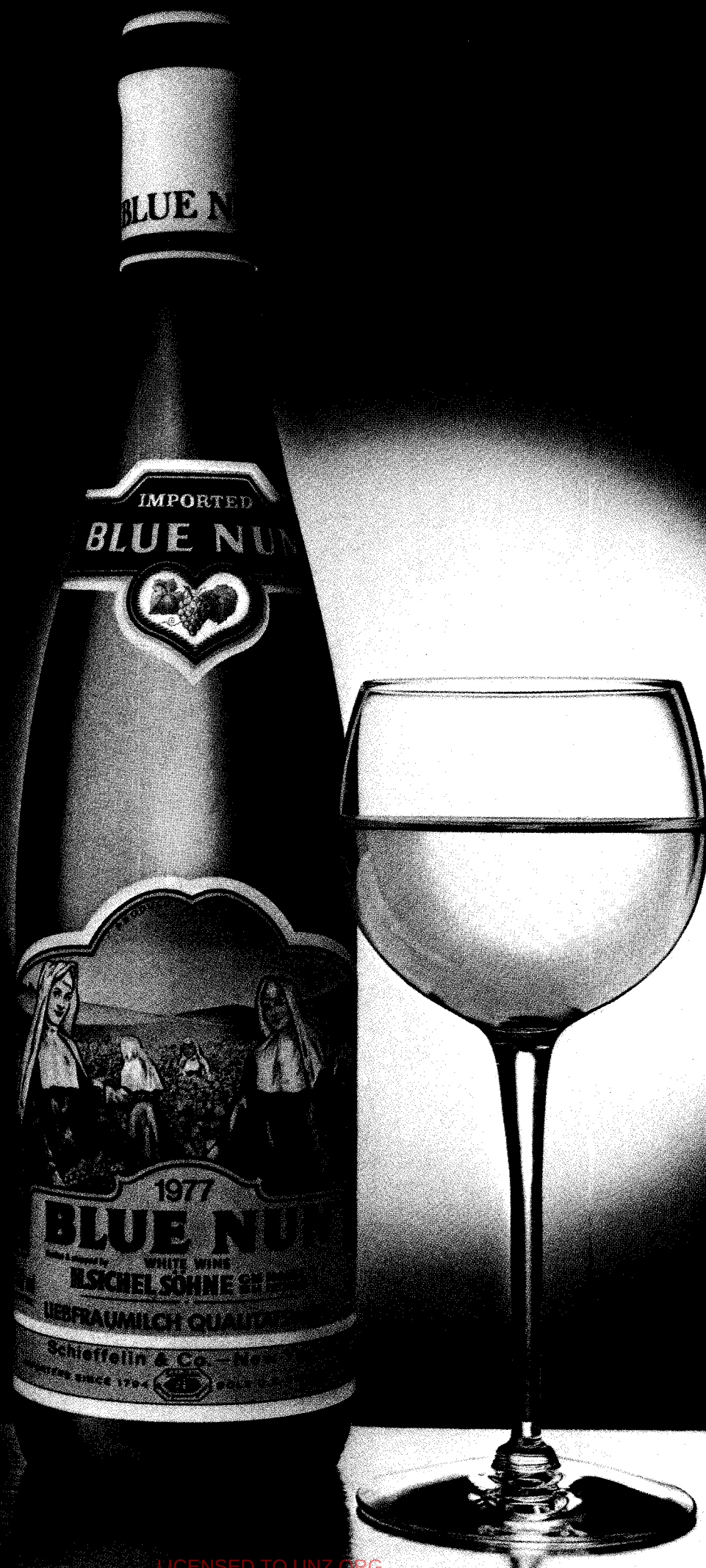
BICYCLING—A twenty-four-hour marathon around Central Park, sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company, will get under way at noon on Saturday, May 26, at Fifth Avenue and Seventy-second Street. It will finish at the same spot however many footfalls later. For information call 347-8195.

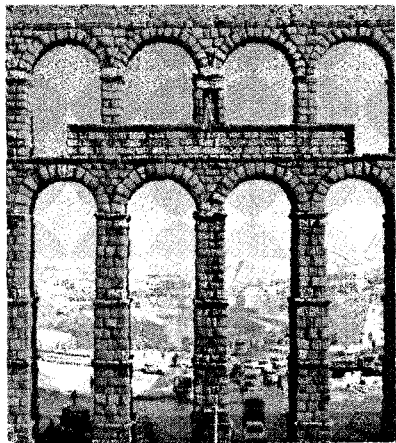
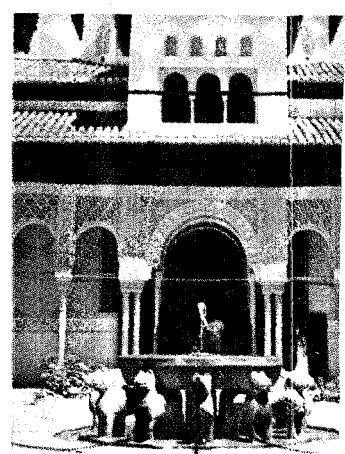
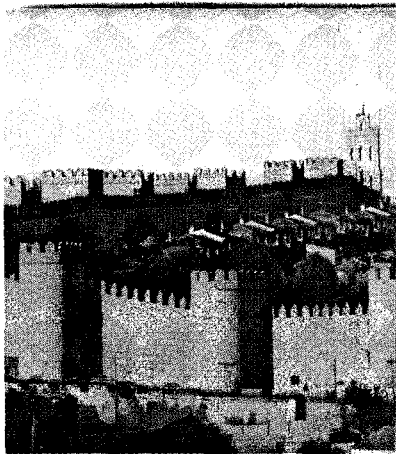
CREW—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, May 31-June 2.)

HOCKEY—Stanley Cup playoffs: Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, May 24, at 7:35, if necessary.)

RACING—At BELMONT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, May 23, through Monday, July 30. The Shuvee Handicap, Wednesday, May 23; the DeWitt Clinton, Friday, May 25; the Acorn, Saturday, May 26; the Peter Pan, Sunday, May 27; the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 28; and the Edgemere Handi-







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cap, Saturday, June 2. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15, and Monday, May 28, between 11 and 2.)... **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Thursday, May 24, at 7:30; and Saturdays and Monday, May 28, at 1:30. Starts Thursday, May 24, through Saturday, Sept. 15. The Longport Handicap, Saturday, June 2... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, May 25, through Monday, Sept. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays, and Monday, May 28, at 11:35.)

RUNNING—L'eggs Mini Marathon, of ten thousand metres, with close to six thousand women participating, will start at eleven on Saturday, June 2, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green and finish at almost the same place.

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 2. ... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, except Monday, May 28, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17. ... **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4. On Monday, May 28, there will also be trotting in the afternoon, starting at 1.

YACHTING—Olympic Pretrials Regatta. (Newport. Thursday through Monday, May 24-28.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

PARK AVENUE ANTIQUES SHOW—A special exhibit of period fashions, from the Victorian era to the forties, is part of a benefit show of furniture, porcelains, folk art, books and manuscripts, jewelry, and other items assembled by East Coast and other dealers. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, May 24-26, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, May 27, from 1 to 7.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view Saturday through Monday, May 26-28; Saturday and Sunday, June 2-3; and Saturday and Sunday, June 9-10, from noon until sundown. ... ¶ Starting Saturday, May 26, to mark the twentieth anniversary of Lincoln Center's groundbreaking, there will be a *son-et-lumière* spectacle every clear evening at 9. Five screens, covering the five high windows of the Metropolitan Opera façade, will be unfurled, making a single huge unit on which all sorts of film clips and stills will be projected. Following the film, there will be a significant display of lights. ... ¶ On Sunday, May 27, a walking tour of Chelsea sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York will meet in front of the Chelsea Hotel, 222 W. 23rd St., at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 534-1672. ... ¶ The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and that purple-suited man on a bicycle daily (including Wednesday, May 30) except for workday rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

AUCTIONS—At **SOOTHEY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except May 26, from 10 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, May 23-24, at 2: Jewelry, from various owners. ... ¶ Wednesday through Friday, May 23-25, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese prints and other Asian works of art, from several collectors. ... ¶ Wednesday, May 30, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master paintings and drawings, from many collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 24. ... ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 31-June 1, at 10:15 and 2: Silver, portrait miniatures, and *objets de vertu*; from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, May 25. ... **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, May 23, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from several collectors. ... ¶ Thursday, May 24, at 10:30 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco works of art, from a number of owners. ... ¶ Wednesday, May 30, at 10:30: Animalier and nineteenth-century bronzes, from many owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 24. ... ¶ Thursday, May 31, at 10:30 and 2: Old Master paintings, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, May 25.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through May 24: "The Memory of Justice."

May 25-27: "The Serpent's Egg."

May 28: Theatre closed.

From May 29: "Delmiro Gouveia (Colonel of the Sertao)."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through May 24: "The Silent Partner."

From May 25: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through May 24: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert; and "Which Way Is Up?"

May 25-31: "Love at First Bite" and "King Kong."

From June 1: "Love at First Bite" and "Eyes of Laura Mars."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through May 24: "Agatha."

From May 25: "The China Syndrome."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Battlestar Galactica."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through May 24: "Last Embrace."

From May 25: "Beyond the Poseidon Adventure."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Manhattan."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through May 24: "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens."

From May 25: "The Innocent."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"A Little Romance."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through May 24: "An Almost Perfect Affair."

From May 25: "Malicious."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through May 24: "The Innocent."

From May 25: "Hair."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"Manhattan."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"Manhattan."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through May 31: "California Suite" and "Midnight Express."

From June 1: To be announced.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

"Saint Jack."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)

Through May 29: "Winter Kills."

From May 30: "Newsfront."

GEMINI I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

"Teresa the Thief."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)

Through May 24: "Dawn of the Dead."

From May 25: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through May 24: "Last Embrace."

From May 25: "Beyond the Poseidon Adventure."

LOEWS NEW YORK I, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Through May 24: "The Champ."

From May 25: "Love at First Bite."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 21. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Through May 24: "Norma Rae."

From May 25: "Alien."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Hanover Street."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through May 24: "Hardcore."

From May 25: "The China Syndrome."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)

"The Deer Hunter."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Dawn of the Dead."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Through May 24: "Firepower."

From May 25: "Alien."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)

Through May 24: "Love at First Bite."

From May 25: "Grease."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through May 24: "Last Embrace."

From May 25: "Hair."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Battlestar Galactica."

Theatre 2: Through May 24: "The Silent Partner."

From May 25: "Beyond the Poseidon Adventure."

WEST SIDE

WAWERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Through May 24: "The Deer Hunter."

From May 25: "Hair."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Through May 31: "Winter Kills."

From June 1 (tentative): "Dawn of the Dead."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through May 24: "Despair."

From May 25: "The Innocent."

Theatre 2: Through May 24: "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens."

From May 25: "The China Syndrome."

Theatre 3: "Norma Rae."

Theatre 4: Through May 31: "Picnic at Hanging Rock."

From June 1: "Fedora."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Love at First Bite."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through May 24: "Hair."

From May 25: "The Prisoner of Zenda."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"The Deer Hunter."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"Manhattan."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

Through May 24: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

From May 25: "The Toy."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"The Innocent."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

Through May 24: "Last Embrace."

From May 25: "Hair."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Through May 31: "Fedora."

From June 1: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

"Death of a Bureaucrat."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Through May 24: "A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man."

From May 25: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through May 24: "Love at First Bite."

From May 25: "Hair."

Theatre 2: "The Champ."

Theatre 3: Through May 24: "The Silent Partner."

From May 25: "The Innocent."

Theatre 4: Through May 24: "Norma Rae."

From May 25: "The China Syndrome."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)

"The Deer Hunter."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through May 24: "Dawn of the Dead."

From May 25: "Love at First Bite" and "Convoy."

TIMES SQUARE

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Through May 24: Theatre closed.

From May 25: "Alien." (†)

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Dawn of the Dead." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Last Embrace." (†)

Theatre 3: Through May 24: "Norma Rae." (†)

From May 25: "The China Syndrome." (†)

Theatre 4: "Coming Home."

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Love at First Bite." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"The Champ." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Through May 24: "Firepower." (†)

From May 25: "Grease." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)

"Hanover Street." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

"Winter Kills." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

"Battlestar Galactica." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)

Through May 24: "The Dark."

From May 25: "Beyond the Poseidon Adventure." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

"The Deer Hunter." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)



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Short	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Long					X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
X-Long							X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Through May 24: "The Exorcist."
From May 25: "Beyond the Door, Part 2."

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

May 23: "La Musica" (1966), in French, directed by Marguerite Duras, with Robert Hossein and Delphine Seyrig; and "Destroy, She Said" (1970), in French, directed by Marguerite Duras, with Catherine Sellers and Michel Lonsdale.

May 24: "This Man Must Die" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Michel Duchaussoy and Jean Yanne; and "The Big Heat" (1953), directed by Fritz Lang, with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin.

May 25-26: "Seven Beauties" (1976), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini; and "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

May 27-28: "Fellini's Casanova" (1977), directed by Fellini, with Donald Sutherland.

May 29: "Band of Assassins" (1970), in Japanese, directed by Tadashi Sawashima, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Assassination" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda.

May 30: "The Battle of Algiers" (†); and "7" (1969), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas.

May 31: "The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain" (†); and "Bloodbrothers" (1978), directed by Robert Mulligan, with Paul Sorvino, Tony Lo Bianco, and Richard Gere.

June 1-2: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell; and "THX 1138." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

May 23: "Stage Fright" (1950), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Alastair Sim, and Sybil Thorndike; and "The Skin Game" (1931), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Edmund Gwenn, Jill Edmond, and John Longden.

May 24: "If..." (1969), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell; and "Zero for Conduct" (1933), in French, directed by Jean Vigo.

May 25: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970), directed by Marcel Ophüls, a documentary on the German Occupation of France; and "Night and Fog" (1955), directed by Alain Resnais, a documentary short about Nazi concentration camps.

May 26: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.

May 27: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès.

May 28 through the afternoon of May 29: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson; and "W. W. and the Dixie Dancekings." (†)

May 29 at 6 and 8:30: A program of new short films.

May 30: "The Manxman" (1929), a silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anna Ondra, Carl Brisson, and Malcolm Keen; and "Jamaica Inn." (†)

May 31: "Paths of Glory" (1957), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas; and "The Round-Up" (1965), in Hungarian, directed by Miklós Jancsó.

June 1: "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "The Naked Night." (†)

June 2: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 24: "Emmanuelle" (1974), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin, with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "The Night Porter" (1974), directed by Liliana

Cavani, with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling.

May 25-26: "The Lord of the Rings" (1978), directed by Ralph Bakshi, an animated film of the J. R. R. Tolkien stories; and "Fantastic Planet" (1973), in French, directed by René Laloux, an animated science-fiction film.

May 27-28: "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "The Wild Bunch." (†)

May 29: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

May 30-31: "Swept Away" (1975) and "Seven Beauties" (1976), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.

June 1-2: "The Groove Tube" (†); and "Flesh Gordon" (1974), directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste, with Jason Williams.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

May 23: "Everybody Sing" (1938), directed by Edwin L. Marin, with Judy Garland, Fanny Brice, Allan Jones, and Billie Burke; and "Presenting Lily Mars" (1943), directed by Norman Taurog, with Judy Garland, Van Heflin, Fay Bainter, and Richard Carlson.

May 24-26: "The Harvey Girls" (1946), directed by George Sidney, with Judy Garland, John Hodiak, Angela Lansbury, and Ray Bolger; and "The Clock" (1945), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Moyna Macgill.

May 27-28: "Girl Crazy" (†); and "Till the Clouds Roll By" (1946), directed by Richard Whorf, with Robert Walker.

May 29-30: "For Me and My Gal" (1942), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, George Murphy, and Marta Eggerth; and "Babes of Broadway." (†)

May 31-June 2: "Strike Up the Band" (1940), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, June Preisser, and Ann Shoemaker; and "In the Good Old Summer Time" (1949), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Judy Garland and Van Johnson.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through May 26: "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948), directed by Preston Sturges, with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, Edgar Kennedy, and Rudy Vallée.

May 27-28: "Carousel" (†); and "Centennial Summer" (1946), directed by Otto Preminger, with Jeanne Crain, Cornel Wilde, Linda Darnell, William Eythe, and Walter Brennan.

May 29-30: "Forever Amber" (†); and "House of Rothschild" (1934), directed by Alfred L. Werker, with George Arliss, Boris Karloff, Loretta Young, and Robert Young.

May 31-June 2: "Lifeboat" (1944), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, John Hodiak, and Canada Lee; and "A Royal Scandal." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 23: "La Grande Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.

May 24: "Swiss Miss" (1938), directed by John G. Blystone, with Laurel and Hardy; and "Way Out West" (1937), directed by James Horne, with Laurel and Hardy, James Finlayson, and Sharon Lynne.

May 25-26: "The Last Detail" (1974), directed by Hal Ashby, with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson.

May 27: "I Am Curious—Yellow" (1969) and "I Am Curious—Blue" (1970), both films in Swedish, directed by Vilgot Sjöman.

May 28: "Madame X" (†); and "Magnificent Obsession" (1954), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman, Barbara Rush, and Otto Kruger.

May 29: "The Battle of Chile." (†)

May 30: A program of silent French short films, by Lumière, Méliès, and others.

May 31: "Jungle Book" (†) and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser." (†)

June 1-2: "Variety Lights" (1940), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini and Alberto Lattuada, with Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, and Carla del Poggio; and "The White Sheik" (1951), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi, Brunella Bovo, and Leopoldo Trieste.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 23: "The Stranger" (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young; and "Journey Into Fear" (1943), directed by Norman Foster, with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, and Agnes Moorehead.

May 24: "Deception" (1946), directed by Irving Rapper, with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, and Claude Rains; and "The Bride Came C.O.D." (1941), directed by William Keighley, with Bette Davis, James Cagney, Jack Carson, and Stuart Erwin.

May 25-26: "Murder at the Gallop" (1963) and "Murder She Said" (1962), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

May 27-28: "Laura" (1944), directed by Otto Preminger, with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "Heaven Can Wait." (†)

May 29: "The Time Machine" (†) and "Village of the Damned." (†)

May 30: "Jungle Book" (†) and "Cobra Woman." (†)

May 31: "The Goddess" (1958), directed by John Cromwell, with Kim Stanley, Lloyd

Bridges, and Steve Hill; and "Jeanne Eagels" (1957), directed by George Sidney, with Kim Novak, Jeff Chandler, Agnes Moorehead, and Charles Drake.

June 1-2: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—

May 24 at 2:30: "Love Affair" (1939), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, and Maria Ouspenskaya. . . .

May 24 at 6: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Everett Sloane, and Agnes Moorehead. . . .

May 24 at 8:30: "The Stranger" (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Loretta Young, and Edward G. Robinson. . . .

May 25 at 2:30: "Alice Adams" (1935), directed by George Stevens, with Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, and Fred Stone. . . .

May 25 at 6: "The Big Parade" (1925), a silent film, directed by King Vidor, with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. . . .

May 26 at noon: "King Kong" (1933), directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack, with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot. . . .

May 26 at 2:30: "The Stranger." . . .

May 26 at 5: "Citizen Kane." . . .

May 27 at noon: "King Kong." . . .

May 27 at 2:30: "Mad Wednesday" (1947), directed by Preston Sturges, with Harold Lloyd, Jimmy Conlin, Frances Ramsden, and Rudy Vallée. . . .

May 27 at 5: "Kitty Foyle" (1940), directed by Sam Wood, with Ginger Rogers, Dennis Morgan, and James Craig. . . .

May 28 at noon: A program of three films by Richard Serra. . . .

May 28 at 2:30: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946), directed by Frank Capra, with James Stewart, Donna Reed, and

Lionel Barrymore. . . .

May 28 at 6: "The Woman on the Beach" (1947), directed by Jean Renoir, with Joan Bennett, Robert Ryan, and Charles Bickford. . . .

May 29 at noon: "Spiral Jetty" (1970), directed by Robert Smithson; "Wisconsin" (1970), directed by Robert Morris; and "Mirror" (1969), directed by Robert Morris. . . .

May 29 at 2:30: "Big Time" (1929), directed by Kenneth Hawks, with Lee Tracy and Mae Clarke. . . .

May 29 at 6: "Yumi Yet" (1977), directed by Dennis O'Rourke. . . .

May 31 at 2:30: "The Woman on the Beach." . . .

May 31 at 7: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1946), directed by William Wyler, with Myrna Loy, Fredric March, Dana Andrews, Teresa Wright, and Virginia Mayo. . . .

June 1 at 2:30: "Kitty Foyle." . . .

June 1 at 6: "Big Time." . . .

June 2 at noon: "The Bells of St. Mary's" (1945), directed by Leo McCarey, with Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman. . . .

June 2 at 2:30: "The Set-Up" (1942), directed by Robert Wise, with Robert Ryan, Audrey Totter, and George Tobias. . . .

June 2 at 5: "Crossfire" (1947), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Robert Young, Robert Ryan, Robert Mitchum, and Gloria Grahame. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Three Mountains" (1978), video sculptures by Shigeko Kubota. Continuous showings Wednesday through Saturday, May 23-26, from 11 to 5:45; Sunday, May 27, noon to 5:45; Tuesday through Friday, May 29-June 1, from 1 to 7:45; and Saturday, June 2, noon to 5:45. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (980-2994)—

May 24-27: "The Second Awakening of Christa Klages" (1977), in German, directed by Margarethe von Trotta; English subtitles. . . .

Starting May 31: A program of five short films by Richard Serra. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AGATHA—Vanessa Redgrave has a luminously loony quality as the distraught heroine of this fictional romantic mystery about the eleven days in 1926 when Agatha Christie, whose husband wanted a divorce so he could marry his mistress, took off for a Yorkshire spa, where she used the mistress's name. Dustin Hoffman is furiously theatrical in the role of a preening star journalist from America who trails Agatha to the spa and falls in love with her. With Timothy Dalton, who gives a strong, funny performance as the husband, exhausted by his wife's high-powered sensitivity, and the curly-mouthed Helen Morse as a friendly woman whom Agatha meets at the spa. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/79.) (Gramercy; through May 24.)

ALIEN—With Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright; directed by Ridley Scott. (Loews New York 2, Loews Orpheum, and Criterion; starting May 25.)

AN ALMOST PERFECT AFFAIR—Monica Vitti and Keith Carradine meet and fall in love during the Cannes Film Festival. She is an older woman, and married, and he is an American as callow as they come, so their affair is a doomed one. Miss Vitti is charming, and Raf Vallone is excellent in a small role as her husband. Michael Ritchie directed. (5/21/79) (Trans-Lux East; through May 24.)

BABES ON BROADWAY (1941)—Busby Berkeley directed Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in this engaging M-G-M backstage-musical fable. The nonsense story has considerable charm, and Garland and Rooney hoofing together are a happy sight. Vincente Minnelli, new to films, directed Garland's solos. Rooney, Richard Quine, and Ray McDonald are three young hoofers billed as "The Three Balls of Fire." With James Gleason, Virginia Weidler, Fay Bainter, and Donald Meek. This is the movie in which Rooney does his wildly funny impersonation of Carmen Miranda; it also features the jive number "Hoe Down." (8th St. Playhouse; May 29-30.)

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this con-

troversial modern classic, which stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 30.)

THE BATTLE OF CHILE (1976)—A great two-part, three-hour-and-ten-minute documentary about the events leading to the fall of Allende. This cross-section view of a collapsing government is surely unprecedented—we actually see the country cracking open. The young director, Patricio Guzmán, and his team have put a strict Marxist vise on the material; the film is structured to demonstrate that workers have to be prepared to use force of arms to defend their legally won gains, and much of what is presented as fact is highly questionable. But as a piece of epic filmmaking it is superb, and the editing is so subtle and fluid that the second half has the effect of one long, continuous shot. (1/23/78) (Thalia; May 29.)

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA—With Richard Hatch, Dirk Benedict, and Lorne Greene. Directed by Richard A. Colla. (Bay Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli.)

BEYOND THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE—With Michael Caine, Sally Field, Telly Savalas, Peter Boyle, and Jack Warden; directed by Irwin Allen. (Murray Hill, Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting May 25.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES—With Ugo Tognazzi, Michel Serrault, and Michel Galabru; directed by Edouard Molinaro. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse.)

CALIFORNIA SUITE—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Two are mawkish, bittersweet Wasp pieces (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda, Maggie Smith and Michael Caine), in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet is low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May, and the fourth is slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago. Simon and the director, Herbert Ross, turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (D. W. Griffith; through May 31.)

CAROUSEL (1956)—Henry King's version of the

Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones, who would have been acceptable enough as the leads in a bus-and-truck touring version of the stage production. (Regency; May 27-28.)

THE CHAMP—A remake of the 1931 film. With Jon Voight, Faye Dunaway, and Ricky Schroder; directed by Franco Zeffirelli. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . .) (Loews New York 1; through May 24.)

THE CHINA SYNDROME—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells who learns that a nuclear-power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy; starting May 25.)

COBRA WOMAN (1944)—Camp classic, with Maria Montez as voluptuous twins. She's the good Nadja, a South Seas girl who is kidnapped just as she's about to marry Jon Hall (who smiles like moon, Mona Lisa smile and looks as boneheaded as ever), and she's the evil High Priestess Tollea, who rules a tribe of snake worshippers on Cobra Island. The impeccably lifeless cast includes Sabu, Edgar Barrier, Lon Chaney, Jr., Lois Collier, Mary Nash, Samuel S. Hinds, and Moroni Olsen. Among the exotic treats: a rumbling volcano, a pet chimp, ominous gong sounds, forest-glade love scenes, human sacrifices, Tollea's handmaidens in their high-heeled pumps, her imperious writhing during what is supposed to be a demonic dance, and the good Nadja's plea for the symbol of the power that is rightfully hers: "Gif me the cobra jool!" Produced by George Waggner for Universal, and directed by that playful wit Robert Siodmak (on sets that are often parodistic), based on a story by W. Scott Darling. A heavenly absurdity. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 30.)

CONVOY—With Kris Kristofferson, Ali MacGraw, and Ernest Borgnine; directed by Sam

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Peckinpah. (9/25/78) (Olympia; starting May 25.)

DAWN OF THE DEAD—With David Emge and Ken Forcé, directed by George A. Romero. (U. A. East, and Embassy 1.... ♪ Gemini 2, and Olympia; through May 24.... ♪ Greenwich; starting June 1, tentative.)

DEATH OF A BUREAUCRAT (1966)—A Cuban film, with Salvador Wood and Silvia Planas, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. In Spanish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio 2.)

THE DEER HUNTER—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Festival, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Cinemas 2.... ♪ Waverly; through May 24.)

DELMIRO GOUVEIA (COLONEL OF THE SERTAO)—A Brazilian film, directed by Geraldo Sarno. In Portuguese. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting May 29.)

DESPAIR—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film of Vladimir Nabokov's novel (written when Nabokov was Berlin-based), from a script by Tom Stoppard, the Czech-born playwright who now lives in England. The film has an acute pang of exile, and also some of the émigré's desperate facetiousness. Dirk Bogarde, as a Russian exile, gives the most piercing and witty performance of his career. (3/19/79) (Quad Cinema; through May 24.)

THE END OF THE WORLD IN OUR USUAL BED IN A NIGHT FULL OF RAIN (1978)—Except for flashbacks, Lina Wertmüller's first film in English takes place during one very wet night. A Communist Italian journalist (Giancarlo Giannini) and a rich American feminist photo-journalist (Candice Bergen) have been married ten years, and in all that time they've been having sexual intercourse only in the missionary position. On this night, she suggests that she'd like to try something else, and there's much dishevelment, hysteria, shrieking, and running out into the rain—and the marriage collapses. The entire film has a tutti-frutti romanticism, and parts of it rank with such classics of camp as "Youngblood Hawke" and "The Barefoot Contessa." (2/6/78) (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 31.)

EYES OF LAURA MARS—A thriller about a killer, set in New York, eyeballs being the theme. One

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gets the point—and guesses the murderer—very early on. Faye Dunaway, who has a genuine sweetness and a genuine acting talent, plays a fashion photographer. But the film, directed by Irvin Kershner, is nothing if not trite. (8/14/78) (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 1.)

FEDORA—Billy Wilder, a director of increasingly thin-ice wit, takes a risk with a mystery film about a legendary recluse, obviously based on public notions of Garbo, who is played by Hildegard Knef and Marthe Keller. (Yes, two actresses: therein lies the trap.) William Holden plays an indigent film producer, on the hunt for Fedora, who keeps up a grand front but lives in the cheapest of hotel rooms. Echoes of "Sunset Boulevard." (4/23/79) (Cinema Studio 1; through May 31.... ♪ Quad Cinema; starting June 1.)

FIREPOWER—A Michael Winner winner, in which the bodies pile up minute by minute, often in the prettiest possible settings. James Coburn and Sophia Loren make admirable foils for each other; also in the cast are George Grizzard, Eli Wallach, and Vincent Gardenia. (5/21/79) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1; through May 24.)

FOREVER AMBER (1947)—It follows Kathleen Winsor's novel as if her words had been carved in sacred stone; maybe this literalness is what does it in, despite the best efforts of the director, Otto Preminger, to be colorful and gamy. In this view of the Restoration, all males are so feeble-minded that a sudden glance from a female reduces them to gibbering lust. Linda Darnell is lasciviously rounded but doesn't have the flash or variety to carry off the starring role; Cornel Wilde, Richard Greene, George Sanders, and Richard Haydn wander through unenthusiastically. (Regency; May 29-30.)

GET OUT YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, re-

spectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartian prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris; through May 24.... ♪ Art, Gemini 2, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 25.)

GIRL CRAZY (1943)—This second movie version of the Broadway musical with the score by George and Ira Gershwin stars Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney; it's more freely adapted than the first, an R.K.O. film that starred Wheeler and Woolsey. This time it's M-G-M, and the cast includes June Allyson and Nancy Walker, with Tommy Dorsey and his band to play the nine Gershwin songs, including "Embraceable You" and the great, masochistic "But Not for Me." Norman Taurog directed, but Busby Berkeley staged the killer finale, "I Got Rhythm," with Garland in white buckskins. (8th St. Playhouse; May 27-28.)

GREASE—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The grease is the Elvis Presley sort of hair grease, the society is proudly sexist and ritualistic, the film's commercial calculation is obviously shrewd. The movie runs on pure ozone, and good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Loews Ciné, and Loews State 1; starting May 25.)

THE GROOVE TUBE (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Cinema Village; June 1-2.)

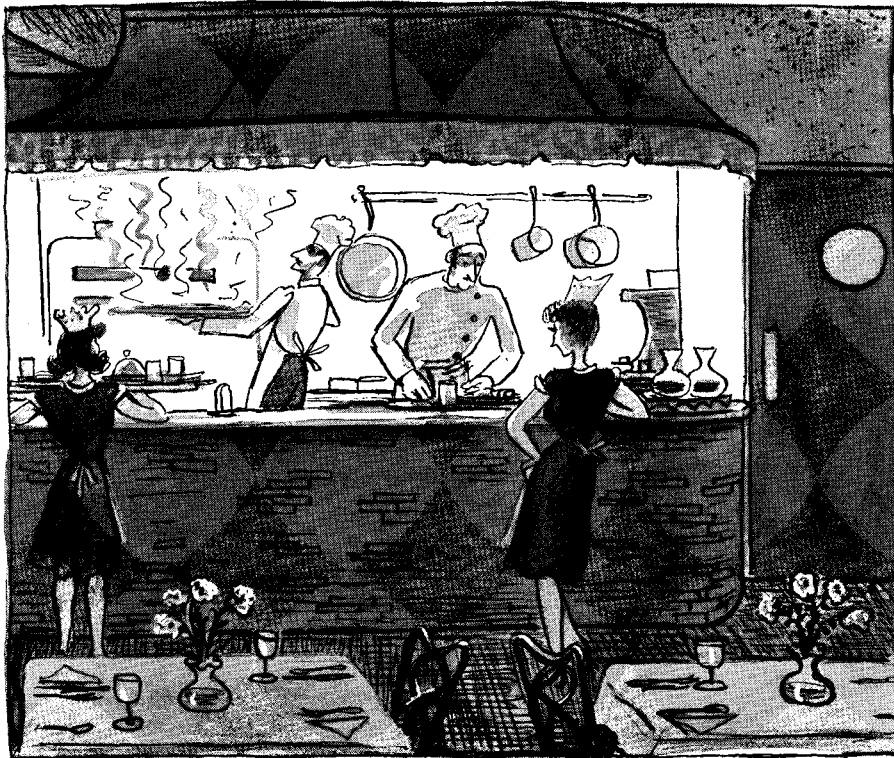
HAIR—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Ziegfeld; through May 24.... ♪ Plaza, 86th St. East, Waverly, Paramount, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting May 25.)

HANOVER STREET—With Harrison Ford, Lesley-Anne Down, and Christopher Plummer; directed by Peter Hyams. (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

HARDCORE—George C. Scott is the Calvinist father from Grand Rapids who searches for his runaway teen-age daughter in the pornography world of California. The writer-director, Paul Schrader, sets up the picture as a demonstration of the superiority of fundamentalist moral values over pornographic laxness—as if there were nothing in between. With Peter Boyle and Season Hubley. (2/19/79) (72nd Street East; through May 24.)

HEAVEN CAN WAIT (1943)—Ernst Lubitsch produced and directed this whimsical, uneven, yet generally disarming comedy of manners (it lightly satirizes social and sexual conventions), from a screenplay by his frequent collaborator Samson Raphaelson. Perhaps it isn't well known because it stars the rather drab Don Ameche, who appeared in many forced and charmless routine pictures, but here he's reasonably engaging. He plays a well-born New Yorker, Henry Van Cleve—a lifetime dandy and stage-door Johnny—who thinks that his sexual improprieties are sinful and qualify him for Hell, but as he applies to Satan and tells his story we see his life in flashbacks, and become aware of his essential generosity and innocence. Gene Tierney plays the Kansas girl he steals from his stuffy cousin (Allyn Joslyn). With Charles Coburn, Marjorie Main, Laird Cregar, Spring Byington, Florence Bates, Eugene Pallette, Louis Calhern, and Signe Hasso as the French maid. Adapted from the Hungarian play "Birthdays," by Laszlo Bus-Fekete, this film has no connection with Warren Beatty's 1978 "Heaven Can Wait," which is a remake of the 1941 "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," which was taken from an American play called "Heaven Can Wait," by Harry Segall. Lubitsch's first film in color. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 27-28.)

THE INNOCENT—For its first half, this Visconti



about Hubbell

film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Cinema 3... ♣ Plaza; through May 24... ♣ Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting May 25.)

JAMAICA INN (1939)—A forgettable, generally forgotten Hitchcock gothic, from a Daphne du Maurier novel, full of Cornwall shipwrecks and smuggling and murder in the time of good King George IV. The picture is dominated by Charles Laughton as an evil, bound-to-go-mad rake of the time; his flamboyant ghouliness appears to have paralyzed Hitchcock, whose staging of the wild flights from assassins, the midnight escapes, the prowlings up and down corridors, over roofs, through barnyards, and over moors is unredeemed claptrap. Emyl Williams shines as a trim little scamp; Maureen O'Hara is a dim heroine. With Leslie Banks and Marie Ney. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 30.)

JUNGLE BOOK (1942)—Sabu appears to have a very good time as Mowgli, the child adopted by the wolves who lives among the wild beasts as one of them; he swings from tree to tree like a nursery Tarzan. In the dark-green jungles of this lush, handsome Alexander Korda production, directed by Zoltan Korda, Mowgli has more to do with human folk than in the Kipling book—Joseph Callie is around, and also little Patricia O'Rourke, for a suggestion of precocious romance. Laurence Stallings, who wrote the screenplay, wanders a bit from Kipling's simple fancy, but the plot about a treasure, a python, and a ruined city are entertaining enough. Children will probably still love the movie—and adults will have a good time. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 30... ♣ Thalia; May 31.)

KING KONG (1976)—Colossal, silly, touching, a marvellous Classics Comics movie (and for the whole family). It can stand in one's affections right next to the original version. John Guillermin directed, from Lorenzo Semple, Jr.'s script; with Jeff Bridges, Jessica Lange, and Charles Grodin. (St. Marks Cinema; May 25-31.)

LAST EMBRACE—With Roy Scheider and Janet Margolin, directed by Jonathan Demme. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Embassy... ♣ Murray Hill, Beekman, 86th St. East, and Paramount; through May 24.)

A LITTLE ROMANCE—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Theltonius Bernard), enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet, to whom they are poetically knee-high. Arthur Hill plays a wise-looking mogul, with not many wise lines to say; Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. One might almost be watching him in Restoration comedy; he saves his part with the peculiar daintiness that he brings to mischievously trivial roles. Directed by George Roy Hill. (5/7/79) (Sutton.)

LOVE AT FIRST BITE—With George Hamilton and Susan Saint James, directed by Stan Dragoti. (Guild, and Forum... ♣ Loews Ciné, and Loews 83rd Quad; through May 24... ♣ St. Marks Cinema, Loews New York 1, and Olympia; starting May 25.)

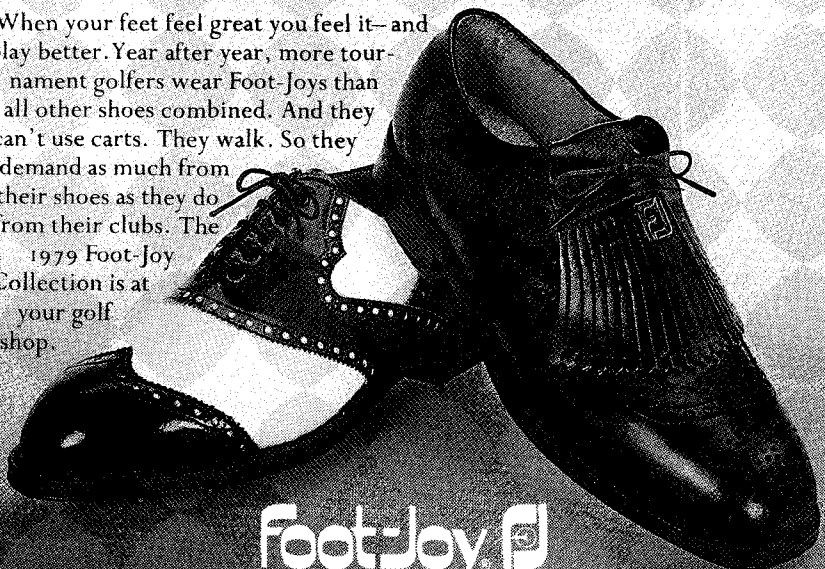
MADAME X (1966)—A woman is forced to abandon her baby and, years later, having committed a murder, is defended by... her very own son, who does not know that... she is his very own mother! Alexandre Bisson's courtroom melodrama melted hearts in silent-movie houses in 1916 and again in 1920; Ruth Chatterton had a personal triumph in the first talkie version, in 1929; and in 1937 Gladys George gave it the benefit of her gin-and-tears voice. It requires an actress who knows how to get into a broken-down vehicle and get some mileage out of it, but in this Ross Hunter production, spiritually dedicated to the glossy woman's-picture style of the nineteen-forties, Lana Turner hasn't the power or the technique—she isn't Madame X, she's Brand X. Turner, at the start, is supposed to be a ravishing young newlywed, and the production is designed like a cocoon to protect her. There isn't a young actress in the cast,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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not even among the bit players. This "Madame X" isn't about mother love; it's about mummy love. Ross Hunter was addicted to lavish wardrobes, and so the outcast heroine keeps changing her clothes, and to compensate for all those swell dresses, she keeps suffering: not one moment of fun in twenty years. With almost every line a howler, this is a camp special. David Lowell Rich directed. With Constance Bennett (in her last film appearance), Keir Dullea, John Forsythe, Riccardo Montalban, Burgess Meredith, Kaaren Verne, Virginia Grey, and Joe De Santis. (Thalia; May 28.)

MALICIOUS (1973; "Malizia")—Directed by Salvatore Samperi: A Sicilian comedy steeped in elegance and with an intense sense of the class system. It is made up of inappropriate sexual longings, clownishly dealt with; small boys' voyeurism; and financial stinginess mixed with sexual largesse. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with a village girl called Angela (Laura Antonelli) into a house of mourning, where she is destined to plague and delight the whole family. A funny but oddly dated picture, marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness that is never very erotic. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East; starting May 25.)

MANHATTAN—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Woody Allen proceeds by giant strides: this film is even funnier than "Annie Hall," even more serious in its comedy than "Interiors." Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (34th St. East, Baronet, Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

THE MEMORY OF JUSTICE (1976)—Centering on the definitions of war crimes formulated at the Nuremberg Trials, Marcel Ophuls examines the atrocities committed in Vietnam and other places; he attempts nothing less than an investigation of the nature of war guilt, and the film runs four hours and thirty-eight minutes. Striving for complexity, Ophuls extends his inquiry in so many directions that he loses his subject; despite some remarkable footage, the film is chaotic, plodding, and excessively self-conscious. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through May 24.)

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. (11/27/78) (D. W. Griffith; through May 31.)

THE MYSTERY OF KASPAR HAUSER (1975; also known as "Every Man for Himself and God Against All")—The story of Kaspar Hauser is a factually based variant of the lost-or-abandoned-child, Mowgli-Tarzan myth; Kaspar, who appeared in a German town in the eighteenth century, was raised not among wolves, bears, or apes but, rather, in isolation. In this nightmare version, written and directed by Werner Herzog, Kaspar (Bruno S.) is a grunting lump of a man, chained in a dungeonlike cellar from infancy. Covered with sores and welts, unable to stand, he is fed by a black-caped man who beats him with a truncheon. One day, the man carries him to a town square and leaves him there. The townspeople train him in human habits and try to educate him, but as he begins to learn, he balks at what he is taught, and becomes obstinate, trying to retain his new, mesmerized pleasure in nature. Before the issues are resolved, he is struck down by the caped figure, who returns, first to maim him, then to murder him. The film is a double fable, intermingling the stultifying effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of a demonic universe. Herzog achieves a visionary, overcast style; his im-

ages look off-balance—crooked, as if the cameraman were wincing. Herzog is a film poet, all right, but he's a didactic film poet, given to heavy, folk-art ironies; he says that society puts you through pain in order to deform you, and he makes it impossible for you to identify with anyone but Kaspar, who hasn't lost his innocent responses. Herzog's people are alone, immobilized, unanimated; life is dormant in them. Though one could not fault this in a painter's vision, in a filmmaker's it is numbing. In Herzog's conception, Kaspar is the only one who has still got his soul. This conception has a flower-child fashionableness, but Bruno S. (who was once believed to be a mental defective himself) is amazing. His Kaspar has sly, piggy eyes, yet he's so totally absorbed in experiencing nature, his head thrust out ecstatically, straining to grasp everything he was denied in his cave existence that he becomes Promethean; the light dawning in that face makes him look like a peasant Beethoven. In German. (Thalia; May 31.)

THE NAKED NIGHT (1953)—One of Ingmar Bergman's most powerful and erotic early films, but also one of his most masochistic and mawkish; life is a circus, people are gross clowns suffering through rounds of frustration and humiliation, and so on. Ake Groenberg is the circus owner, and the voluptuous Harriet Andersson is his mistress. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 1.)

NEWSFRONT—A film from Australia, directed by Phillip Noyce. (Cinema II; starting May 30.)

NORMA RAE—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Quad Cinema... Loews New York 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy; through May 24.)

PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day of 1900 in a prissy girls' school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistress; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (4/23/79) (Quad Cinema; through May 31.)

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN—A film by Joseph Strick (who made "Ulysses" in 1967) of James Joyce's crucial and innovative work. One remembers many things: the beguiling performance by Luke Johnston as the ten-year-old Stephen Dedalus; the keenness of spirit that cuts through the film; the vivacity of thought; the clear air of Joyce's insight into Dublin's fustiness, exemplified by Simon Dedalus. This book is in our bones, and Strick makes us know that Stephen Dedalus is indeed an artist, civilization's lay soothsayer. (4/30/79) (Embassy 72nd St.; through May 24.)

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA—With Peter Sellers, directed by Richard Quine. (Ziegfeld; starting May 25.)

A ROYAL SCANDAL (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead gave this sex farce about Catherine the Great a sort of low glitter, but it's not much of a vehicle. (Unhappily, poor as it is it's one of the few halfway possible screen roles she ever got.) She does wonders with a few line readings, and the fine young actor William Eythe (he died prematurely) has some splendid comic moments with her. The cast includes Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, Vincent Price, Sig Ruman, and Mischa Auer. The script, which is marred by horseplay and dumb wisecracks, is by Edwin Justus Mayer; Otto Preminger directed. (Regency; May 31-June 2.)

SAINT JACK—Good to see Denholm Elliott, the English actor, in a film again (made by Peter Bogdanovich). It is set in 1971 in Singapore, where an American called Jack Flowers,

played by Ben Gazzara (of the Actors' Studio), scrapes a stingy living promoting business for a Chinese ship-chandler's firm; off duty, he is a pimp with dreams of running the poshest whorehouse in the world. Elliott, as an accountant, acts with focus and alertness. The script is by Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, and Mr. Bogdanovich. (5/7/79) (Cinema I.)

THE SERPENT'S EGG (1978)—Set in Berlin in 1923, this Ingmar Bergman film, made in English in Munich, is about a Jewish-American trapeze artist (David Carradine) and his sister-in-law (Liv Ullmann), who are entrapped by a mad doctor (Heinz Bennent)—a prophet who dreams of what the Nazis will accomplish in the thirties. The movie, which fills the screen with images of fear and blood, of head-splitting pain and death, and then throws in gothic political theories, is a crackpot tragedy. Everything is strained, insufficient, underfired. (1/30/78) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; May 25-27.)

THE SILENT PARTNER—With Susannah York, Christopher Plummer, and Elliott Gould; directed by Daryl Duke. (Art, R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews 83rd Quad; through May 24.)

TERESA THE THIEF—With Monica Vitti, directed by Carlo Di Palma. In Italian and English. (Gemini 1.)

THX 1138 (1971)—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century. The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking off the homages or steals—Cocoteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 1-2.)

THE TIME MACHINE (1960)—Entertaining George Pal sci-fi, loosely derived from the H. G. Wells novel and set at about the time the book was written—1895. The plush Victorian furnishings in the home of the time-travelling scientist (Rod Taylor) are contrasted with the catacombs of the cannibalistic future, where Yvette Mimieux is a dainty morsel on the menu. The machine itself is a beauty, with a red velvet seat and gadgets made of ivory and rock crystal, and the time-travel effects help to make this film one of the best of its kind. However, it deteriorates into comic-strip grotesqueries when the fat, ogreish future race of Morlocks torments the effete, platinum-blond, vacant-eyed race of Eloi. With Alan Young, Sebastian Cabot, and Whit Bissell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 29.)

THE TOY—With Pierre Richard, directed by Francis Veber. In French. (Paris; starting May 25.)

THE TREE OF WOODEN CLOGS—Directed by Ermano Olmi. In Italian. (Cinema Studio I; starting June 1.)

VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED (1960)—A little-known thriller about wicked kids. This one is clever and has some really chilling moments. George Sanders is the lead, and Martin Stephens is the scariest of the cold-eyed children from outer space. From John Wyndham's novel "The Midwich Cuckoos," made in England and directed by Wolf Rilla (a terrific name for the director of this particular film). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 29.)

WHICH WAY IS UP? (1977)—With Richard Pryor, directed by Michael Schultz. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 24.)

THE WILD BUNCH (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Cinema Village; May 27-28.)

WINTER KILLS—With Jeff Bridges, John Huston, and Anthony Perkins; directed by William Richert. (National... Cinema II; through May 29... Greenwich; through May 31.)

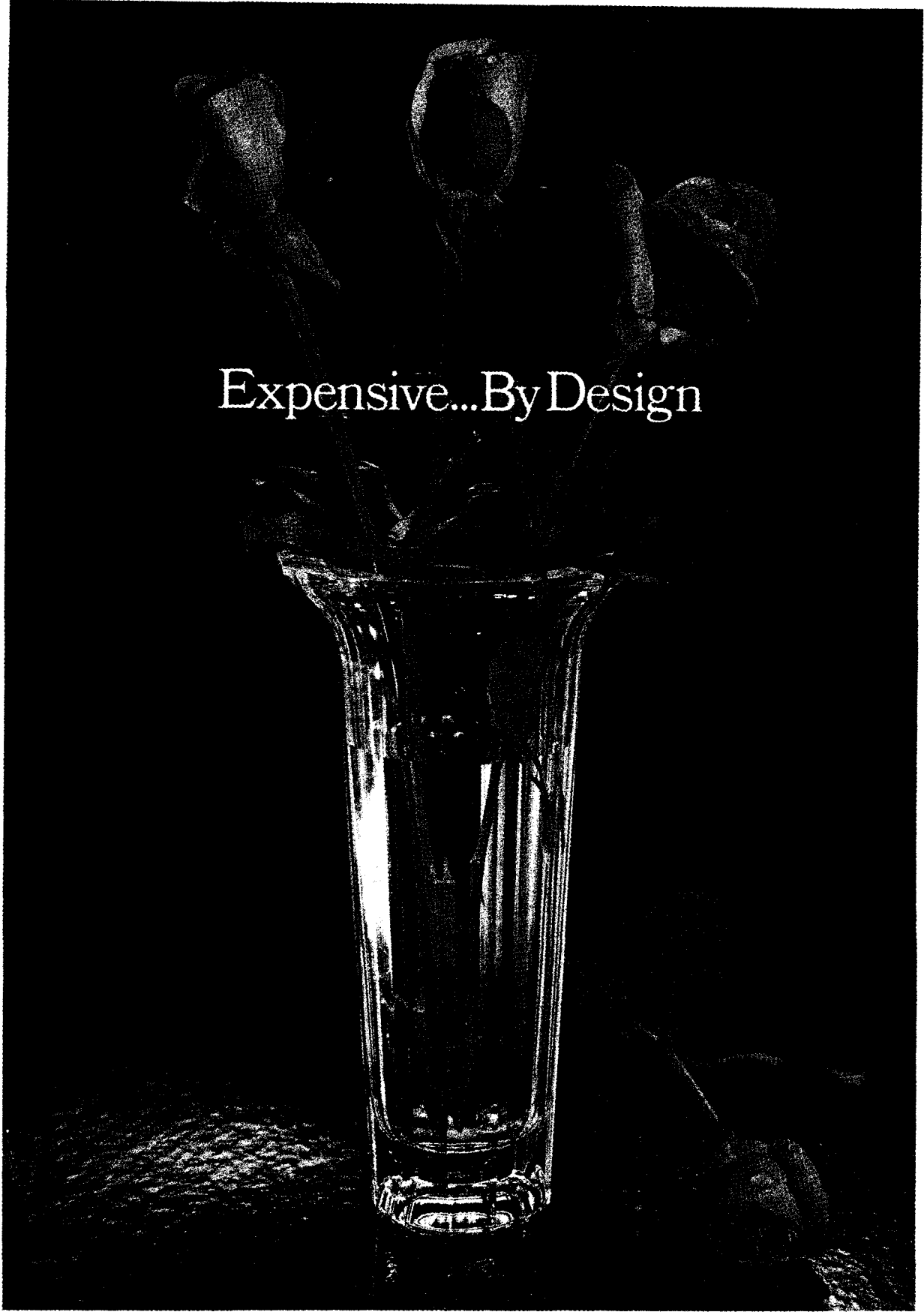
W. W. AND THE DIXIE DANCEKINGS (1975)—Burt Reynolds gives perhaps his most ingratiating comic performance, as a con man in this little romance set in and around Nashville. Directed by John G. Avildsen from a script by Thomas Rickman, with Art Carney, Conny Van Dyke, and Ned Beatty. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 28 through the afternoon of May 29.)



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FANCIFULLY, perhaps, Einstein once told an admirer that a guiding incentive of human beings in the pursuit of science might be to learn whether they could remake the universe in ways of their own. We were reminded of this on hearing about the work of a Japanese geneticist—Dr. Sadao Ichikawa, of Saitama University—which was described in *Garden*, the magazine of the New York Botanical Garden. Dr. Ichikawa has found that a spiderwort hybrid, a roadside wild flower that grows in central Texas, may be one of the most sensitive biological detectors of low-level ionizing radiation. He asserts that the flower undergoes a mutation when exposed to radiation—to exceedingly slight dosages, as well as, of course, to sizable ones. A change in color, it appears, takes place in the spiderwort's petals and in the hair cells of its stamens; assaulted by radiation, the cells change from blue to pink. But it isn't the prospect of enhanced safety that draws us to consider Dr. Ichikawa's work. Nor is it the surge of satisfaction we derive in contemplating that a common plant may provide our most sophisticated biological detector of ionizing radiation; nor, either, is it the almost charming coincidence that a Japanese should look to a floral arrangement for protection. No, it is none of these; it is only the thought of the impulse of Dr. Ichikawa and the fellow-researchers before him—the curiosity, the unaccountable hunch—that stirs our interest. Petals, stamens, hair cells! To envision, as Dr.

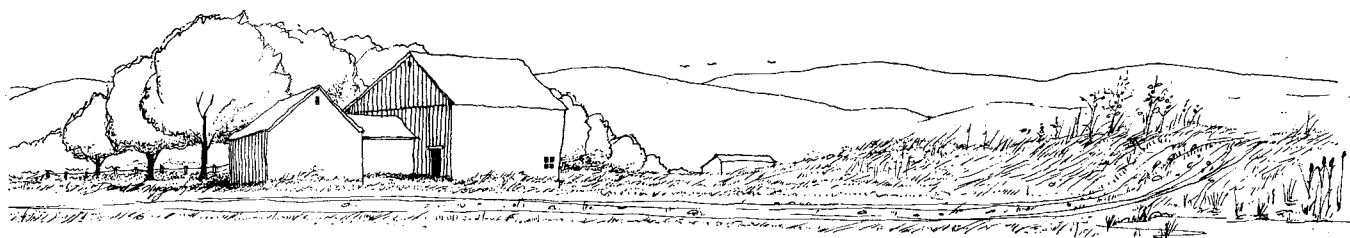
Ichikawa has done, that an organism of such ephemeral parts could alert us to the presence of unnatural danger! Perhaps it is because we write this in a season of much flowering that we seem to latch on to Dr. Ichikawa's investigations as an example of scientific imagination. We know that his conclusions have yet to ride out the long, challenging process of his colleagues' scrutiny. And we are aware, too, that even if their approval were to be unanimous it is unlikely that his spiderwort findings would rank as a monumental discovery, of the sort that Einstein probably had in mind when he dreamed of knowledge that could remake the universe. Such qualifications notwithstanding, however, Dr. Ichikawa's research exhilarates us, tempting us to isolate it from all else and to look upon it with wonder. We relish the feeling, holding on to it with determination. We resist pondering the duality of science, the weighing of benefit and risk. We fight off thoughts of loosed radioactivity, the very inspiration of Dr. Ichikawa's observations. We cling to the moment we have allowed ourselves, of marvelling freely and wantonly at the phenomenon of inexplicable ingenuity. It is a moment that cannot last, and quickly, before it ends, we think of something else that Einstein said. This time, it had to do with the genesis of his calling, so celebrated for its reliance on logic and discipline. Einstein said, "The fairest thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the fundamental emotion that stands at the cradle of true science. He who knows

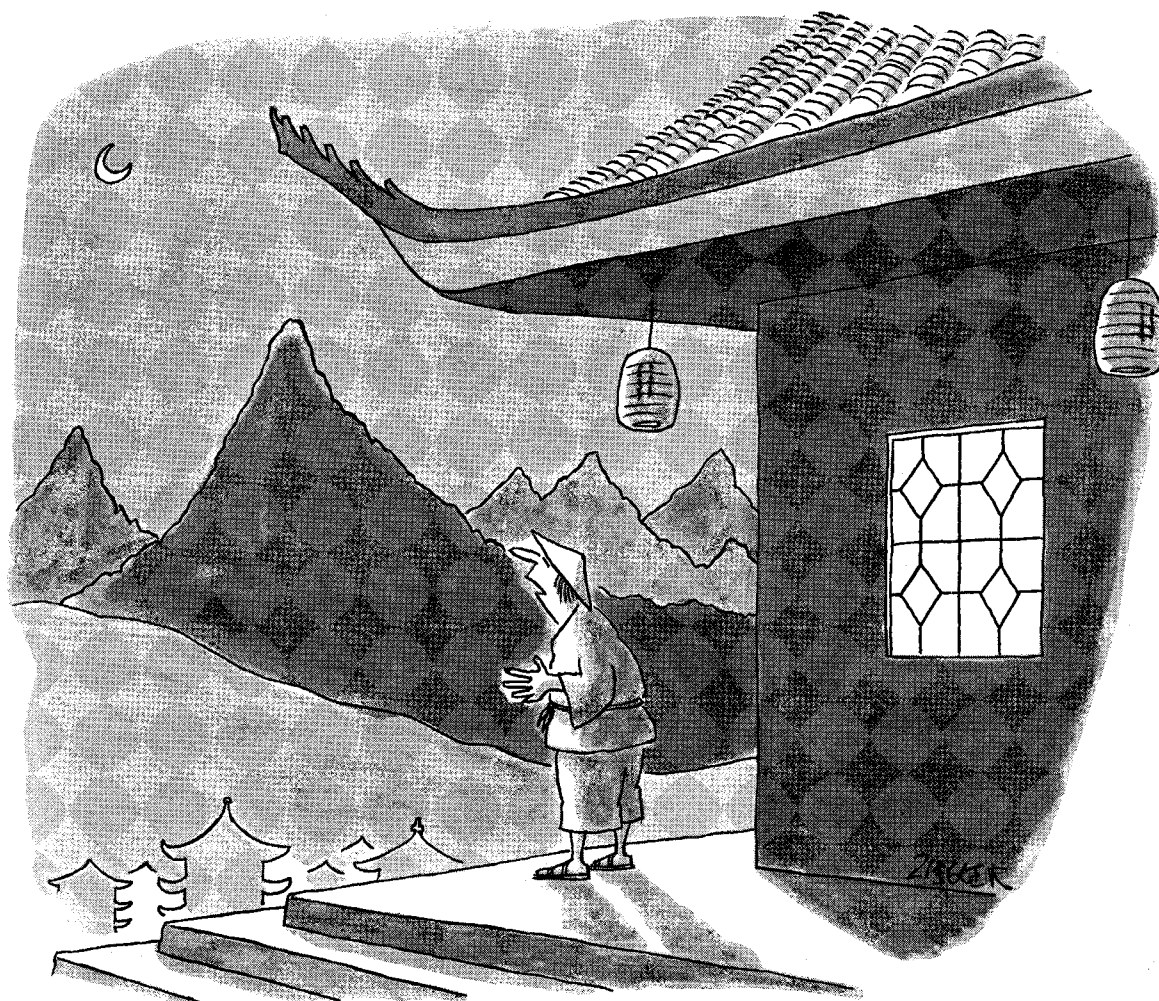
it not and can no longer wonder, no longer feel amazement, is as good as dead."

Gas

A TRAVELLING man we know who has just returned from Southern California stopped by this week, to ask how the lead-free supply was holding up in our neighborhood station, and, before we could answer, he deposited the following report on his adventures in the Golden State:

It used to be that a travelling man could make his calls in California with no worries to distract him except earthquakes, rockslides, flash floods, droughts, motorcycle gangs, and the possibility of being stuck in an elevator with one of those people who keep saying "far out" and "mellow." Those carefree days are over. Now that California has a gasoline shortage, the scheming starts even before you leave New York. Before I got on the plane, I had already acted on the tip of a fellow travelling man: Since rental cars are delivered with a full tank of gas, he said, the obvious way to avoid long waits at gas stations is to keep turning in your car for a new one. I had reserved one car at the Los Angeles airport—to be driven to Anaheim, used with restraint, and dropped off in North Hollywood. There I would pick up rental car No. 2. The first hurdle was at the airport rental-car desk, where I encountered an anarchic clot of travelling men—some of them, no doubt, having drifted over from the





*"Fleetwood Mac, they say that you possess greatness.
But I do not understand you."*

booth of a competing rental-car company that was out of gas and thus temporarily out of business. Queue tactics were second nature to us travelling men long before anyone had to scheme for gasoline, of course, and I advanced quickly by using the old "he's next" ploy. Having selected, quite arbitrarily, someone as my candidate for the person who had been there longest, I loudly proclaimed the primacy of his claims to service—thus establishing my moral credentials, assuming the position of arbiter of who came when, and, not incidentally, implying that I had arrived immediately after my candidate. Within a few minutes, I was driving toward Anaheim, my eye glued to the gas gauge. So far so good. I didn't feel guilty about the salesman still waiting at the rental-car counter. The President himself, after all, said that this is the moral equivalent of war.

When I glanced up from the gas gauge now and then to take a look at the road in front of me, I noticed that most of the gasoline stations I passed were closed. My own gasoline supply, I

was horrified to note, seemed to be falling with extraordinary rapidity. Before the airport was far behind me, the gauge was tilting in the direction of seven-eighths instead of full. When I arrived in Anaheim, less than an hour later, the gauge was at three-quarters. As I put the car in park, I discovered what might have been the reason for such rapid gas consumption. Having concentrated so hard on the gas gauge that I had barely glanced at the gearshift, I had driven all the way to Anaheim in second.

At breakfast the next morning, I realized what people mean when they say that depriving Californians of their cars would be like depriving Arabs of their camels (a retaliation I would be all in favor of, by the way, if I didn't suspect that every Arab with a camel had a Mercedes and a Learjet in reserve). The waitress at the restaurant said that she was less threatened by the gas shortage than most people she knew. "I only live four blocks from here, so I *could* walk," she told me, making it clear from her tone that she

never actually had and probably wouldn't unless the Russians reached the gates of the city and all private automobiles were commandeered by the defense forces. It struck me why there are so many pulled muscles among joggers in Beverly Hills, where any man on foot used to be picked up by the police as a suspicious character: a lot of the people who are running in California these days have never walked.

Nobody talked business. Just gas. I heard about people making appointments with their service stations in the way some women make appointments with their hairdressers ("And could I have Hector, please? I love the way he does my windshield"). I heard about people who had their cars washed again and again, because car washes, which also carry gasoline, are not subject to the odd-even system of gas allocation.

I heard stories of queue-jumping and stories of vengeance, including one about someone whose revenge on an imperious woman who had driven to the head of the gas line was to place his locking gas cap on her gas tank, lock it, and drive away with the key—presumably to run out of gas a few blocks later. I heard about black-market gas. I heard about executives who, having sent their secretaries off to wait in a gas line, were left to answer their own phones in a falsetto lest a caller sensitive to corporate position get the impression that their importance had faded to the point of self-sufficiency. I heard about public employees whose threat in a wage dispute was to call in with reports of being unable to get to work because of the gasoline shortage—a "gasout."

I had begun my own scheming right after breakfast—working under the out-of-towner's handicap of no black-market contact and, of course, no secretary. It was an even-numbered day and I had an even-numbered license plate, but I also had more than half a

tank of gasoline—making me ineligible to get gasoline, if the service-station proprietor happened to be one of the service-station proprietors who bothered to check gas gauges. I figured that I would be below half a tank the next day, but then I would be an even-numbered car on an odd-numbered day. Could it be that I was meant to drive around in circles until my tank got below half? If this is the moral equivalent of war, I wondered, how does one surrender?

I made it to North Hollywood. In fact, I had plenty of gas when I arrived, having spent so much time calculating my strategy that I didn't have much time to drive around in Anaheim. I turned in the car, and, after a decent interval, went back to the North Hollywood office to claim car No. 2. Another man waiting for a car informed me that all of my calculations about odd and even were unnecessary, since rental cars are eligible to get gas anytime. That was encouraging, I said, except that the odd-even system didn't seem to be making the lines shorter anyway. Then the rental-car clerk, overhearing our conversation, explained to us that the rental-car company would sell us gasoline at any of its offices, with no waiting. Our problems were solved. I was greatly relieved that no more scheming would be necessary. I pointed to my informant and said to the clerk, "He's next."

Gestures

AT a party in honor of Rosemary Clooney, Helen O'Connell, Rose Marie, and Margaret Whiting, stars of the touring musical show "4 Girls 4," at the Ballroom Restaurant, in Soho:

A man wearing a purple tie with a pearl tiepin pointed his forefinger at his chest, covered his mouth with his hand, opened his eyes wide, and rolled them.

A girl wearing a tight black skirt with red flowers on it did an exaggerated slinky step across the floor, to make the people she was with laugh.

Mitch Miller, the band leader, wearing a brown velvet jacket, kissed Mar-

garet Whiting. To do this, he pursed his lips and extended them past his full mustache and beard.

A woman in a white straw hat and a black dress blew cigarette smoke through her nostrils straight to the ground, so that the smoke would not annoy the man she was talking to.

Mayor Koch came in, shaking hands and bowing. He pointed the shiny top of his head at each person he met.

A woman with yard-long hair ran her fingers under the lapels of the jacket of a tall, white-haired man.

A man in a white suit looked toward the door fifteen or twenty times.

An Oriental cook peered out of the round window of the door from the kitchen fifteen or twenty times.

Two men were introduced in a very crowded part of the room. They were pressed so close together that when they shook hands they had to stick their hands out like flippers from the waist.

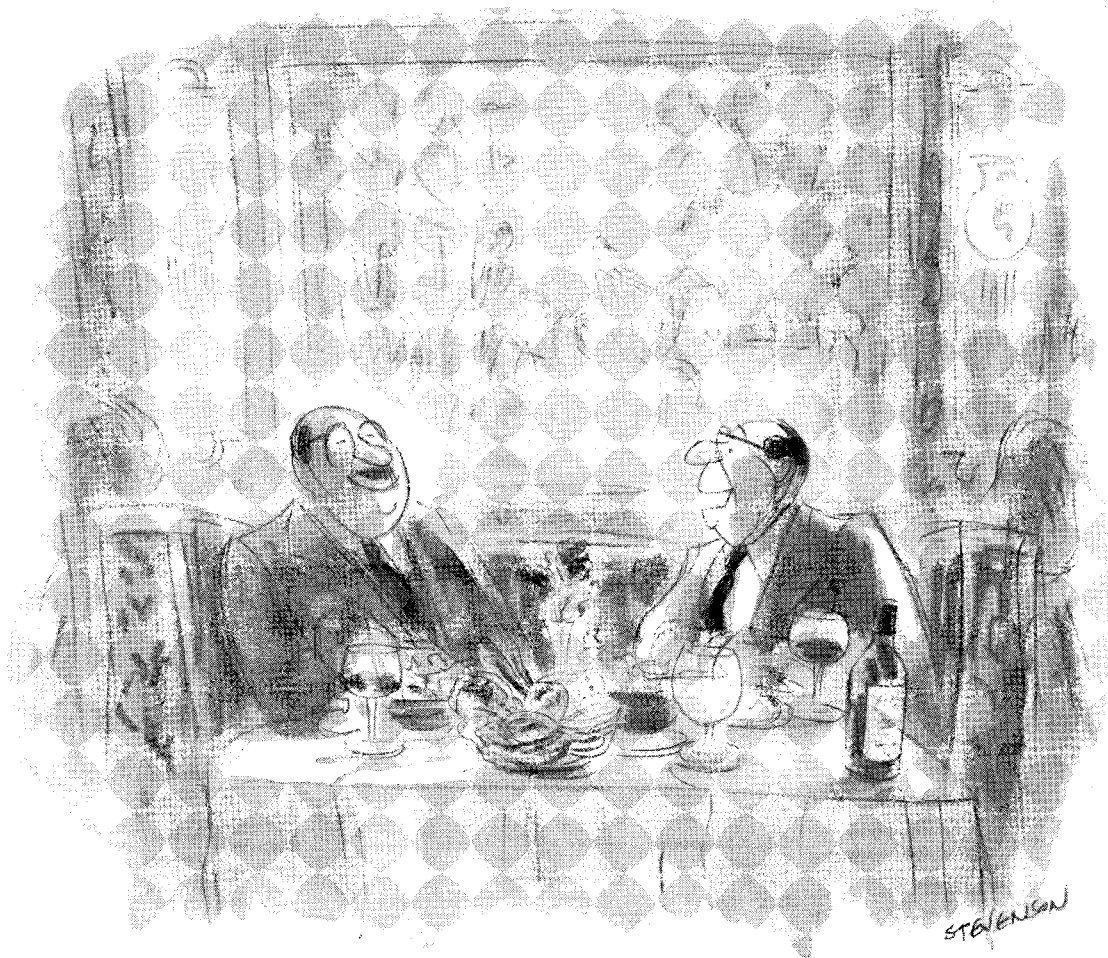
A woman in a blue Chinese-style jacket took the right hand of the man she was with in both her hands and began to play with his fingers while he continued to talk to another man.

A man in a red blazer with a texture like sofa upholstery bent over a woman

who was shorter than he, took her face in one of his hands, kind of squished it together until it looked like a fish face, kissed her lips with a loud smack, and, seeing someone he wanted to talk to across the room, moved on.

Poems

IN a moment of optimism, the poets Allen Ginsberg and Kenneth Koch recently agreed to make up "collaborative spontaneous poems" in front of an audience at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, on East Tenth Street. This collaboration took place in the Parish Hall, where the St. Mark's Poetry Project has held its events since the church was damaged by fire, last July. We transcribed some of the spontaneity. Later, Mr. Ginsberg told us that he learned to improvise poems from Jack Kerouac and from the form of Buddhism that he studies. "It's a tradition in the lineage of crazy wisdom—turning the wheel of dharma by spontaneous rhyme," Mr. Ginsberg said. Mr. Koch told us, "I've never done this sort of thing in front of an audience before. I have done improvisations, with poets and painters. Larry



"I say 'Give me a windfall and I'll talk windfall tax.'
What do you say, Harry?"

Rivers and I did a series of poem-paintings: he'd put a spot of color on a canvas, I'd write a word over it, he'd put some more color over it, and so forth. Collaboration is like having the Muse in the same room with you, both-ering you but giving you good ideas."

(Ron Padgett, poet, director of Poetry Project, introduces "two of the best poets of our century." They enter. Mr. Koch with handsome toothy smile. Mr. Ginsberg with gleeful face rejuvenated by shaving of famous beard. They sit at long table in front of fireplace. Perrier and wine bottles on table. Warmup produces poem with two words in each line.)

K. (light boyish voice): Snowmen perpetuate

G. (deep boyish voice): Liquid melt-ability

K.: Without stopping

G.: Winter winter

K.: Summer autumn

G.: North Pole

K.: "North Pole" is one word.

G. Northpole Southpole

K.: Learning sideways

G.: Sleeping likewise.

K.: Let's do some iambic-pentameter couplets.

G.: Today the nuclear bombs arise in mind

K.: Allen sees danger to all human-kind. . . .

G.: Evening shadows steal with radioactive shadow. (He laughs.) Evening shadows steal with radioactive shade.

K.: Full many a tune on this machine is played.

(More of this.)

K.: Well, I think that it's time we brought an end

G.: And so another poem doth perpend.

K.: Listen, Allen, we've got to get a little more warmed up. How about a dramatic dialogue in blank verse? Ron has suggested some characters that we might be. I told him to control himself, but he hasn't. The characters are (reading) Vladimir Mayakovsky; a carrot; Halley's comet; a large pair of work shoes—

G.: a field of green corn; New Mexico; Woody Woodpecker; Georgia O'Keeffe—

K.: some mountains with fog; Hamlet the Dane; a typewriter with legs; Sacré Coeur in Paris. I wouldn't mind being the city of Paris. Who do you want to be?

G.: Woody Woodpecker.

K.: The title of this play is "Woody Woodpecker Goes to Paris." I think I

have to stand up to do blank verse.

(Both stand.)

G.: Oh, wow! I'm here in Paris, Notre Dame

Sits on its haunches and looks down.

I've never been in such a strange domain,

I think I'll take a walk around the town.

K.: What bird is this that on my aged streets

Doth so pursue his argument?

G.: Some rhyming beastie from United States has come.

I'm here, and though you may think I am dumb,

No less I'll continue with my tourist peregrination,

Seeing this town, coming from another nation.

(City of Paris accuses Woody Woodpecker of being "scruffy" American.)

G.: No mistake, sir, under my wings and in my bill

I carry many a hundred-dollar paper.

(Development of plot concerning Haussmann, Rimbaud, French fries, songbird edibility. City of Paris asks Woody Woodpecker to sing.)

G. (almost to tune of "A Wandering Minstrel I"):

An imitative bird

Must always rhyme the word.

It cannot open its mouth

Without proceeding south. . . .

K.: Without Americans, I would be nothing.

(Another poetic form—the blues—on subjects suggested by Mr. Padgett.)

K.: The earth is alone, all alone in the universe

G.: Little old earth, alone, all alone in the big old universe

K.: And to be alone on it is just a double curse.

G.: Cursed to have a body, a skeleton, cursed to have a mind

K.: Curse body skeleton, curse have a mind

G.: All I can do is walk around

naked and sing these blues like blind.

K.: You want to do a ballad?

G.: Yeah—a a b b?

K.: No, let's do a b a b—that's easier. Then we each get to rhyme our own lines. (Reads suggestions from Mr. Padgett, including "William Blake and Popeye have a disagreement and fight to the death," "An old man is imprisoned for stealing a book of his own poetry," and "A young lover discovers he is the reincarnation of Gertrude Stein and fears this will damage his forthcoming marriage.") I find Ron's suggestions very disturbing.

G.: Well, we can ballade on our own themes.

(They choose Blake-Popeye idea.)

G.: Popeye! You represent Tharmas! Only the body there! Only the meat!

K.: Hey! Hey, hey, hey, Allen, this is a ballad. You know, like, "I walked across the country gray/And saw a little girl."

G.: Popeye, here y'are in y'body, here y'are in y'meat.

No. What's a four-beat line?

Popeye's in his body, Popeye's in his meat.

K.: That's an Alexandrine.

G.: Popeye sat upon his chair—

K.: That's it!

(Some time later.)

G.: Mary Blake's apocalypse

K.: Popeye's deuteronomy

G.: Made her kiss Bill on the lips

K.: And praise his male economy. . . .

G.: What have we got next? Tetrameter couplets?

K.: Oh, Jesus! Let's do something relaxing.

G.: A poem that makes no sense.

K.: It's impossible to make no sense, because the poor frail limited human mind is constructed so that it makes sense out of anything. But we can try. One thing we could try to do is in every line contradict flatly what's said in the previous line.

It's a lovely warm spring evening in New York

G.: Raining and sleeting and the hail coming down on the roof of the burnt church. . . .

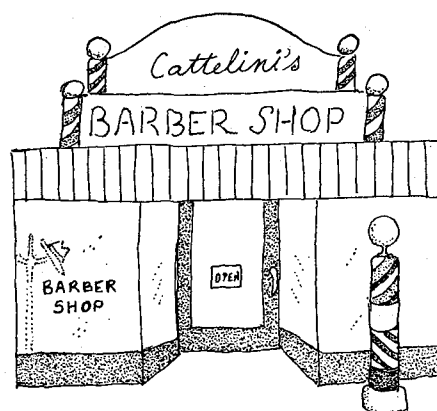
K.: No one has spoken tonight.

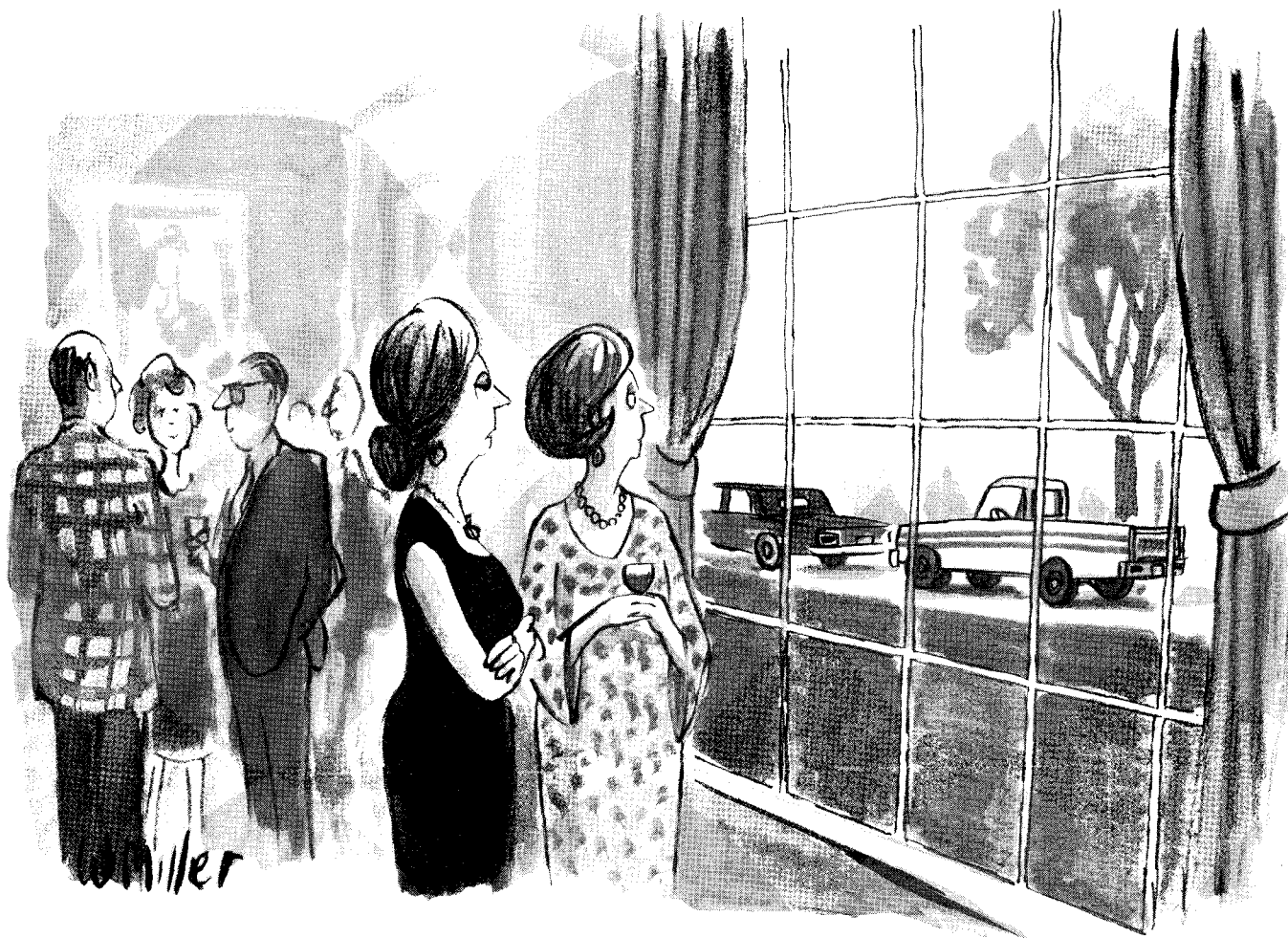
G.: Nothing but the industrial revolution roaring its way across the landscape. . . .

K.: In the time in which we're speaking, no one ever wore clothes.

G.: Completely covered with armor, completely helmeted, visored, and carrying many lances

K.: People showed how peaceful they were





"You can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy, so Herb decided that what we need is a pickup truck."

G. (*very excited*): Roaring up and down, screaming, tearing their hair, scratching themselves, biting their own noses!...

K.: How about a bad poem?

G.: A poem deliberately no good. I.e., comma, bad verse.

I love you like the flowers in the spring

K.: Though always I hear the crunching of the skeleton...

G.: Sophisticated gentlemen, let's sip our Martinis.

K.: I remember the countess at the Villa d'Este well

G.: Where I cried for madder music and for stronger wine

K.: And we suffered, I think, in a less normal way

G.: 'Cause the world was against us and we were right!...

K.: I hate all those commercial bastards! Gosh, Nancy, if only

G.: The plutonium would stop bothering me every time I go to sleep.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Haiku!

K.: I can't count syllables.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Epic!

G.: Haiku.

K.: All haikus are about frogs, right?

G.: Wearing beard, the young man leans forward

K.: Froglike

G.: Listening to the poets croak.

K.: The water in the bottle

G.: Sits quietly, listening

K.: Like a drowned frog.

G.: The old fireplace hasn't been used

K.: The beautiful city

G.: Lacks wood.

K.: Pretty. Do you feel, Allen, that the haiku is a more natural form for us than the blues? What shall we do next?

G.: More haikus. We could go on forever: the ground, the recognition, and the comment.

Sirens wailing down Eleventh Street

K.: Ron Padgett sitting

G.: The audience rubbing its chin.

K.: A glass wallet

G.: Smoky currency

K.: New York on fire.

G.: The leathern cow moos

K.: The cotton sheep replies

G.: The shepherd pipes his ditty.

K.: That's a very sweet one.

G.: Whenever I go to Bloomingdale's

K.: Or Bloomingdale's comes to me

G.: I wear a tuxedo.

We have to do an epic yet.

K.: Maybe one minute of silence would be a nice improvisation.

(After intermission, they flip coin to see who reads first from "prepared texts." Mr. Ginsberg wins toss—tails. Reads "Plutonian Ode"—new version, with revisions suggested by various poets and friends. Long lines of incantation. Effort to rid world of plutonium by inhaling it with huge poet's breaths. Poetry controlling the uncontrollable. Mr. Koch reads "The Boiling Water." Calls attention to excitements usually overlooked—"serious moments," when water boils, fly lifts wings, etc. Poetry giving itself to the little particular. Audience applauds for many minutes, satisfied by harmony of cosmic and domestic, improvisation and craft, play and work, restraint and abandon, privacy of poets' imaginations and generosity of poets.)

A BEE IN THE KITCHEN

THE thing began at Olympia, a large exhibition hall in London more often devoted to Show Jumping but on this occasion the scene of a tennis World Doubles Championship. The British pair, curly-haired Cox and his partner, Lloyd, were playing McEnroe and Fleming for a place in the finals, and at one time, with the score at 3—all in the last set and a service break not inconceivable, looked as though, against all the odds, they might win. They did not, and I switched off the television and went to the kitchen for some ice. A bee was buzzing about in there—not a usual event in a cold English January, so I spoke to it. "We lost!" I told it bitterly.

Of the two kinds of insanity exhibited here I reckon that the bitterness was the more extreme. "Telling the bees" is an old English custom, still practiced, I believe, in the remoter rural districts of the West Country. This courtesy is, or was, usually extended in the event of a death in the family—the proper procedure being to tap the hive three times, repeating "So-and-So is dead" at each tap. The penalty for failure to make this announcement is another death in the household within the year, or, as some say, the departure of the bees to some other and more communicative locality. Of course, a solitary bee is not a hive and cannot easily be tapped; but there is at least a precedent for giving the news to bees, and, for all we know, they may be as interested in one kind of disaster as another. What concerns me more deeply is that I should, even momentarily, regard the loss of a tennis match as disastrous.

Tennis is not a game that greatly excites me per se, nor one that I ever played much above the level at which a start is made with five balls because the sixth went into the laurel hedge last Sunday. Cox and Lloyd, though British, were not playing for Britain, and if they had been, their success could have reflected no conceivable credit on me personally. They were playing for

a top prize of twenty thousand pounds each—a reward, for a few days' serving and returning, so ridiculously out of proportion as to fill me, in my saner moods, with nausea and despair. What kind of distorted patriotism, nationalism, chauvinism is this that makes me care tuppence whether a backhand crosscourt volley with heavy top spin did or did not land one inch outside the line and that drives me untimely into the kitchen to cry out "We lost!" to a solitary out-of-season bee. Who is "we," for God's sake?

It is useless, as a matter of fact, to tell bees anything. They can't hear. I ought to have known that, because when writing, years ago, in these pages about Gilbert White and the effect of echoes on bees, I quoted a passage in which that capable eighteenth-century naturalist denies that the creatures respond in any way to sounds. He proved it for himself by roaring at them through a speaking trumpet held close to their hive and noting that they failed to show "the least sensibility or resentment." Perhaps he should have tapped first, to gain their attention, though I doubt whether it would have made any difference. All that I have read about bees—and I have read a good deal since that discreditable incident in the kitchen—seems to show that you need

a special technique to get any message through to them.

Take Sir John Lubbock, for instance—not the distinguished astronomer "J.W." but his son, a considerable scientist in his own right and a keen bee-watcher, who, about a century after Gilbert White, was hard at it on the same old tack of trying to make himself heard. Aware that, on occasion, a new queen in the hive sets up an intermittent piping, to which any residual young queens appear to respond, he naturally asked himself what was the point of this exchange of sounds if neither party could hear them. They might as well be discussing Home Rule in Parliament. Nevertheless, Sir John was unable to get his bees to take any notice of any sound he could devise, and in the end, reluctant to believe that all this piping was to no avail, fell back on the supposition that they could only hear higher notes than any at his personal disposal.

Now take another great leap forward, this time of half a century or more, and see what Karl von Frisch, the "Dancing Bees" man, has to say. He will have none of this "higher note" shilly-shallying. To the duet within the hive he readily admits. "The free queen," he says, "emits a kind of piping sound and the imprisoned queens also make similar noises which, however, from the depth of their dungeons sound like a hollow 'quack

quack,'" and he goes on to tell us how "Bee-keepers maintain that the quacking bees are asking whether there is a queen about, and as long as they get an answering piping, they take good care not to leave the protection of their cells." They know very well, you see, that she will not tolerate any rivals. This sounds like good bee sense to me, but it won't do for von Frisch. Bees, he states categorically, "are unable to distinguish between piping and quacking"—and how I wish I had been around while he was proving *that* to his own satisfaction—"and are only receptive to tones in their immediate vicinity through a very finely developed sense of touch."

So there we are. Had I known all this before entering the kitchen I



"Mary, this isn't my cup of tea."



should never have dreamed of trying to share my patriotic distress with a bee. Even if you take the side of the beekeepers against von Frisch and hold that these insects *can* distinguish a pipe from a quack, the attempt to communicate seems doomed to failure. Try quacking, or piping, a sentence like "We lost!" and you will see what I mean. The appropriate note of melancholy is altogether missing. As to any attempt to get through to a bee by means of its finely developed sense of touch—no.

There are reasons for thinking that even in the remoter areas of the West Country the bereaved sometimes doubted whether their sad spoken messages, piped or not, were fully understood within the hive. One has only to glance at the "Calendar of Customs, Superstitions, Weather-lore, Popular Sayings, and Important Events Connected with the County of Somerset" (not, I realize, a book on everybody's shelves) to find that they employed a secondary means of communication quite independent of audible sounds or a sense of hearing. "Turning the bees at a funeral," writes the editor, Mr. W. G. Willis Watson, "was a custom peculiar to the West, and I am not sure it has

yet [1920] died out. Of course, there is some danger in carrying out the operation . . ." Indeed there is. As recently as 1790 the London *Argus* had a report, freely quoted by Mr. Willis Watson, of the funeral of a farmer at Cullompton, in Devon, at which, just as the cortege was ready to move off, someone called out "Turn the bees!", whereupon "a servant, who had no knowledge of such a custom, instead of turning the hives round, lifted them up and laid them down on their sides!" The upshot proved conclusively that bees, however deaf, however insensitive to echoes, speaking trumpets, quacking, or any sound that Sir John Lubbock could devise, respond immediately to rotation through ninety degrees. These Cullompton bees attended the obsequies en masse. They attacked horses and riders, pursuing them tenaciously as they galloped off, and there ensued perhaps the briskest funeral ever seen in that quiet country town. "General confusion took place," observes my source mildly, "attended with the loss of hats, wigs, &c." The message, in short, had been received.

A final circumstance must be recorded. The bee in the kitchen, when I first saw it, was dashing about with

all the agility of a McEnroe or a Connors, swooping from side to side of the arena, making swift sorties from dresser to windowpane and back, and stopping short with marvellous control within a fraction of an inch of this or that obstruction, varying its game the while with high lobbs to the ceiling, where it seemed able, by the use of a sort of top spin, to dart in any direction at will. A lively bee. Nastase himself at his best never whizzed about more athletically or buzzed with greater fury. Yet, returning within the hour, I found this selfsame bee inert and lifeless on the windowsill. It is my belief, whatever the Lubbocks and the von Frisches may say, that the shock of my news had been too much for it. It was, after all, a British bee.

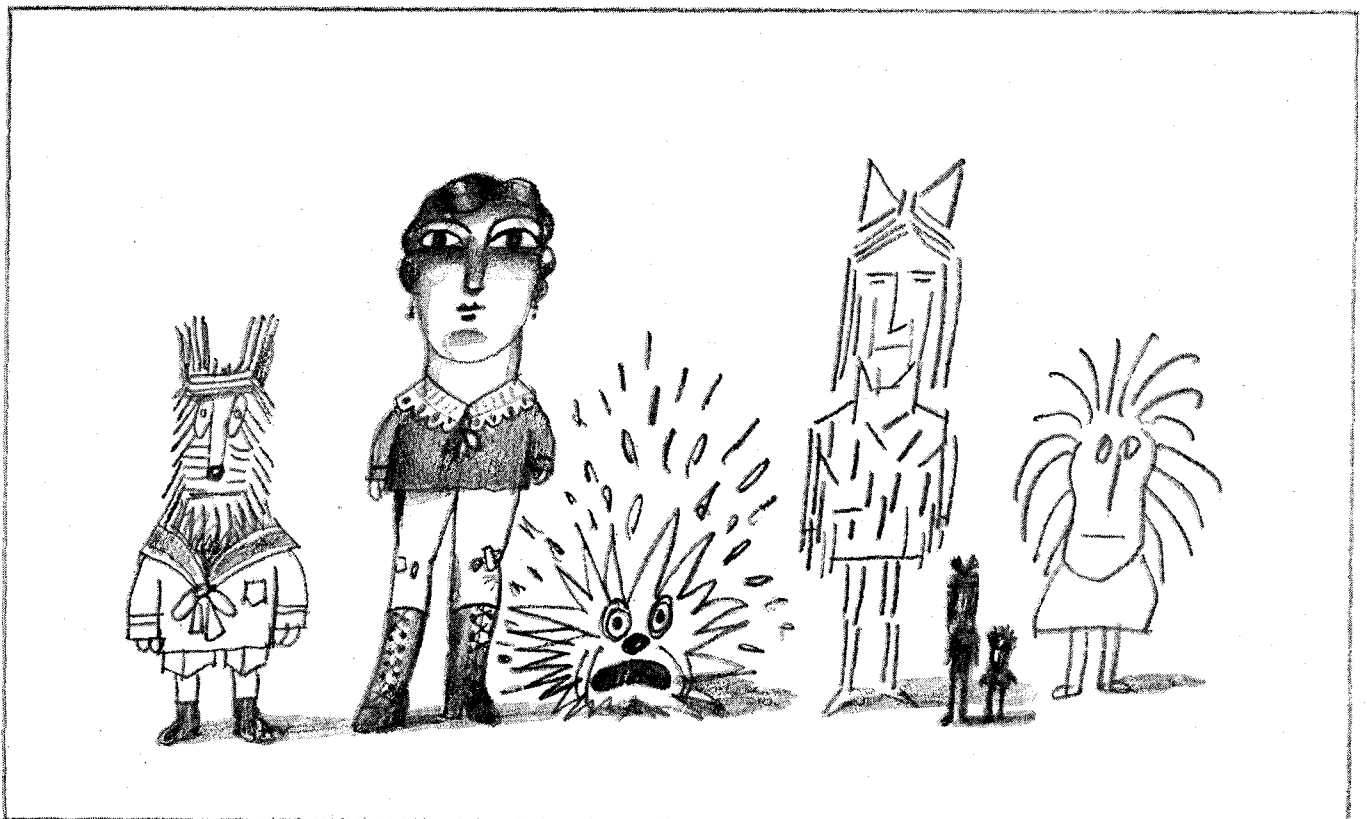
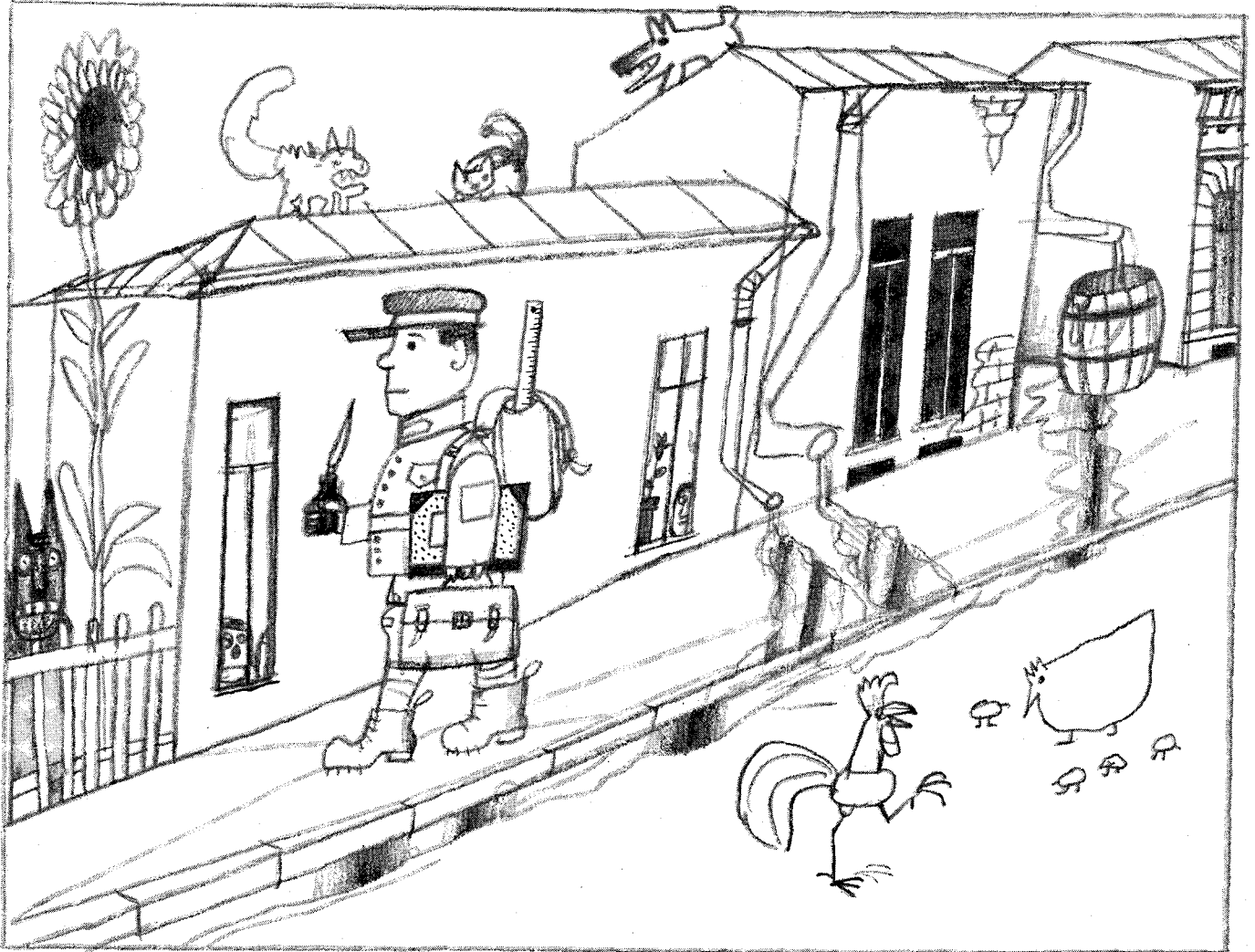
—H. F. ELLIS

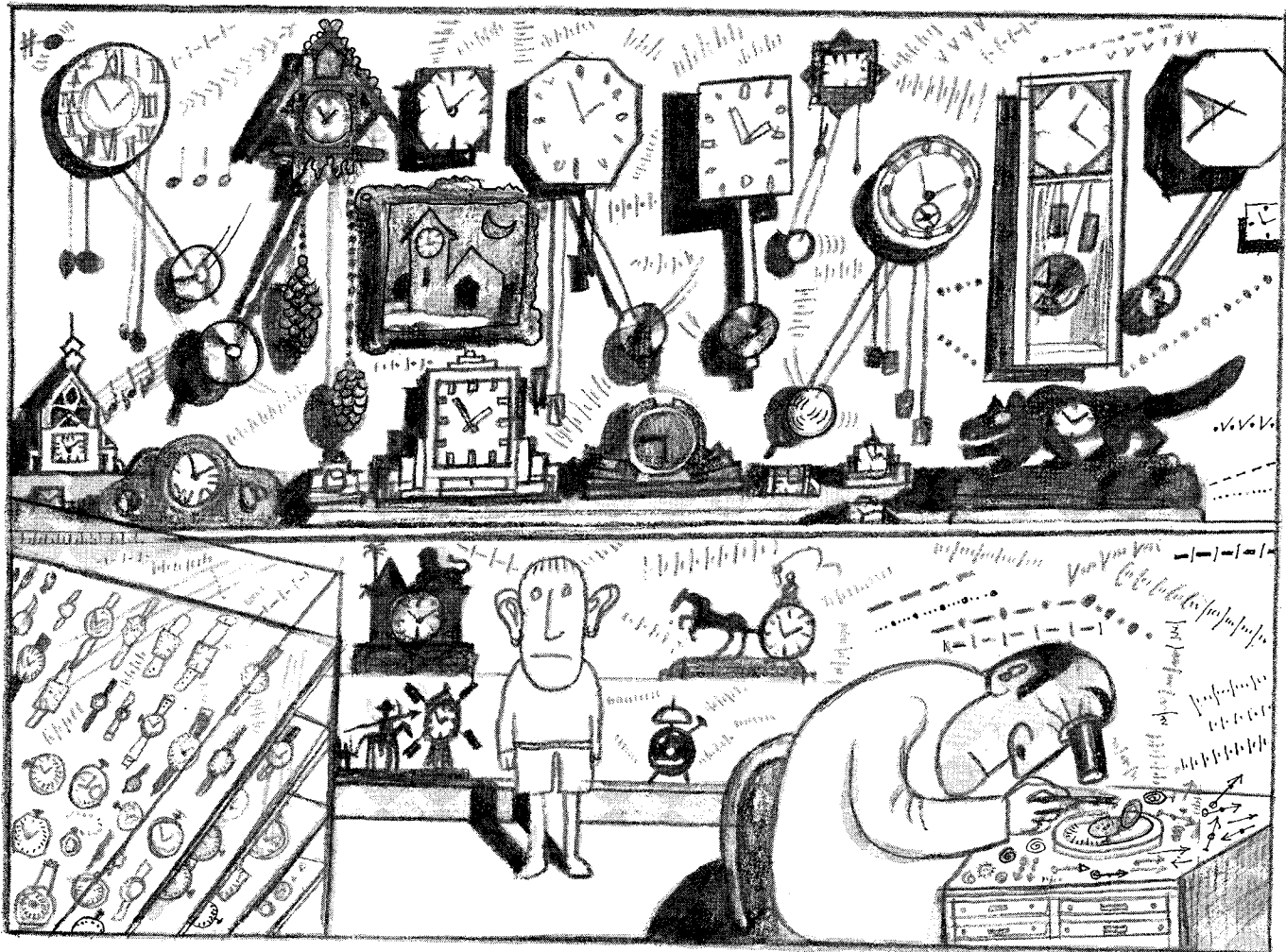
So ended one of the most closely guarded sets of negotiations conducted by the Carter Administration, negotiations that, unlike the dry and unemotional details of arms control, involved human lives and issues. The talks raised questions that are still being sorted out.

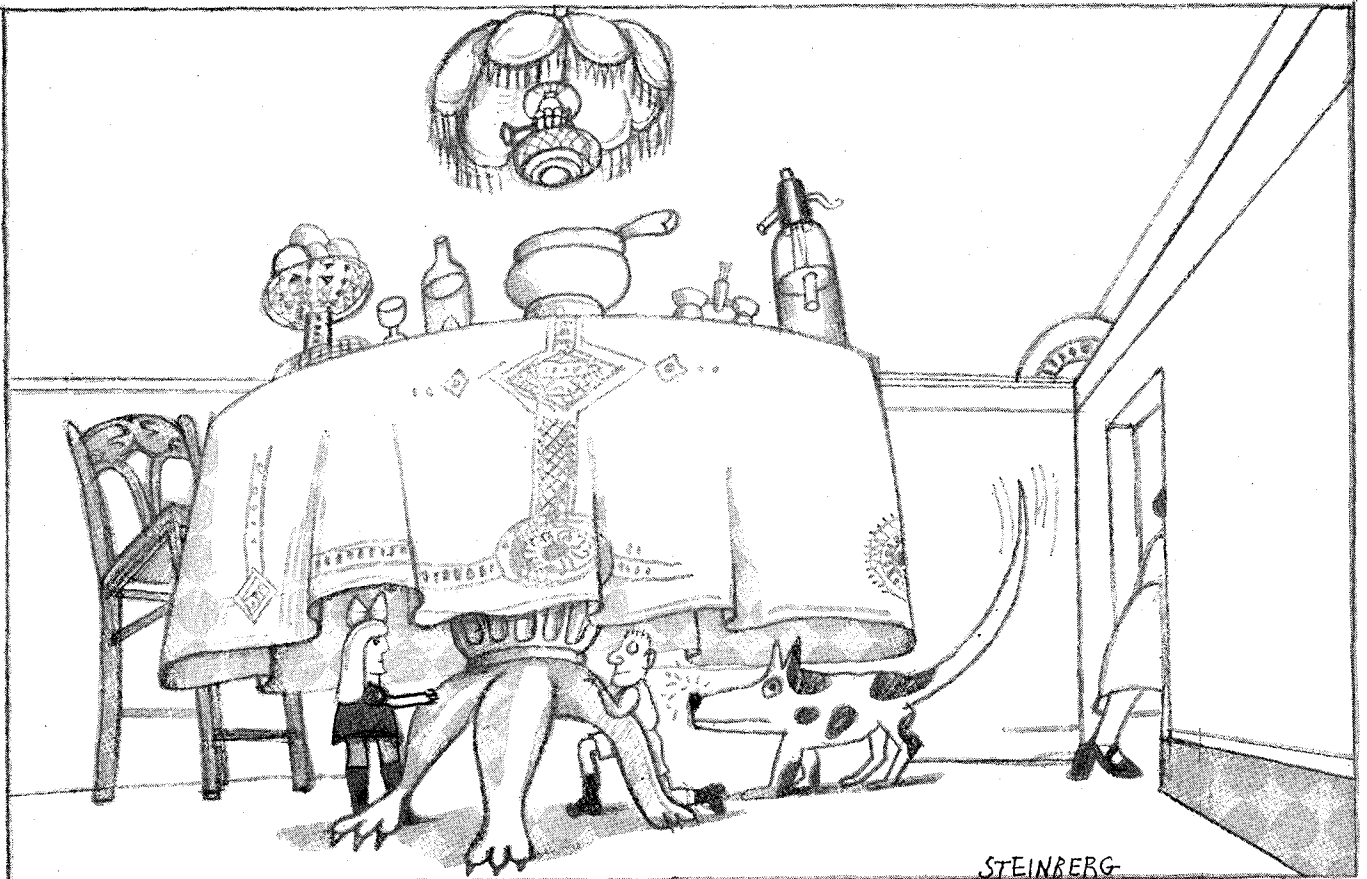
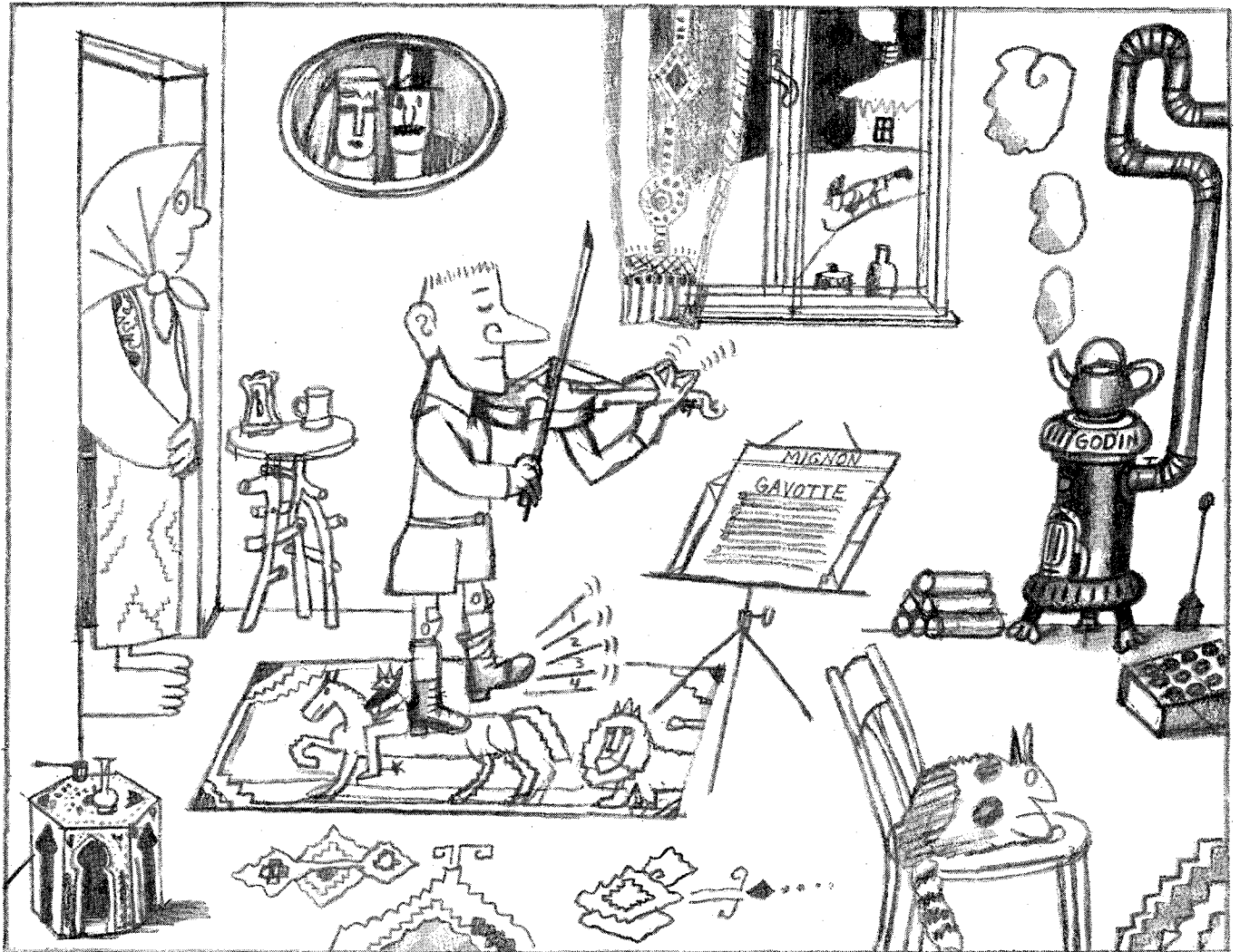
—Bernard Gwertzman in the *Times*.

But first let's discuss the dry and unemotional question of overkill.

COUSINS







STEINBERG

THREE BROTHERS

THE youngest brother, Timothy, tells his wife that he is going to Donald's store. He leaves the apartment for the big basement garage where he keeps his car. The garage, made of rough reinforced concrete, is dim and cold. He thinks of possible muggers, although he lives in a very small New England town. (A twenty-three-year-old man, recently captured, admitted to a one-man crime wave, a fearful amount of mugging in two bitter-cold weeks.) Timothy gets into his car, leaves the garage, and drives away. He can see some stars, each in its lovely wintry place.

The ride is about ten miles long, on the old Post Road: gas stations, quick-hamburger palaces, big neon signs, bare scrub oak and shapely maples, a gravel yard, a discotheque lit up in the dark world.

He arrives at Donald's small grocery store. Donald, the middle brother, isn't here tonight. He's at Monday-night bowling with a druggist, two lawyers, and some wholesale salesmen. Donald puts in many hours of work, seven days a week, in his store; Monday evenings are like a holiday to him.

Timothy watches customers hurry in, chiefly for milk or bread or cigarettes, and hurry out again. Every time the door opens, a blast of air rushes in from the north and deeply chills the front part of the store.

Behind the counter, a newly hired, part-time, shy high-school girl is operating the cash register. Her homework paper lies on a table behind her. At the top of the paper it says, "Eng. 4, Shakespeare." Next to the table, on the wall, shelves of tilted boxes display small items for sale—razor blades, chewing gum, candy, cigarettes, patent medicines, minor household supplies. The main part of the store accommodates three fat aisles stuffed with canned and packaged foods and dry-goods. Beside a space that lets employees behind the counter, a long white enamelled deli case runs almost to the back wall. Most of the back wall is taken up by a stainless-steel glass-doored refrigerator containing dairy products—especially cartons of milk. There are three equidistant rows of fluorescent tubes the length of the ceiling above. The light they give is shadowless, stark, overwhelming.

After a while, Bob, the oldest brother, comes in. As a favor to Donald, he oversees the place almost every Monday from nine to eleven. A little shorter than Timothy, Bob walks quickly,

nervously; rubs his hands together, says how cold it is. He is dressed in suit and tie and overcoat. He is forty-five years old. Donald is forty-two. Timothy is thirty-nine. He is the thinnest and the tallest. None of the three is overweight. They have brown hair and brown eyes and look young for their age. They are all married, and they have four children among them.

Bob is successful. He is senior mortgage-loan officer at the local branch of a state bank, expecting to be named a vice-president soon. He has a powerful drive and ambition that the other brothers lack. He was the mother's favorite. Growing up, he was the closest to the father and learned what many boys from mean circumstances learn at their father's hand: work hard, make money, save. Both parents have died. In spite of his sophistication in business, Bob is honest, guileless. But he seems to have no true friend, no one he trusts or is able to confide in. He keeps everyone at a distance—even his family. He seems to regard close human contact as a threat that could undo him. He is tortured by something, and no one will ever know what it is. He will never let anyone find out.

In terms of worldly success, Donald is considered not quite of the same stature as Bob. He has many male friends, however, and is open with them—easy, affable. He is very generous—lends money, casually buys a round of drinks, picks up a restaurant check without fanfare. Physically, he is powerful; emotionally, he is calm, alert, steady. He has never figured out what he really wants to be. He is resigned to the condition of slow, even, relentless work.

Timothy is defensive, withdrawn; he likes to be with people, but mostly to look at them and listen. He prefers solitude, nature. His disposition is gentle, passive, yet he often feels angry

or melancholy. Recently, he has come to suspect that his brothers see him as an anomaly. He has a bachelor's degree, and the family wanted him to become a lawyer. Instead, he works at art and doesn't make much money; his wife earns most of their living. He sometimes expresses guilt about this fact, but he has never craved his brothers' form of success, although he has on occasion envied their material security.

Bob takes off his overcoat, hangs it on a hook in the back of the store, and says, "I'm very tired." He goes to the deli case and makes himself a huge meat-and-cheese sandwich. He slices the meat awkwardly, in choppy strokes, with a long, sharp knife. He walks to the front of the store and sits at the table behind the counter, where he can keep an eye on the cash register. He starts eating, taking voracious bites, chewing and swallowing rapidly. Timothy goes behind the deli case and, from a glass Silex on the deli table, pours himself a cup of coffee. He looks at the knife that Bob used and shudders. He walks up front, sits down next to Bob, and sips coffee and eats a small round coffee cake from a cellophane package. He wants to converse with Bob about anything, anything at all. Bob is preoccupied. He seems to have trouble looking at Timothy's eyes. Timothy looks directly into Bob's eyes.

Taking a paper napkin from a metal napkin holder and placing it flat on the table, Timothy proceeds with a ball-point pen to draw on it the floor plan of a house. He has been scrimping, saving money for a house, desperately looking at ads in the paper, driving by houses for sale, constantly asking Bob about any decent, inexpensive houses that he may know of on the market.

"We don't want a big house," Timothy says distinctly, unmindful of Bob's fatigue. "We'll need a living room, a small dining room and kitchen, three bedrooms—one of the bedrooms will serve as a studio—a small TV room, maybe a one-car garage. It's better, isn't it, to have the TV room near the kitchen?"

Bob nods.

"We need the TV room for Beth, you see. To play in when the weather's bad. And she likes to watch 'Sesame Street' with her friends."

"Beth?" Bob says, staring into space. He is chewing his sandwich wildly.

"My little girl," Timothy says. "Our daughter, Beth. Four years old."

"Oh. Oh. Yes."

Timothy feels like grabbing Bob and



shouting into his face. After a while, he says softly, "So, how much would such a house cost?"

"I'd say you're talking forty-eight thousand."

"Really? For a small house?"

"Maybe more."

Timothy looks at the floor. He says, "How about less? How about forty-five?"

"Possibly. It depends what shape the house is in, the neighborhood, whether it has an assumable mortgage—a lot of factors. The bank has appraisers."

"Between forty-five and forty-eight, then."

"Or fifty."

"We have some money saved. About five thousand. We probably could borrow a few thousand more from my wife's parents."

Bob focusses, concentrates. "Don't let money worry you," he says. "All right? Not the slightest bit. I'll see to it that you secure a mortgage loan when the time comes. Definitely. Don't worry about money at all."

"Thanks." Timothy feels relieved. Then he feels a malaise, which becomes anger. He asks, "The house couldn't cost less than forty-five?"

"No." Bob winces when their eyes

connect. "Look," he says rather abruptly. "I had a very tough day. I had this fussy professional couple new to the area—a real-estate friend of mine showed them maybe forty, fifty houses last week, and they finally agree to buy this property, but they want it immediately, and I have to help. I have to get them all going—the agent, the bank, the clients themselves—to finally secure this property. I have to get people to type up special forms, talk to someone down at the Hall of Records, argue with lawyers, everything. I'm dead. I didn't finish until eight-thirty with the whole thing. I'm really bushed."

"I'm sorry. Forgive me. It's just that we're anxious to get out of the apartment now that Beth's getting bigger."

"Do I look tired?" Bob asks.

"Oh, yes. Very tired. You'd better take it a little slower. Maybe you need another secretary. Why don't you speak to someone at the bank?"

"Yeah. Yeah, you're right."

A couple Bob's age who have four children come in.

Bob says, "Excuse me," to Timothy, gets up and goes to them, greets them with energy, enthusiasm. They all

stand in the back by the dairy refrigerator. Bob gestures and talks to them in detail about a split-level ranch his agent friend has told him about: how much land, how many bedrooms, how many baths, the negotiable price, the required minimum down payment, the size of a twenty-year mortgage at what per cent.

Timothy sits looking at his empty coffee cup.

Bob shouts, "Say, Tim. How's your art? How's art coming along?"

The word startles Timothy. He holds his breath. "Art" coming from Bob's lips is as alien as "depreciation and amortization" would be from Timothy's.

"Fine," Timothy says, still jolted by the question. Bob has never asked before. Does he care? Or is he asking for effect, wishing to impress the couple?

Bob glances from Timothy to the couple to the walls to the floor. He shouts again to Timothy, "You know, this gentleman has a very good brand-new art-supplies store right here in the village if you need stuff."

"Do I get a professional discount?" Timothy asks, ironically.

The man, who has kind-looking gray eyes, says, "Sure. Sure, you do. And you can charge, too. Say, do you know of an artist around here named Alexandra Miron?"

"Who?"

"Alexandra Miron."

"No."

"She divides her time between here and New York. She says she has to come out here to get any worthwhile work done, can't concentrate in New York. She buys supplies from me. Sells a lot of stuff. To museums and all that. Has a beautiful big house down by the lake."

"Oh." Timothy thinks of his own present work area in the apartment. He would love to have a house out here, by the lake. It would be compact, unostentatious. He could build a small separate studio, all glass on the north side. The studio would have a little wood-burning stove for wintertime. A bird feeder outside the window in the deep snow would be visited by red cardinals, black-capped chickadees, a fat gray clever squirrel. He would be able to accomplish a great deal—sell much more of his work. He would show his brothers what he could really do.

Timothy then thinks how fatuous "showing" his brothers is. He gets up from the table, walks over slowly, as casually as he can, self-conscious every step of the way, and joins Bob and the couple for a while.



"What's that you're reading, Walter—fiction?
Well, everyone to his own taste."

Bob winces once more—powerfully. The discussion reverts to houses and mortgages, prime rates and the immense inflation: how a house that went for sixteen thousand five hundred dollars fifteen years ago was just sold for forty-eight five. How houses in a certain development that went for thirty-five are now going for eighty. Bob has granted bank mortgages at higher and higher interest rates for that development—two and three times over, he says. He was here, in this town, he says, when there were still some dirt roads, no high school, no city water. “Our bank was lucky to secure mortgages on six houses in six months then,” he says, shaking his head slowly.

After a while, the couple promise to see a real-estate agent, and they make an appointment to meet Bob at the bank to discuss their assets in private. They take a gallon carton of milk out of the refrigerator, walk to the front of the store with the two brothers, pay, say good night, and leave.

Bob tells the high-school girl that she may go, and, gathering her books and papers, she does. Then he turns and says to Timothy, “Don’t talk to me. I’m going to cash out.”

Timothy says that he has to get home now anyway. He puts on his coat, says good night, and leaves. Bob locks the door and walks quickly behind the counter.

Timothy stands outside and looks through the large plate-glass window at Bob for a long time. Glancing up, Bob sees him and starts. Then he freezes, looks helpless, standing there at the wide-open cash-register drawer, gripping a thick pack of one-dollar bills.

TIMOTHY gets into his car and drives home along the Post Road. It is dark and deserted. The electronic clock at a brightly lighted modern glass-and-steel bank registers eleven and twelve degrees Fahrenheit.

At the apartment, his wife unchains the door.

She says, “Beth is sleeping well—her cold seems better.”

Timothy sits down and tells her everything that happened.

At first, his wife says, “Well, he *said* he was tired. Why didn’t you leave him alone?” Then, when she hears about the couple and the involved bank-mortgage discussion, she doesn’t say any more and goes to bed.

Timothy sits in the living room thinking about Bob. He considers their difference in age and realizes that he has never really known Bob. When he was only eight, Bob was fourteen, attending high school—becoming mus-



BOOTH.

“The United States Congress is urging all of us to produce more.”

cular, growing into a slim young man, living in another world. Timothy seldom saw him. Bob was already out working. He shined shoes and sold newspapers in the dark streets before school in the morning, worked in a restaurant after school, put money in the bank, bought his parents a new car. He was striking, and at fifteen or sixteen he had girls after him. In his room, standing languidly before his dresser mirror, he used to persist in asking Timothy questions until he got an answer: Do you think I’m handsome? Do I have a good build? Do my teeth look all right? Which of these two shirts should I wear? Should I comb my hair this way, or this? At the time, Timothy found the questions odd, incomprehensible, annoying. In retrospect, he finds them endearing.

He tries to remember a time, any time, that he and Bob did something together, just the two of them. He finally recalls a summer afternoon when he was six. Bob took him to a carnival and won a plaster elephant. He gave it to Timothy. About eight inches long, it was sprayed with blue, black, and red paint, sprinkled with gold dust. As he sees the fat, gaudy

creature now clearly in his mind, Timothy’s eyes glaze. When they got home, Bob placed it on top of the refrigerator. Some time later, it fell to the floor in back and shattered. Years after, when the refrigerator was moved, Timothy found a small pointed plaster shard and knew immediately what it was. He kept it for a while.

Were there other occasions? Timothy searches.

A time when he was in high school. One evening they went to a movie together. It was about the Big Band era. Afterward, at home, they had a foolish argument. Bob said that he had belonged to the era and knew it vividly; Timothy said that Bob hadn’t, that he was too young to have really taken part in it. They tossed that back and forth a couple of times. Suddenly, Bob slapped him hard across the face. Stunned, Timothy couldn’t help himself and wept openly. Bob looked amazed at his hand and rubbed it against his pants leg. He put his arm around Timothy. Timothy wept harder. Bob hugged him, said softly, close to his ear, “Don’t cry, Tim. Please.” He took out his wallet. “Please, don’t cry. Look. I’ll give you a dollar if

you'll stop crying." Timothy looked at the dollar and looked into Bob's eyes and turned away.

THE next morning, as part of his daily routine, Timothy goes back to the grocery store to have coffee and read the New York papers. The store always seems cozy mornings. Natural light shines in from outside. Donald is usually amiable, soft-spoken, his eyes gentle and rested with sleep. Timothy brings in fresh pastry from a bakery and shares it with Donald, and they talk.

As soon as he sees Donald in his white short-sleeved shirt and white apron, Timothy feels reassured. He used to play with Donald when they were little children, used to sleep in a double bed with him, and they had great laughing fits together. Sometimes Donald asked him to sing school songs to him. Timothy had a strong, clear boy's soprano. Donald loved one song especially and used to want it sung repeatedly. Timothy still hears Donald softly singing a few lines of it while working in the store—an Irish song that Timothy learned in the third grade:

Down to the river went little
Eileen,
With her bright golden smile like
the crown of a queen.
For it's over the river to market
she'd go,
And she'd bring back a bunny as
white as the snow. . . .

In those early years of poverty, Donald gave him a dime sometimes and watched over him.

This morning, Timothy tells him about the evening before.

Donald says, "Bob doesn't mean any harm."

"I know. He's going to get me a mortgage for a house as soon as I find one. He said not to worry about it. He's really quite good-hearted."

"He works hard, and he has a lot on his mind. He's making a lot of money. At the bank, and in the stock market."

Timothy nods.

After a pause, Donald says, "While I barely pay the bills in this nickel-dime business. And while you sit there going nowhere, doing nothing, having a cup of coffee, reading the newspapers day after day."

Timothy stares, tries not to flinch.

Donald pats him on the shoulder, winks, smiles.

Timothy says, "Think I'll ever amount to anything?" and makes wonderful clownish faces.

"Never mind," Donald says.

THOREAU NEAR HOME

Seasick off Cape Ann, by moonlight,
on the night boat bound for Portland,
he took a week by mail coach
tacking inland in hope
of some new school that wanted teaching.
No one listened save an Oldtown Indian.

May 13: Looking east from Belfast for some fairer weather, he booked passage for Castine, an eight-mile reach, aboard the sailboat Cinderilla.

He found the harbor full: coasters, one square-rigger, shallops, pulling boats. Walking Argyle Street's steep hill he step by step rested his whole frame that each moment might abide. White clapboard, spires, and cupolas claimed his eye. A boy named Philip Hooke pointed to Fort George, meadowy ramparts crowning the peninsula. A war ago, boys hardly men were posted here to die.

No. No teaching offered here.
By another spring, he thought, I may be a Greenland whaler or mail carrier in Peru. All answers being in the future, day answering to day, he studied, into evening, how merchants and how seamen paced their lives. Bright as roadside shadblow the night came fresh with stars. He stayed the night at Deborah Orr's.

Captain Skinner, on the morning packet back to Belfast, kept the poems of Burns shelved in his cabin. As strewn clouds cleared, Thoreau took the deck and looked back at the cliffs that had not heard of Emerson. The village shone.

Within a week, Thoreau would be home; two months from now he would be twenty-one. He stood watch on Castine, the farthest east he ever sailed. He thought back to the Iliad and Homer; he found the day fit for eternity, and saw how sunlight fell on Asia Minor.

—PHILIP BOOTH

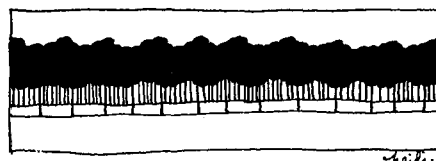
"You're all right. You still have your integrity. I mean that."

Donald is now at the deli counter, making chicken salad in a steel bowl. Up front, the place is steadily busy; a middle-aged woman is at the register. Timothy stands as close to Donald as he can. They can talk about some of their fears (old age, sickness, loneliness); hopes (warmth, understanding,

the courage to endure). They can talk about some of their domestic problems (vaguely dissatisfied wives, debts, boredom). And they can articulate sexual fantasies, made acceptable in the form of a kind of adolescent banter, about girls who come into the store to buy something. Neither of them can talk about any of these things with Bob.

Timothy looks at his watch. It's ten o'clock. He's ready to go home now to work on a particularly challenging project. He never discusses his work with his brothers or with anyone else.

Bob enters the store—freshly shaven, neat in his suit, brisk. He comes back to the deli case, greets his broth-



ers pleasantly. He says that he hasn't much time this morning. He has an important appointment today, he says confidentially. He is quite certain he is going to secure a very large mortgage for a new shopping center, and that deal should definitely clinch things for a vice-presidency at the bank. After standing awhile sipping hard at a cup of hot coffee, he rushes out of the store into the sunlight—triumphant, almost teetering, his tie flying in the wind.

Donald and Timothy smile benevolently.

Donald shakes his head and says, "I can't really talk with him anymore. I used to, when we were kids. We did everything together then—hunted behind stores for two-cent bottles, built huts, smoked cigarettes, played ball. We shared one bike for a couple of years, and later clothes—even the money we earned. Now I only see him here in the store. We never even visit each other at home. He dashes in without a moment to spare, and he says, 'So, what's new?' And I say, 'So, what's new?' And we go around each other saying that all the time, real careful, like we're in a boxing ring." Donald shrugs and goes back to work.

Timothy gets up and puts on his coat. Motionless, he looks down the length of the store at the cash register. He remembers Bob the evening before, standing behind it, cashing out, counting money.

Timothy looks back at the deli table where Donald is working. The sharp deli knife is lying there. Then Timothy sees himself secretly pick up the knife and take wing—spring silently into the air, lift, float along under the painfully bright fluorescent lights, hover over Bob. He swoops. Bob looks up. His eyes grow wide, his mouth opens. Timothy flutters—indecisive for an instant, pausing in midair. Then he drops the knife, grows smaller and smaller, and glides slowly, soundlessly down.

As tiny as a rainbow-plumed hummingbird piercing a flower, he gently enters his oldest brother's wildly beating heart. —HARRY MOUNTZOURES

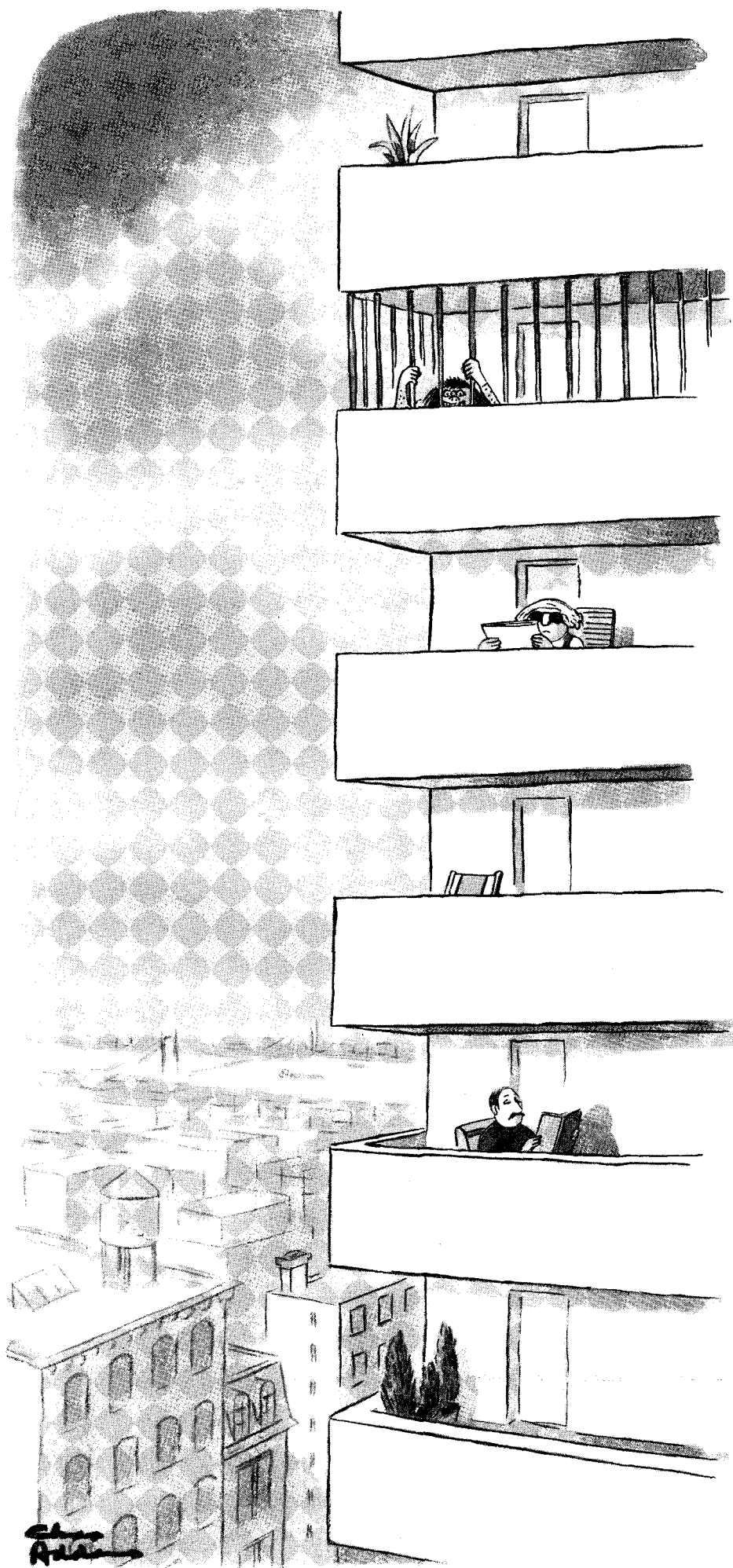
LIVINGSTON, Mont. (AP)—Winds reached 98 mph one day this week at the airport at Livingston, whose location at the foot of the Rockies makes it one of the windiest cities in the U.S.

"That is the strongest wind we have recorded here in recent years," said a Federal Aviation Administration official. "But it didn't hurt anything."

"Everything that could blow away already has." BOX gone

—Bloomington (Ill.) Daily Pantagraph.

That all?



ANNALS OF FINANCE

PRIVATEER-II

FINANCIAL maneuvering is a form of endeavor favorable to old men: the financial brain, unlike brains adept in various other areas—for example, mathematics, physics, chess, and, quite possibly, armed bank robbery—apparently deteriorates very little, if at all, with the passage of time, even in the eighth and ninth decades of life. (Women, even geniuses at financial speculation like Hetty Green, seem never to have entered the arena of large-scale financial predation.) The greatest single undertaking of Juan March—the former smuggler who in the nineteen-twenties had become one of the richest men in Spain and in the nineteen-thirties had been the chief private financier of the counter-revolution that had put Francisco Franco in power—was the conquest of Barcelona Traction, Light & Power Company, Ltd. It was his chief occupation from the age of sixty until his death, in 1962, at eighty-one. The master of a perverse and unlovable yet somehow appealing craft, he clearly meant to make this his masterpiece.

Barcelona Traction, certainly one of the most attractive industrial plums in Spain in the nineteen-forties, was founded in 1911 by Fred Stark Pearson, an American engineer who had previously been responsible for the installation of huge hydroelectric plants in Brazil and Mexico. In 1911, so the legend goes, he was taken by a young Spanish engineer, Carlos Montañés, to the Catalan peak of Tibidabo—the place, a much older Spanish legend insists, where Satan tempted Christ by offering him the rule of the world. Montañés had prepared a plan for the electrification of Catalonia by water power, and counted on Pearson's skill to execute the project. Looking out over the Barcelona plain, Pearson—flouting, perhaps rashly, Tibidabo's renunciatory tradition—said, "There are few pearls like this left in the world today. I'll take on the business." Initial financing having been obtained, work on the vast project began, but it was brought almost to a standstill by the economic pinch that came with the First World War; and

in May, 1915, when Pearson was en route to Britain from the United States, the British liner he was aboard, the *Lusitania*, went down under torpedo attack by a German submarine off the Irish coast. Pearson was among the nearly twelve hundred persons who died. So great was the impression that he and his enterprise had made on the city of Barcelona even then that a few days later its council passed a resolution ordering that a Barcelona street of the future be named for him.

The subsequent history of Barcelona Traction up to 1948 was marked by fairly consistent success and increasing international complexity of structure. From the beginning, it was a venture in economic colonialism; its original shareholders were almost exclusively non-Spanish, and, by charter, its headquarters and official home were not in Spain but in Canada, a country that offered tax advantages to such companies at the time. Construction in Catalonia resumed after the end of the war. By the mid-nineteen-twenties, the enterprise

was producing enough hydroelectric power to be solidly profitable, and a controlling interest in it had been bought by a combination of Belgian companies headed by an American-born engineer, Dannie N. Heineman.

Heineman, the key man of Barcelona Traction over the next twenty-five years, is one of the less remembered, perhaps because one of the sounder, of the crop of international utilities magnates who got their start at the turn of the century, when electrification was the rage in many countries. Born in North Carolina in 1872, of German ancestry, he grew up in Germany, having moved there with his mother after his father's early death, in 1880. After studying the then avant-garde science of electrical engineering at the University of Hanover, he joined Union-Elektrizitäts-Gesellschaft, a Berlin company affiliated with General Electric, and within a few years had made a name for himself by directing the conversion from horse to electric power of the tramways of Naples, Koblenz, Liège, and Brussels. In

1905, on the strength of that, he joined as managing director a Belgian-based firm, then a fledgling, which he was to rule with an iron hand for half a century—the Société Financière de Transports et d'Entreprises Industrielles, or SOFINA. When Heineman joined SOFINA, it had on its payroll only two other employees; just before the Second World War, having either built or taken charge of the tramways and electrical systems of Bilbao, Buenos Aires, Constantinople, Bangkok, Barcelona, and Lisbon, among other places, SOFINA, along with its subsidiaries, employed forty thousand people and was one of the world's largest companies of its kind. Heineman, meanwhile, had won distinction as a diplomat and a humanitarian by helping to found the Commission for Relief in Belgium, the institution that launched Herbert Hoover on a political career that culminated in the White House.

At heart, Heineman was clearly a builder rather than a financial manipulator. His surviving colleagues say that he



was actually uninterested in money, although he did leave several million dollars when he died, in 1962, at the age of eighty-nine. Soft-spoken and publicity-shy, he was a businessman in the high European style, collecting books and manuscripts (as, indeed, March did, too), cultivating the friendship of European heads of state, operating SOFINA along conservative, debt-free lines, and liking to discuss politics, writing, or music in his office before getting down to business. In his later years, he bore, and seemed to be amused by, a rather striking physical resemblance to J. Pierpont Morgan. His connection with Barcelona Traction began in 1924. In 1923, the flamboyant yet secretive Belgian financier Alfred Loewenstein had formed a company called Société Internationale d'Énergie Hydro-Électrique, or SIDRO, and bought for its account, along with holdings in various other companies, most of the shares of Barcelona Traction. The following year, Loewenstein, finding himself in temporary financial straits, sold to SOFINA a block of SIDRO shares large enough to insure control of its operations. (Loewenstein died in 1928, in what the *Times* called "one of the strangest fatalities in the history of commercial aviation." Crossing the English Channel from Croyden to Brussels in his private aircraft, at an altitude of four thousand feet, he apparently fell out, unnoticed by his pilot, his mechanic, two stenographers, and a valet, all of whom were aboard. His death caused a wave of jitters on European stock markets—a foreboding of the panic that attended the catastrophic international market crash of the following year.)

Thus SOFINA, and Heineman, gained control of Barcelona Traction. The company flourished under their management. By 1935, its annual net profit was almost three and a half million dollars. During the Spanish Civil War, the company's physical property and its bank accounts were taken over by the Workers' Committee authorized by the Republican government, which held parts of Catalonia until shortly before the Republican surrender. After Franco's victory, however, the company reverted to its previ-



"Before you go accepting a dinner invitation, remember their dollar-stretcher gumbo with potato balls."

ous owners. It did well through the Second World War; and in the early postwar years, when it was supplying four-fifths of Catalonia's electricity and one-fifth of all of Spain's, its profits were back to, and even slightly above, the 1935 level.

In structure and ownership, Barcelona Traction was a fairly typical example of a much-deplored corporate genre—the enterprise owned by absentee foreigners, with their ownership organized in a totem pole of holding companies. Barcelona Traction, indeed, was a holding company itself, without so much as an office in Spain; it existed merely to hold all the stock of various operating subsidiaries, of which the principal one was the Ebro Irrigation & Power Company, Ltd., with its head office in Barcelona. In early 1948, SIDRO owned three-quarters of all Barcelona Traction's shares, while SOFINA, in turn, owned about one-third of SIDRO's shares, or enough to be able to control SIDRO's activities. Barcelona Traction's management was first British and later Belgian, but its

employees were mainly Spanish. In such circumstances, it was obviously difficult for an Ebro operating man, responsible for maintaining the turbines that produced Catalonia's electricity, to know how his company was being run, or for whose benefit. Someone far away in Brussels, or perhaps in Canada, was calling the tune. In addition to this structural vulnerability to criticism, Barcelona Traction had at one time or another since 1911 been accused of most of the several sins to which what are now called multinational corporations are notoriously prone. It had conducted intricate maneuvers for the apparent purpose of avoiding Spanish taxes. It had violated Spanish exchange-control regulations on occasion, especially during the Second World War—when, to be sure, it had done so for the benefit of and at the request of the British government. It had reorganized itself repeatedly—according to later Spanish accusations, in order to deprive its bondholders to the advantage of its stockholders. And in the nineteen-thirties it had contrived by

various means, bribery among them, to destroy Catalonian electricity coöperatives that had arisen to compete with it.

Thus, Barcelona Traction was a company by no means above criticism, particularly in Spain. A British lawyer for the Spanish government, Sir Humphrey Waldock, later put the matter more picturesquely: the company's history, he said, showed repeated traces of "the cloven hoof." From a postwar Spanish point of view, the very fact of any company's being a foreign-owned enterprise operating in Spain endowed that company with cloven hooves. In choosing Barcelona Traction as an object for seizure, March had again—as he had with the Spanish Republican government of 1932—selected an adversary that to some extent had at least the appearance of deserving him. But along with this moral weakness the company had what was quite likely of even greater appeal to March: a material weakness not directly of its own making—an Achilles' heel. In 1911 and 1915, to attract badly needed British and other European funds, Barcelona Traction had sold two issues of bonds that were due fifty years later and had a total value of slightly less than eight million pounds sterling. The buyers of these bonds were entitled to be paid interest in pounds sterling, which Barcelona Traction expected to acquire in exchange for the pesetas that its subsidiaries earned from operations. This arrangement ran like clockwork until 1936. During the Civil War, however, the payment of such interest had to be suspended because of the seizure of the company's properties in Spain, and in the years afterward, when Barcelona Traction had in hand at all times plenty of pesetas to finance the payment of the interest, it could not pay it because the Spanish authorities resolutely refused to let the company have the required pounds sterling. Thus, by the start of 1948 the holders of the bonds, even though the company to which they had lent their money was sound and flourishing and anxious to pay them, had not received a single interest payment in eleven years.

This was the Achilles' heel of Barcelona Traction that March spotted and decided to exploit. (As Thorstein Veblen noted in 1918, "the typical American businessman watches the industrial process from ambush, with a view to the seizure of any item of value that may be left at loose ends." He need not have included the qualification "American.") March knew that he would need additional help from the

DURING A SOLAR ECLIPSE

The darkening disc of the moon before the sun
All morning moves, turning our common day
A deep and iris blue, a daylight of dream
In which we stand bemused and looking on
Backward at shadow and reflected light,

While the two great wanderers among the worlds
Enter their transit with our third—a thing
So rare that in his time upon the earth
A man may see, as I have done, but four:
In childhood two, a third in youth, and this

In likelihood my last. We stand bemused
While grass and rock darken, and stillness grows,
Until the sun and moon slide out of phase
And light returns us to the common life
That is so long to do and so soon done.

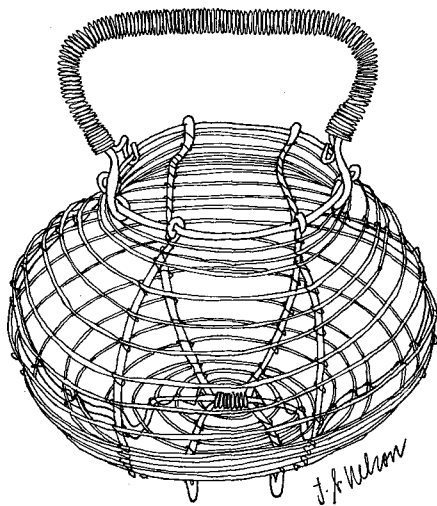
—HOWARD NEMEROV

Spanish government, if only in the form of its looking the other way as he went about his predation. And he was evidently confident that he would get that help, as recompense for his past services to Franco—services that, according to the best estimates, had included the advancing to Franco's Nationalist forces of one-tenth of all the money they spent in winning the Spanish Civil War of 1936-39.

THE first, indirect approach of March to Barcelona Traction was made by none other than Carlos Montañés, the man who had supposedly stood on the mountaintop with Pearson three decades earlier, and who had subsequently been an Ebro employee for many years. Sometime before October, 1940, Montañés sent a message to a former Barcelona Traction engineer who was an old acquaintance and colleague of his, making an offer, on behalf of what he described as a "solid European financial group," to buy Barcelona Traction lock, stock, and bar-

rel for one million seven hundred thousand pounds. The offer was accompanied by a hint of threat. Montañés by implication called attention to the fact that German troops were at the Pyrenees, a few miles from the Catalonian border, and he wrote ominously, "I am certain that in a few months a similar offer will be impossible." The engineer forwarded the message to the Barcelona Traction directors, who were in New York as refugees from Nazi-occupied Belgium. The directors cabled back asking the names of the financial group's members, whereupon Montañés replied that, while he absolutely guaranteed the group's solvency, to disclose the members' names would be "delicate." This secrecy had more form than substance, since in 1940 Montañés was widely known to be, and to have been for some years, a close associate and agent of Juan March. Despite another attempt by Montañés to press the case in December, the Barcelona Traction directors continued to spurn the offer.

In 1944, March, after having bided his time for four years—evidence of a longer attention span than most financiers possess, but only a minor feat of patience for him—decided to throw aside the veil and manifest himself directly to his intended victims. Meeting in Spain with Heineman, he said that he had been buying up the company's sterling bonds and was interested in getting control of the company, not only as an investment but out of a concern to increase his "personal prestige." Heineman said later, "He also tried to impress me with his financial ability in telling me that he had bought U.S. dollars at the price of two Swiss francs per dollar and resold them at





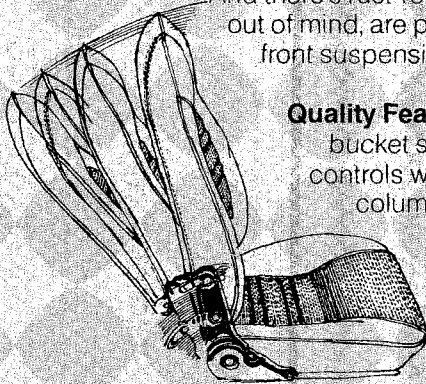
Taittinger Champagne.
It spoils you for anything else.

Imported from France exclusively by Kobrand, N.Y., N.Y.

THE TRUE BARGAIN. IT ISN'T JUST A LOW PRICE. IT'S A LOW PRICE, HIGH MILEAGE, AND TOYOTA RELIABILITY.

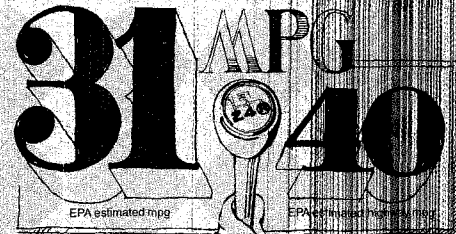
\$3748—now that's a bargain! And it's probably why you started to read this ad. But the 1979 Corolla 2-Door Sedan's quality—that's why you should keep reading.

Quality Construction. The Corolla is built with welded unitized body construction to help keep it right. And there's rust-resistant galvanized metal in rust-prone areas. Out of sight, but definitely not out of mind, are power assisted front disc brakes, for surer stopping. And MacPherson strut front suspension, for surer cornering.



Quality Features. You won't suffer in a Corolla. Not when you're driving with a reclining bucket seat under you. Headlight, headlamp flasher, and windshield wiper/washer controls within easy reach on the steering column. And plenty of room for four.

All for \$3748. Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Price does not include tax, license, transportation, California emissions or optional equipment.



Good gas mileage too. Remember: Compare this estimate to the EPA "Estimated MPG" of other cars. You may get different mileage, depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the EPA "Highway Estimate." The 1979 Toyota Corolla 2-Door Sedan. A low price, and a whole lot more. A true bargain.



THE COROLLA 2-DOOR TOYOTA

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four Swiss francs per dollar, realizing a profit of eight million francs." Heineman was unimpressed, however—at least to the extent that he coolly replied that the Barcelona Traction shares were not for sale.

When the end of the European war, the following year, failed to bring a change of Spanish-government policy which would permit interest payments to resume on the Barcelona Traction sterling bonds, the bondholders, who were mostly British, began casting about for some alternative way to get the money that was due them. Meeting in London, they concocted, with the cooperation of SOFINA-SIDRO, what came to be called a Plan of Compromise. It provided that all holders of Barcelona Traction sterling bonds were to be paid all or a substantial portion of the face value of their bonds plus interest—including the eleven years' arrears—mostly in pounds and the balance in common stock of Barcelona Traction. The problem was that the plan called for Barcelona Traction to pay out three and a half million

pounds sterling—then equivalent to fourteen million dollars—which the Spanish government's Institute of Foreign Exchange declined to let the company have in exchange for its amplitude of pesetas, on the ground that Spain was still suffering from a foreign-exchange shortage. To meet this difficulty, it was eventually arranged that the sterling would be collected entirely from companies in the SOFINA-SIDRO group that operated outside Spain: one million pounds from SOFINA; seven hundred and fifty thousand from SIDRO; and the balance, of one million seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds, from a Panamanian company called La Sovalles, which was tied to SOFINA and SIDRO in a labyrinthine way. Under this arrangement, the bondholders would get their money out; Spain would not have to provide any sterling, and thus the apparent basis of its objection to the plan was eliminated; and Barcelona Traction, freed of the burden of obligations that could not be satisfied, would have clear sailing ahead. The Plan of Compromise was approved in October, 1945, by a majority of the bondholders in London and, in December of the same year,

by the Supreme Court of Ontario, Barcelona Traction's home province.

There remained, for the Plan of Compromise to become effective, only the need to get the approval of the Spanish Ministry of Industry and Commerce, which was in a position to veto it by technical means. Inasmuch as Spain was seeking to be accepted as a postwar trading partner by the rest of Europe, and so was anxious not to offend Britain, such approval depended, to one extent or another, on the attitude of the British Treasury and Foreign Office, in their capacity as government representatives of most of the sterling bondholders. It appears in retrospect that a favorable British attitude, and consequent Spanish approval of the Plan of Compromise, might have been forthcoming except for the opposition of Juan March—acting, as he so often did, as a sort of government of his own.

March was adamantly against implementation of the plan, for reasons that were obscure at the time. His opposition became evident at the October, 1945, bondholders' meeting in London, at which, while the plan was being approved by an overwhelming

margin, more than ninety per cent of the minority vote against it was cast by Fenchurch Nominees, Ltd.—a front for March which had been set up by the London merchant bank of Kleinwort, Sons & Company, Ltd., where March had maintained a large account since 1930. March's role in the ensuing negotiations over the plan, which continued for more than a year, is entirely implicit. What is explicit is that he had friends in the right places. Juan Antonio Suances, who, as Spanish Minister of Industry and Commerce, was now the key man in the matter, was a veteran March admirer, and had said of him publicly after the end of the Civil War, "Europe, the West, and—why not say it!—Christianity are in that fabulous man's debt for the support he gave at certain crucial moments. His support was the sole decisive factor in Spain's triumph over Communism." At the same time, Suances was not exactly in March's pocket, much as March might have liked to have him there. That March at some time considered attempting to bribe the Minister, and decided that it would be impossible, is drolly suggested by an offhand remark he made later to a third party: "Suan-



"William Safire must be a mind-reader. He always writes exactly what I'm thinking."

MAY 28, 1979



"He looks pleased with himself. If I find out why, I'll call you later."

ces is an impossible man. Why, there's hardly a stick of furniture in his house!" Suances' public style is well suggested by a statement he once made to the Cortes, the Spanish parliament, in answer to a deputy's protest against government actions: "In all questions submitted to its vigilant attention, the government, under the direction of the Caudillo, is always required to act with the most scrupulous honesty, without other concern than to serve successfully the prestige and the decorum of the nation and the legitimate interests of Spaniards. I have spoken!" A man with flamboyant Latin notions of propriety and probity, Suances probably needed more than his admiration for March, or even his patriotic wish to deliver an enterprise in Spain into Spanish hands, to induce him to decide the matter in March's favor. What else was needed, perhaps, was the influence of the British government.

That the British rapprochement with March during the Second World War—in particular, as regards the British Embassy in Madrid—went well beyond the normal courtesy of a belligerent nation toward a powerful citizen of a neutral one is strongly suggested by various documents on file in the British Public Record Office, in Kew,

on the outskirts of London, and at the International Court of Justice, at The Hague. One of these is a later affidavit of Captain Alan H. Hillgarth, who was His Majesty's naval attaché in Madrid from 1939 until 1943. In it, Hillgarth declared that during the war March had "rendered this country services of incalculable value." He went on to cite an example of calculable value: in 1942, when the British were severely strapped for funds in Spain, the Madrid manager of the Anglo-South American Bank, the British bank in Spain, had come to the Embassy to say that the bank was about to be ruined by the sudden withdrawal of a deposit of seventy million pesetas by Ebro, Barcelona Traction's subsidiary. The Embassy pleaded with Barcelona Traction and Ebro not to make the withdrawal, but in vain. At which point, wrote Hillgarth, "I went to Mr. March as a last hope and asked him if he would assist us; he thereupon put on his hat and went down with me to see the manager in Madrid and opened an account in which he lodged the necessary millions." Former officers of Barcelona Traction say that Ebro's sudden withdrawal was a technical necessity rather than an anti-British move, and that, in fact, the deposit had originally been

made specifically to help the British; however that may be, it would appear that the British, in their extremity, gratefully accepted a handout from March, very much as Franco had done six years earlier. (March's move, it may be noted, implied a violation of Spanish foreign-exchange regulations exactly analogous to the violations that Barcelona Traction had previously been committing in favor of the British, only bigger. When Heineman subsequently pointed this out to him, March replied, "Of course. But I don't keep books.")

As for Hillgarth, in 1946, having retired from naval duty, he went on March's payroll, where he remained for years thereafter; what Americans like to call the "revolving door" from government service to private industry seems to have worked

in this case in an exceptionally well-oiled, transnational way. In March, 1978, following Hillgarth's death, a British businessman and former government adviser who signed himself J.G.B. wrote a letter to the *Times* of London in which, after noting that Lord Templewood, who, as Sir Samuel Hoare, had been Britain's wartime Ambassador to Spain, had called Hillgarth "the embodiment of drive... a veritable sleuth on the track of enemy submarines in Spanish waters, [who had given] us valuable contacts that effectively helped at critical moments." J.G.B. went on to comment, almost in the tone of Suances, "Prominent among those contacts, but always in secrecy, was Don Juan March, the millionaire who having backed Franco in 1936 was wrongly believed in Britain to be anti-British but was, in fact, a sincere admirer of this country and rendered services to the Allied cause unsurpassed in any neutral country."

It is at least possible, then, that in 1946 the British government felt that it owed March a favor or two. At all events, the British attitude toward the Plan of Compromise evolved during the summer and fall of that year—while Minister Suances stalled—princi-

pally under the influence of Hugh Ellis-Rees (who was later knighted and made chairman of the Organization for European Economic Coöperation). In the early years of the war, Ellis-Rees, as the British Treasury representative in Madrid, had been a colleague of Hillgarth's and a key participant in the acceptance of March's seventy-million-peseta deposit. The British Treasury and Foreign Office records at Kew show that in July and August, 1946, Barcelona Traction was pressing the Foreign Office to intervene with the Spanish government by urging its approval of the Plan of Compromise. Ellis-Rees, by then with the Treasury in London, was the government's highest official in charge of financial relations with Spain; no one in the Foreign Office or the Treasury cared to differ with him on that subject. During 1946, Ellis-Rees repeatedly and forcefully urged the Foreign Office to leave the matter of the Plan of Compromise alone—an attitude that was particularly mystifying in view of the fact that an incidental effect of the plan would be to funnel into the British Treasury fourteen million United States dollars that it badly needed at the time. On August 19th, Ellis-Rees wrote the Foreign Office, "There is some queer business going on at the other end. . . . It is for the Spanish Government to decide. . . . In our view it would be better not to be associated with a deal of this kind."

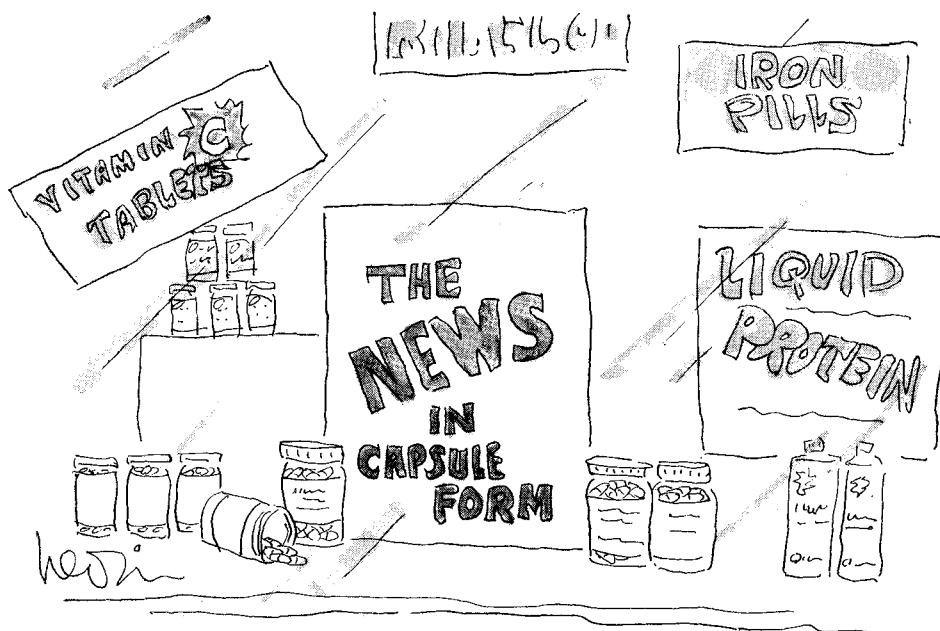
The whole matter was reopened briefly at the end of September, when the Treasury Solicitor became convinced by lawyers for Barcelona Traction that by refusing to consider intervening with the Spanish, the British government was "forcing an injustice." On being informed of this development, a Foreign Office official commented in a memo, "This change of attitude makes us look a little silly, but if it would be an injustice to maintain our attitude, we clearly cannot do so." Nevertheless, Ellis-Rees had his way in the end. Barcelona Traction's highly influential friends and associates in the City of London sought in vain to bring their influence to bear on the Treasury. Through the autumn, Ellis-Rees went on stubbornly opposing any British intervention with the Spanish, and the Foreign Office—whose representatives appear never to have quite understood what was at stake—made none. In mid-December, Suances delivered a speech to the Cortes broadly denouncing Barcelona Traction and all its works, and with that the Plan of Compromise was dead. It is fair to say that the absence of British intervention

in its favor was what killed it, and that Ellis-Rees, whether out of gratitude for March's wartime help to Britain or for some other reason, had performed with skill and persistence an extraordinary service to March.

AT SOFINA-SIDRO headquarters, in Brussels, there was puzzlement and a certain apprehension. What was clear was that March had pulled every string at his disposal to bring about the defeat of the Plan of Compromise and its intended effect, which was to remove the sterling bonds from Barcelona Traction's books. What was not clear was why. The puzzlement increased when, soon after the defeat of the plan, March, through Fenchurch Nominees, and with the full consent of the British Treasury, made a public offer in London to buy any or all of the Prior Lien bonds, as the more important of the two Barcelona sterling issues was technically called. Within a few months, March held nearly two million pounds' worth of them at face value (as opposed to his cost, which was very much less because of huge discounts occasioned by the interest-paying problem). This gave him a clear majority of the Prior Lien issue. What did he want them for, and why had he wanted the plan defeated? As he had told Heineman in 1944, he wanted to get control of Barcelona Traction. But a bondholder (to recapitulate the first principle of corporate ownership) is a mere creditor of a company; unlike a shareholder, he owns no part of it. Even majority possession of bonds, unlike majority possession of common stock, does not confer control, except in one circumstance. That circumstance is bankruptcy, in which case the bondholders, not the shareholders, are entitled to the company's assets.

And Barcelona Traction in 1947 was quite evidently anything but bankrupt. On the contrary, it was reliably profitable and exuberantly solvent. Its chief subsidiary, Ebro, had in its bank account in cash the peseta equivalent of more than fourteen and a half million dollars—more than enough to meet the entire arrears of interest on Barcelona's sterling bonds, if permission for transfer of funds could be obtained from the Ministry of Industry and Commerce. Ebro's annual report on the fiscal year 1946, issued in October, 1947, spoke of a twenty-three-per-cent rise in profits over the previous year, and then went on to discuss such cozy housekeeping details as the removal of weeds that had been impeding the flow of water in the Gabet Canal. Clear days seemed to be ahead, if only a way could be found to dispel that overhanging cloud—the unpayable and unredeemable bonds.

March had now abandoned his wartime base, Lisbon, and was spending several months of each year in Geneva, which was to become his official residence in June, 1948. (As in wartime, he still went to Madrid and to his various estates in Spain at will.) In Geneva, he lived in a hotel, which also housed his entourage, consisting of a doctor, a business manager, a chauffeur, a valet-bodyguard, and a cook. In 1947, he undertook to buy Goya's "La Tirana" for three million pesetas, or about two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars; he then managed to convince a Swiss finance inspector that he need not pay a Swiss luxury tax on the purchase, since—as he explained, no doubt truthfully—he wasn't a bit interested in its artistic value, and had bought it solely for resale. As a Genevan, which he formally remained for the rest of his life, March always cut a



modest figure. Many years later, at the time of his death, the *Journal de Genève* wrote of him, "The regular clientele of a beer garden in the center of our city will probably remember a small man of sickly aspect, slightly stooped, who played dominoes enthusiastically or took part in lively discussions. He was surrounded by his countrymen and constantly chewed cigars of unusual size." People visiting him at his hotel reported that he liked to sit alone in a corner, smoking cigars and thinking—apparently, about Barcelona Traction. Once, he quoted his cook as having said to him, "I believe I know as much about Barcelona Traction as you do, because you talk about it all the time." And there is other evidence that such was the trend of his thoughts in 1947. Years later, at The Hague, Belgian lawyers produced letters that had been exchanged that May between a March agent and an employee of Ebro, Joaquín Maluquer, whom one of the lawyers described as having been "secretly devoted to the cause of Juan March." In this correspondence, in which March was designated by the scarcely impervious code letters "MJ," the March agent reassured Maluquer that "the [Spanish] government will not play SIDRO's game," and that March had "no intention of . . . accepting any arrangements with the directors of SIDRO."

Certainly he showed no such intention in Basel in November, when he and several of his aides met with Heineman and several other SOFINA-SIDRO men—among them Charles K. Wilmers, a young Englishman whom Heineman, then in his middle seventies, had chosen as one of his chief assistants. According to Wilmers, March got the conversation warmed up, as usual, with a business boast: he had, he said, just bought a quantity of United States war-surplus trucks and sold them to the Spanish government at a huge profit. "I accepted payment in pesetas," March added. "After all, one has to do something for one's country." In the subsequent negotiations, the SOFINA-SIDRO party tried to find out what March would take for his Barcelona bonds, and March made it plain that his price was immediate working control of the company—which, he said, he expected to get in any case, at a personal profit of one and a half billion pesetas. He went on to regale the now speechless Brussels group with a more categorical and perhaps less ironic reference to his patriotic sentiments. By his own later account, he insisted on "the duties and engagements that I

have undertaken with regard to the higher interests of the Spanish nation."

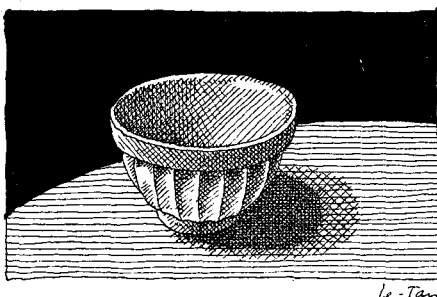
Just what that meant, Heineman and his aides could only guess. They returned glumly to Brussels, having accomplished nothing. Three months went by. Then, in February, 1948, the cloud that had been hanging over Barcelona Traction broke into a storm with stunning suddenness: word reached Brussels that a Catalan court had declared Barcelona Traction bankrupt, on the pretext that it could not pay interest on its bonds, and had ordered the immediate seizure of both the shares and the physical assets of its operating subsidiary, Ebro.

THE singular sequence of events that culminated in the "bankruptcy" of Barcelona Traction began on February 10th, when three owners of comparatively small quantities of Barcelona sterling bonds submitted a petition for the company's bankruptcy—based on the company's nonpayment of interest due on their bonds—to the Court of Reus, a provincial town, some seventy-five miles southwest of Barcelona, that is distinguished chiefly for being the birthplace of the celebrated architect Antonio Gaudí. In asking for relief, the petitioners, all of whom were March men, and one of whom was a brother-in-law of one of March's sons, adopted a piteous tone. "Eleven years without payment, it is a case that calls for consequences or else surrender," they wrote. "We will not be accused of a lack of patience. . . . Resignation is a good thing from a moral point of view, but a bad thing in the eyes of the law. It is not out of taste that we attack but out of necessity. We are driven not by ambition but by the fear of our own putrefaction. Persistent absenteeism is banishment. A prolonged coma is death." Now it was clear why March had worked so hard to defeat the Plan of Compromise. If it had gone through, there would have been no Barcelona Traction bonds in default, and thus no pretext for a bankruptcy petition. However, the rhetoric of the petitioners did seem rather to exceed what the circum-

stances warranted—even to lend an air of farce to the proceedings. Inasmuch as the record of purchase of the bonds owned by the petitioners was dated February 5th of that year, their condition of banishment, coma, and incipient putrefaction, however agonizing it may have been, had apparently existed not for eleven years but for four days.

Why Reus, rather than Barcelona, the headquarters of the company's operating subsidiaries? Because, the petitioners explained, the company supplied electric service and owned property in Reus, among other places. But later comments by a March lawyer and by March himself suggest another reason. Joaquín Dualde, advocate for the petitioners, when asked later by the Barcelona Court of Appeal why he had advised his clients to file for bankruptcy at Reus, replied with admirable candor, "I did that because had I done so at Barcelona, the company's agents would have become aware of it as soon as I had presented the petition and I should not have been able to carry out the whole of my plan. Whereas at Reus nobody became aware of it and nothing was known until all was prepared." As for March, only a few days later he remarked in a man-to-man way (through an interpreter) to J. Donald Duncan, the president of Barcelona Traction, that the bankruptcy had been obtained "in a manner and by a method about which we need say no more." Nevertheless, later in the year—apparently yielding once again to his incorrigible weakness for boasting—March could not resist saying considerably more about it, explaining to Wilmers that, as Wilmers quoted him, "the judge at Reus would do anything that he, March, wanted—and that, in fact, he could control him."

On February 11th, the petition was heard by the court, and on February 12th the Reus judge, Carlos Andreu Domingo, accepted it and declared Barcelona Traction bankrupt. "The Barcelona Traction, Light & Power Company, Ltd., is declared in bankruptcy," Andreu wrote in his decree, "and in consequence there is ordered the seizure of all its goods, shares, and rights, books of account, papers and documents of all sorts. Also to be seized are all shares of the subsidiary company Ebro Irrigation & Power Company, Ltd. . . . all its goods, books, papers and documents of all sorts, it being understood that the seizure implies mediate and most civil possession [*posesión mediata y civilísima*] for all that which concerns the shares of this



MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

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Gold of the common man.

It is Eastern Europe in the 19th Century and a family, its sparse belongings on a battered cart, arrives at a lonely border station.

A man from the group approaches the sentry with inner fear, for they have no permit or papers. There follows a brief exchange and the man returns.

The cart and family pass. The sentry, turning to avoid the eyes of the refugees, tucks one hand into his pocket; the gold coin there is still warm from the hand of its previous owner.

Sweeping through history one could find endless variations of this incident because gold, that lustrous metal of kings and clergy, has just as often been the metal of the down-trodden. Somewhere around 700 B.C., kings began to stamp gold into coins, and in that form they became accessible to the common man.

This was the gold of the common soldier, the gold of the common merchant, and even families who never knew a gold bracelet or necklace were able to acquire a few coins—which they often hoarded for its meant survival in the periodic upheavals.

Certainly one of the early coins of the common man was the *Daric*

of Persia (No. 1 above) in the 5th Century B.C. It was heavily minted for over 200 years and it is known that one military campaign alone cost over 4 million of the coin.

The *Aureus* of the Roman Empire was also widely dispersed through the heavy spending of the Caesars. The example here (No. 2) is from Nero's reign.

One of the longest and most circulated of coinages was the *Zecchino* of Venice (No. 3), first struck in 1284 and minted for over 500 years. It is almost incredible to reflect that its coinage began in the Middle Ages, spanned the Renaissance, and ended in 1797, the year America installed its second President.

With the 19th Century came even grander coinage and the numbers are truly astounding: France, from 1801 to 1914, minted 515 million of its 20 Franc *Napoleon* (No. 4); England, from 1817 to 1966, coined over one billion of its *Sovereign* (No. 5), spreading it to every corner of a once extensive empire.

America's gold coinage began modestly, but enriched by the 1849 Gold Rush, the U.S. accelerated the program and from 1850 to 1932 produced, with several design changes, its famous \$20 *Double Eagle* (No. 6),

a minting of over 174 million.

It should be noted that considerably lesser numbers of these extensive mintages exist; most were re-melted—in many cases to mint succeeding coins—thus the remaining coins have gained great value among collectors.

The desire to hold gold coins continues. For example, in 1977, 46 countries issued over 80 different versions as legal tender. Among them, the South African *Krugerrand* (No. 7) ranks as the most popular. First coined in 1967, over 22 million have been produced since then.

Space here has permitted only the briefest description of seven gold coins of great mass circulation. There are, of course, many more. The world has issued more than 20 thousand different types in over 2,600 years—many of which have also touched the common man and certainly the family history of almost everyone who reads this.

All coins are shown actual size. This advertisement is part of a series produced in the interest of a wider knowledge of man's most precious metal. For more information, write to The Gold Information Center, Department Y49, P.O. Box 1269, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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about the Taj Mahal
that can make a
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accommodations that will make you feel at home. Bazaars and exotic places to eat that will make you feel like you're not. Your Travel Agent can help you figure it all out. Let Air India open your mind about travel to India.

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company. . . . The declaration will be published in the *Official Bulletin of Tarragona*, inasmuch as the domicile of the bankrupt company is unknown."

In conformity with Spanish bankruptcy law, Judge Andreu was required to appoint two impartial functionaries—a *depositario*, or receiver, and a *comisario*, or temporary trustee. The former role went to Francisco Gambús, and apparently not by chance: Gambús had been a March man as far back as the early thirties, when March was engaged in battles with the Republican Cortes. For the latter role, the judge chose Adolfo Fournier Cuadros. There was a slight hitch here, but it was resourcefully overcome. The law required that the *comisario* be a businessman within the jurisdiction of the court, and Fournier came from Barcelona, so on February 9th Fournier had had it inscribed in the Commercial Register of the Province of Tarragona, in which Reus was situated, that he intended the very next day to open a perfume business there. Although Fournier neglected to record what the address of his establishment would be, his statement was good enough for the judge, who forthwith accepted Fournier as *comisario*.

Over the next twenty-two years, the decree would be the subject of millions of words of earnest and often heated discussion, both oral and written, not only by many of the leading lawyers of Europe but also by representatives of the governments of Spain, Belgium, Great Britain, Canada, and the United States. However—leaving aside the likelihood, later circumstantially apparent, that just about everyone involved in the Reus proceeding had been associated with Juan March—several of its anomalies are immediately evident even to a layman. For one thing, the judge might have learned from the letterhead of some of the very papers he cited in his decree that the domicile of Barcelona Traction was not unknown but was in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. For another, before ordering that the decree be published in the *Official Bulletin of Tarragona*, and nowhere else, he might have been expected to ask himself whether the company's agents in Barcelona—to say nothing of its owners in Belgium and its headquarters staff in Canada—were faithful readers of that publication. Moreover, he might perhaps have been expected to realize that the petitioners were committing, and asking him to commit, one of the more elementary logical mistakes—that of confusing a symptom with a disease. Barcelona Traction was unable to pay interest on

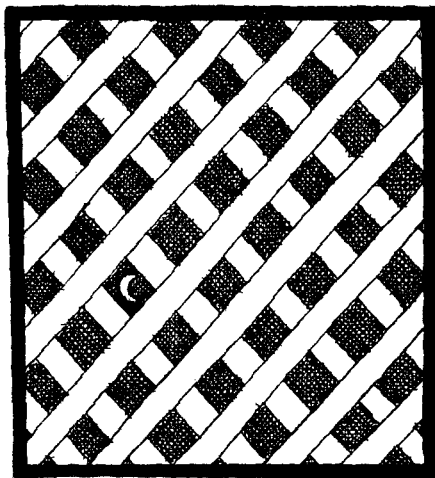
its debts; bankrupt companies are unable to pay interest on their debts; therefore, Barcelona Traction must be bankrupt. The fact was, of course, that Barcelona Traction's inability to pay resulted from a situation that was unrelated to bankruptcy—the refusal of the Spanish government to allow it to do so.

Finally, there was the puzzling concept of "mediate and most civil possession." What kind of possession, exactly, was that? Lawyers for Belgium at The Hague, where the case was later adjudicated by the International Court of Justice, described it, with a bemused air, as "miraculous" or "fictive" possession, and pointed out that no such concept existed in *their* law, or in any law they had ever heard of before the Barcelona case. Their Spanish antagonists at The Hague patiently explained that the phrase was "well-rooted in Spanish law," and they referred approvingly to Judge Andreu as a "rigorous jurist." Sir Humphrey Waldo, who was one of two hundred or so lawyers representing Spain, described the bankruptcy decree—gamely, one can't help thinking—as "a competent, persuasive piece of judicial workmanship." Nevertheless, Joaquín Garrigues, a much-revered Spanish lawyer and law professor, used the decision as occasion for a little flight of irony. "In no way do we wish to diminish the merit and the well-established value of the judge of Reus and of the various lawyers who agree with him," Garrigues wrote in 1956. "On the other hand, they do seem to be putting aside the primary and elementary things that the rest of us have learned. . . . Why should not Reus be the home of a new school . . . that discards as useless the books that we have employed up to now, and substitutes for them others which tomorrow will be the flourishing examples of the new School of Reus?" One thing did seem to be clear, at any rate, and

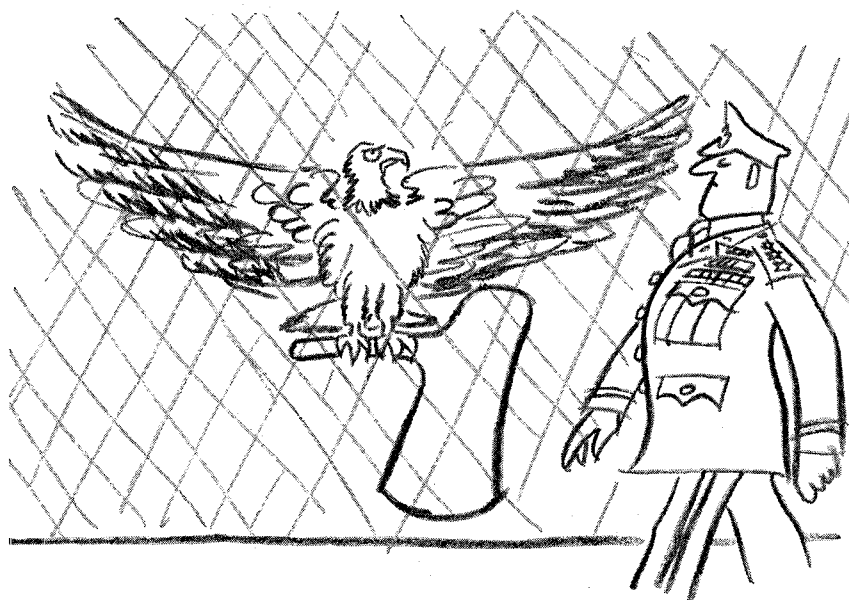
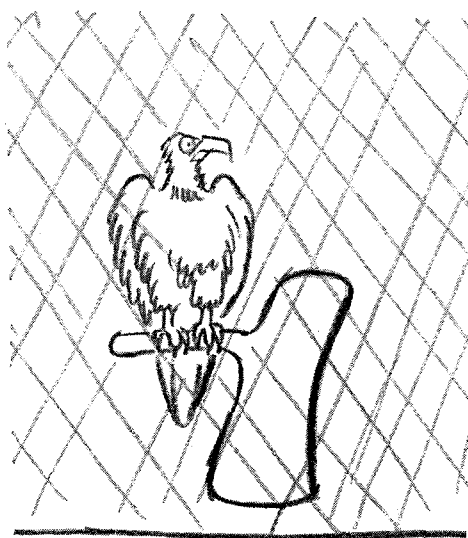
that was that the founder of the School of Reus, conceivably with the help of March's lawyers, had invoked the doctrine of *posesión mediata y civilísima* to meet a specific problem: he wanted the shares of Ebro, all of which belonged to Barcelona Traction, to be seized immediately, but those shares were physically lodged in the vaults of the National Trust Company in Toronto, where they were being held as collateral for the Barcelona sterling bonds; there being no likelihood that the bank or the Canadian government would allow them to be released for material seizure, Judge Andreu had, it appeared, found it necessary to order them seized fictively and miraculously.

As for the seizure of Ebro's physical assets, that could and did proceed on a material level. The morning after the decree, and on several subsequent days, Fournier and Gambús, accompanied by officers of the court, presented themselves at the various Ebro offices and declared them seized. This was the first that the Ebro managers had heard of the bankruptcy. (The manager at one of the offices, unable to believe what was happening, but nonetheless faced with a court order, insisted on turning over the keys and then leaving the premises, so that he would not have to watch the seizure. The court officers had trouble making the keys work, and spent several doubtless frustrating hours getting into a cabinet full of records.) Beginning on February 14th, all the principal administrative officers of Ebro and of Barcelonesa Electric Company, another Barcelona Traction subsidiary, were summarily fired; and on March 16th the receiver Gambús, in his new capacity as mediate and most civil possessor of all Ebro's stock, held a one-man shareholders' meeting of that company at which, by unanimous vote, he threw out all the incumbent directors and elected a new board, consisting of March nominees. Gambús as chairman addressing Gambús as sole stockholder then declared the meeting adjourned.

MEANWHILE, the suddenly unemployed managers and directors of Ebro gave SOFINA-SIDRO, by telephone, its first notification of what had been going on at Reus and Barcelona during the past few days. The recipients' reaction, one of them said later, was "surprise and stupor." (Indeed, everyone connected with Barcelona Traction seems to have reacted to the Reus judge's decision and to subsequent Spanish-court actions in the case with surprise and stupor even more than with anger and indignation. A



Anne Burgess



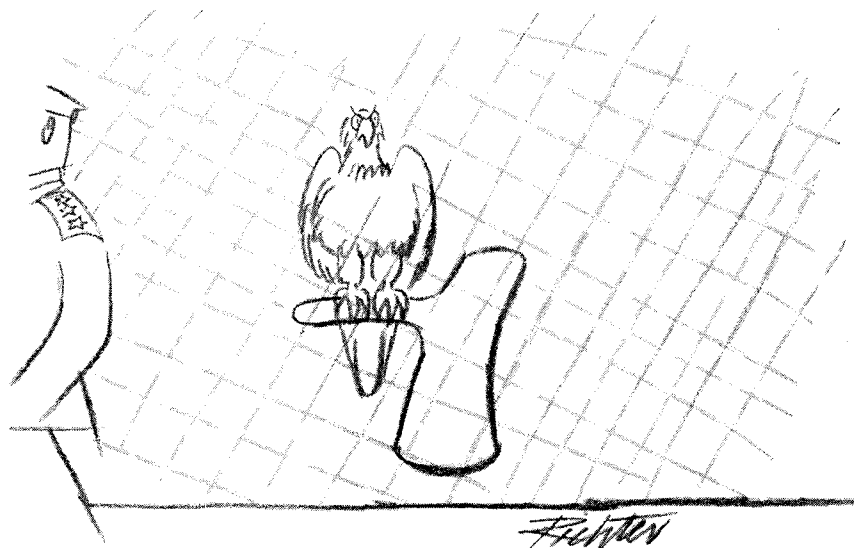
poleaxed tone pervades their statements. Spanish counsel for Barcelona spoke on one occasion of "systematic and total violation of the most elementary principles of law;" another Spanish counsel, this one for the National Trust Company of Canada, referred at another time to "extremely violent measures, unjustified and without legal principles of law;" another Spanish lawyer for Barcelona declared, with a kind of awe, "The case is so unprecedented that we prefer not to comment, for the commentary would be so harsh that our self-respect forbids it.") As soon as they had recovered enough to act, they began taking steps to appeal the bankruptcy decree. Too late: they had been anticipated, and a deftly designed blocking mechanism had already swung into place. On February 13th, when Barcelona Traction had just received word that it had been declared bankrupt, a certain Francisco García del Cid had filed with the Reus court a *declinatoria*, or denial of the court's jurisdiction in the matter. Nothing could have been more logical, since the court's jurisdiction was, to say the least, open to question. Apparently, Barcelona Traction had found unexpected support from an unknown quarter. But it soon appeared that the support, however well meant, was a mixed blessing, because when Barcelona's lawyers attempted to file their appeal from the bankruptcy on behalf of Ebro, they were informed that they could not do so, inasmuch as all legal proceedings were frozen while García del Cid's *declinatoria* was pending. This situation continued for three weeks, during which time the seizure of Barcelona's Spanish operating companies was accomplished. The day after completion

of the seizure, García del Cid suddenly, and at first unaccountably, withdrew his *declinatoria*. Almost immediately—before Barcelona Traction had had a chance to react—the judge declared the bankruptcy final and no longer subject to appeal, on the ground that the time limit for appeal set by Spanish law had run out. In short, when the company's hands were untied by the withdrawal of the *declinatoria*, it was too late for them to use their hands, because of the time limit. Then the role of García del Cid became clear. His *declinatoria* had not been a blessing at all. Far from being a disinterested devotee of justice, he was, and had been all along, a March man, whose role had been to block Barcelona Traction's right of appeal until it no longer existed.

A ray of hope for the Belgians appeared in April, when the Spanish government, goaded by diplomatic pressure from Belgium and Canada, brought about the appointment of a special judge, not controlled by March, to replace Judge Andreu. But it soon developed that the game was not yet over, and could perhaps be prolonged forever. Just before the special judge assumed office, yet another *declinatoria* was filed, this one by a certain Juan Boter Vaquer; one of Judge Andreu's last acts in office was to tie things up for eight more months—and so prevent the special judge from immediately hearing Barcelona's side of the matter—by granting Boter that much time to prepare his case. (The degree of lunacy that by then pervaded the proceedings is indicated by the fact that the petitioners for bankruptcy, whose lawyer had chosen the Reus court's jurisdiction in the first place, and who

had had their petition granted in every particular, now cheerfully and without apology joined in Boter's protest against that jurisdiction.) In the legal realm, the owners of Barcelona Traction seemed to face either stalemate or checkmate. One can well imagine that, nightmarishly frustrated in a distant court, where their lawyers were repeatedly blocked by technical means from even appearing, they might have simply decided that the situation was hopeless, and devoted themselves to other matters. On the contrary, by October, 1952, Barcelona Traction, SIDRO, and their bankers had introduced more than four hundred separate legal actions in Spain. Heineman turned seventy-six during the year of the bankruptcy, and thereafter he spent more and more of his time in New York, although he remained active in the affairs of SOFINA until 1955, when he retired and Wilmers took command. Meanwhile, Wilmers, as the man on the spot in Brussels, and as a fluent speaker of Spanish, gradually assumed the role of SOFINA-SIDRO champion in the joust with March over Barcelona Traction.

Thirty-nine years old at the time of the bankruptcy, the son of a London stockjobber, Wilmers had earned a Cambridge degree in modern languages in 1930 and immediately thereafter gone to work for Heineman. Wilmers is a tall, handsome man with a very British air of lordliness, and at the same time a raffish gleam in his eye. Though he had originally planned to become a modern-languages don, he soon found that the world of international finance, with its technical intricacies, its cultural variety, and its opportunities for travel and high living,



was his natural arena. Wilmers denies that he enjoyed all of the long battle for Barcelona Traction, but he admits that he enjoys it in retrospect, and that he harbors a sneaking admiration for March. As for March on Wilmers, he once expressed his opinion of the Englishman by pulling one eye wide open with his thumb and forefinger and exclaiming, "Watch out!" The two men met at the Hôtel des Bergues in Geneva in May, 1948, three months after the bankruptcy decree. At that meeting, Wilmers found March rather pleased with himself about the way he had stage-managed the drama at Reus, and apparently looking for Wilmers' approval of his craftsmanship. Wilmers also found March, now that he was far ahead in the courts, in a mood to negotiate. In settlement of the whole affair, March offered SIDRO and the other Barcelona Traction stockholders two million pounds—a little more than eight million dollars—and a twenty-five per cent equity in a new company, which would own all of Barcelona's former properties, and of which March would own the remaining seventy-five per cent. Humiliating as it was to be blandly offered one-fourth of one's own property, along with a cash sweetener, Wilmers was so deeply discouraged by the course of events in Spain that he decided it might be well to take what he could get. By long-distance telephone, he swayed a reluctant Heinemann to his point of view. However, as soon as Wilmers told March that SIDRO was disposed to accept his offer, March altered it. As a condition for the Barcelona Traction deal, March now said, he would have to be given the right to name most of the directors of CHADE, a Spanish holding company of

the SOFINA group whose operating subsidiaries supplied most of the energy to the city of Buenos Aires. Giving March control of the directors would, of course, mean giving him control of the company. As long as SOFINA-SIDRO was willing to negotiate away one company, March seemed to be saying, Why not two? Wilmers refused, and the whole deal fell through. SOFINA-SIDRO, which subsequently insisted that it was entitled to get back all of Barcelona Traction, rather than just a quarter of it, seemed to have been saved from surrender in its moment of despair by the intransigence of March himself.

March and Wilmers met again later in May, by March's invitation, at his Madrid palace. After employing his habitual gambit of making a financial boast—in this case, that he had just turned down an offer of over nine million dollars (a hundred million pesetas) from the government of Argentina for his Madrid house—March went on to top that off with yet another boast, to the effect that it had indeed been he and he alone who had blocked counter-proceedings at Reus through Boter's *declinatoria*. No more negotiating took place on that occasion, and there appeared to be not the slightest indication that March had any intention of acting in what Wilmers would consider a reasonable way. Accordingly, in July a SOFINA-SIDRO delegation made another trip to Madrid, this time to see Minister Suances. When they protested to the Minister, as tactfully as possible, about the non-intervention of the Spanish government at the top level in the activities of the Reus court, Suances—as Wilmers paraphrased him in a later affidavit—

"stated that he regarded March as carrying the Spanish flag in the Barcelona affair, and that he would refuse to allow him to put it down." This seemed to be the equivalent of a carbon copy of March's letter of marque—his official authorization to sail as a privateer on the high seas of commerce, under the flag of, and for the benefit of, Spain.

Legal skirmishing went on over the next three years, with the March side generally getting the best of it. In July, 1948, the Supreme Court of Ontario, recognizing de facto the Spanish bankruptcy of Barcelona Traction, though not admitting its validity, appointed a Canadian receiver to administer the company's assets, or those that he could get his hands on. On December 13th, a special stockholders' meeting of Barcelona Traction was held in Toronto, at which nearly all the shares—the seventy-five per cent held by SIDRO, thirteen per cent held by others in Belgium, and those held by still others, in Europe and North America—were represented in person or by proxy. One of these individuals, a New Yorker named Redvers Opie, remarked at the meeting, to general applause, that the bankruptcy "can only be described as a travesty of justice that is likely to bring the Spanish judicial system into disrepute in economic and finance circles abroad." What could be done about it, though? For the moment, nothing. But two days later, in Reus, Boter's eight-month grace period expired, and two months later, after hearings on the *declinatoria* had been held, the special judge dismissed it, thus apparently freeing the Belgians and the Canadians to make their protests at last. The victory was illusory. Just four days later, Boter gave notice of appeal from the dismissal of the *declinatoria* to the Court of Appeal at Barcelona. It shortly became apparent that Barcelona Traction would have little more luck in that tribunal than in the one at Reus. In April, 1949, the Court of Appeal admitted Boter's appeal from the dismissal of his *declinatoria*, and Barcelona Traction was stymied again. Just to make sure that it stayed that way, a March-controlled company called Genora, S.A., which was based in Switzerland, applied to the Court of Appeal in September for an eight-month delay in the start of hearings on the appeal from the special judge's eight-months-delayed dismissal of Boter's *declinatoria*. The Court of Appeal, presumably with a straight face, granted Genora's request.

The effect of these patter-song machinations—a classic instance, the

Belgians believed, of legal complexity serving simple predatory intent—was to bar Barcelona Traction from making its first application to set aside the bankruptcy until late in 1950, almost three years after the decree. Nor was there any reason to believe that when Genora's grace period had run out someone would not protest against *that* and demand another eight months to prepare *his* case. The game could go on indefinitely. Meanwhile, on September 19, 1949, at the order of the Court of Appeal and the special judge, the Barcelona Traction sterling bondholders met in Reus to elect permanent trustees in bankruptcy, who would replace Gambús, the receiver, and Fournier, the temporary trustee. The *New York Times*' account described the meeting as "stormy," but the storm was more noise than force: inasmuch as March owned a majority of the bonds, it was a foregone conclusion that his nominees for the three trusteeships would be elected. And so they were. The newly elected trustees took charge of Ebro and Barcelona's other subsidiaries, keeping in office the pro-March boards of directors that Gambús had so expeditiously elected, and even fixing up Gambús himself—suddenly out of a job, as he was—by appointing him the new general manager of Ebro.

Nevertheless, March did not yet have control of Barcelona Traction—only control of its trustees in a bankruptcy that had not been affirmed in any court except the curious one in Reus—and large obstacles still stood between him and that goal. What had been scarcely more than murmurs of diplomatic protest were becoming something like an uproar. In March, 1948, the month after the bankruptcy decree, Belgium and Canada had entered their protests against it, and these had led to the appointment of the special judge. Then, on July 21, 1949, Great Britain, through its Embassy in Madrid, made a formal complaint to the Spanish government at the urgent request of its Commonwealth partner, Canada, which did not maintain an embassy in Madrid. The following day, the United States joined in, with its own note of protest. This was a particularly significant intervention, for two reasons: first, the United States in 1949 ruled the non-Communist economic world as its acknowledged suzerain; second, since United States citizens had very little economic interest in Barcelona Traction, the protest was obviously more a statement of policy than a protection of citizens' interests.

Years later, the United States government explained that it had been "motivated to communicate its note of July 22, 1949, to the Government of Spain by considerations of principle relating to the equitable treatment of foreign investment." By early 1950, it was widely believed that the United States government was engaged in implementing its policy by privately advising American investors not to lend or invest in Spain until the Barcelona Traction matter was cleared up.

The Canadian and United States protests—which, since they came on successive days, were unmistakably the outcome of consultations between the two North American nations' governments—were a serious matter for Spain, which badly needed United States investment to promote its economic growth. Nevertheless, the Spanish government continued to refuse to intervene, chiefly on the basis of its conviction that Barcelona Traction, over its history, had played a predatory role in Spain, sucking huge profits out of the Spanish economy while pumping comparatively trifling sums into it. And one basis for that belief was a report prepared in 1949 by a Spanish accountant, Ángel Andany Sanz, at March's request and expense, which came in no uncertain terms to precisely that conclusion. SOFINA-SIDRO, however, believed that the Andany report was grossly in error—and not by chance, inasmuch as it had been paid for by March. Accordingly, early in 1950 SOFINA-SIDRO persuaded the Belgian government to propose that a commission of accounting experts representing Belgium, Canada, and Spain be appointed to take a fresh, impartial look at the question of whether, over the years since 1911, Barcelona Traction was on balance a creditor or a

debtor vis-à-vis the Spanish economy, with the outcome of the investigation determining whether or not Spain was justified in allowing March to carry the Spanish flag by seizing Barcelona Traction.

The Belgians, it turned out, were in for a couple of shocks. Before they could even formally present their proposal, Spain came up with a counter-proposal for a Commission of Experts on which Britain would be substituted for Belgium. This seemed illogical, in view of the fact that March's purchases of Barcelona Traction bonds had left comparatively few of them in British hands, and thus had left Britain, in contrast to Belgium, with only a small stake in the whole matter. Nevertheless, Spain, Canada, and Britain constituted the commission that was decided upon. And then the identity of the chief Spanish expert, when he was chosen, gave the Belgians pause—as well it might have. Britain and Canada appointed accountants of apparent impartiality: for Britain, F. W. Charles, of Peat, Marwick Mitchell & Company's London office; for Canada, H. G. Norman, of Price, Waterhouse & Company's Toronto branch. But Spain, which was to have a two-man delegation, chose for its head none other than Andany, the former March employee, whose opinion on the matter was already on record. Apparently, all that Andany would need to do as an expert was recast and resubmit his previous, March-commissioned report, calling Barcelona Traction a blatant exploiter. Still, Spain had a right to appoint any experts it chose, and, as for Belgium, there was nothing it could do about the fact that it had been black-balled. In June, the work of the Commission of Experts began.

International commissions of experts, each of whose members is necessarily torn between his expertise and his nationality, have enough trouble agreeing when the subject of their deliberations is some matter as concrete as, say, a national border. When the subject is accounting—a form of inquiry whose practitioners are often accused of being able to arrive by mathematical means at whatever results they seek—the chance of agreement seems at the outset to be all but nil. Sure enough, in due course Charles and Norman arrived at the conclusion that over Barcelona Traction's thirty-seven years up to 1948 its net investment in Spain had been something over nineteen million pounds, whereas the Spanish experts' conclusion was that Barcelona Traction had on balance taken many millions of pounds



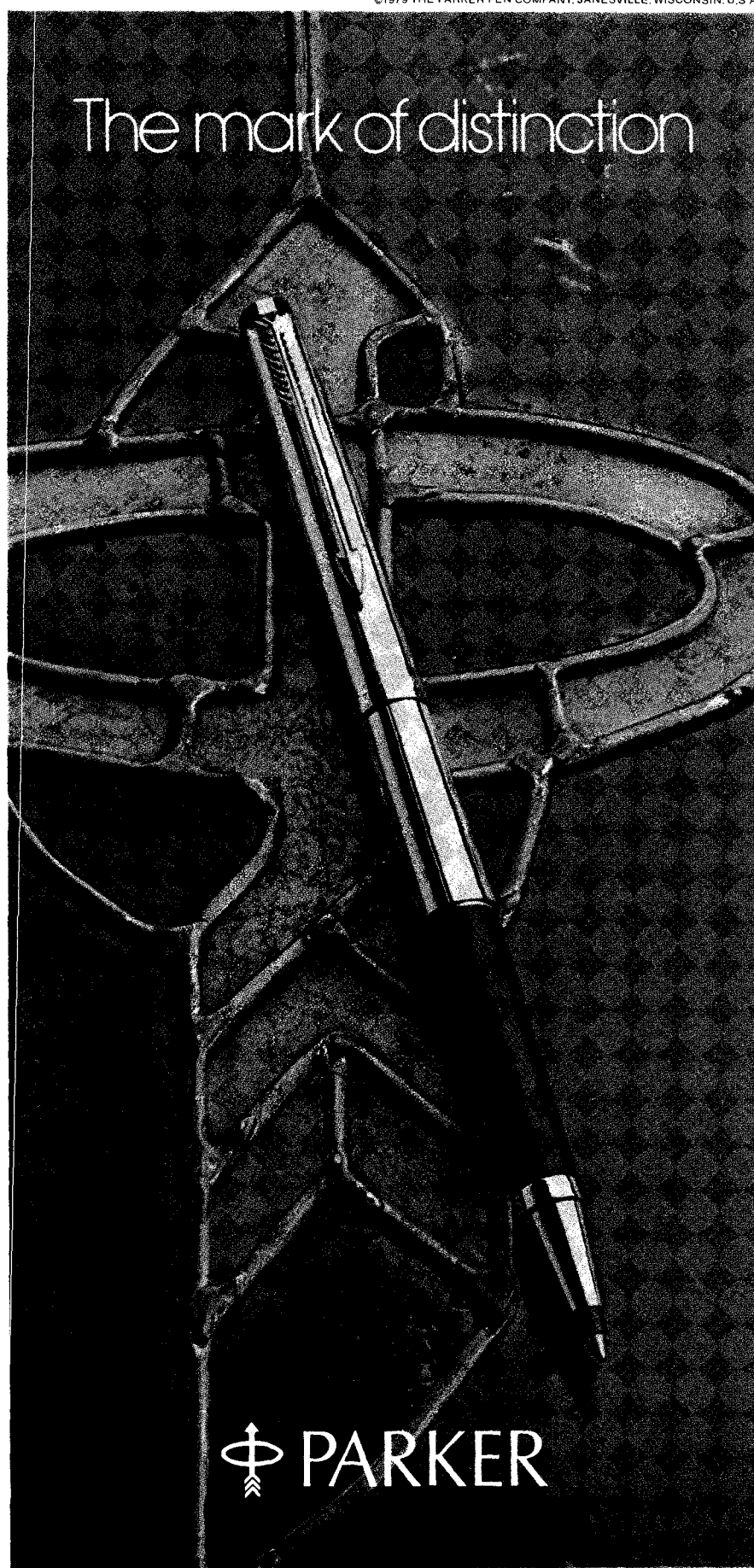
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out of Spain. Under the circumstances, neither of these findings could be regarded as remarkable.

The experts' reports left the matter just where it had been; but the aftermath of their activities was the last and probably the most decisive of all the extraordinary and puzzling favors that Britain had done, in peace and war, for Juan March. In the spring of 1951, after the experts had made their self-cancelling reports but before the reports had been made public, came a bizarre sequel. The governments of Spain and Britain, the latter speaking for both itself and Canada, prepared a joint statement, purportedly based on the commission's reports. This document was a strange one in at least two respects. For one thing, it made no reference of any kind to the only matter that the experts had been appointed to investigate—the question of whether or not Barcelona Traction was a net investor in Spain. For another, instead of summarizing the conclusions of all the experts it simply ignored those of the British and Canadian accountants, and stated flatly that Spain had been “fully justified” in withholding foreign currency from the company in recent years and would be equally justified in continuing to do so, at least “until such time as the position . . . has been regulated.” Plainly, the statement did not reflect the reports of the Commission of Experts at all—only the report of the Spanish experts. Suances, having signed it on June 11th, sent it to the British Embassy in Madrid with a request that the Ambassador, Sir John Balfour, sign it on behalf of his government. Later the same day, quite possibly to Suances's astonishment, Balfour did sign it, and six days later Suances, with great fanfare, made it public as an Agreed Minute of the governments of Spain and Great Britain.

The reaction in Brussels and Toronto was near-panic. Barcelona Traction's board of directors issued a statement to the effect that “the most elemental rules of national justice” had been violated. Spanish newspapers refused to publish the statement; it did appear in the *Times* of London, but only as a paid advertisement. The *Times* at first commented cautiously in its editorial columns that the Agreed Minute was “in a sense unexpected;” but a month or so later, after the experts' reports had been released in full, the *Times* changed its tone, and declared that “perusal of the full text of the report of the accountants appointed by the British and Canadian governments on the affair . . . makes it

extremely difficult to understand why the British Ambassador to Spain signed [the Agreed Minute]."

Indeed, why *did* he sign it? All the evidence suggests that the act was one of those diplomatic faux pas—minor in immediate political terms but crucial in long-term ways not foreseeable at the time—which are compounded of adherence to tradition, lack of understanding of the subject matter, and mere casualness. Balfour, a career diplomat who was a graduate of Eton and Oxford with a bent for literature and history, and who had just previously served as Ambassador to Argentina, was new to the Madrid post. He shared the distaste for technical financial details which goes with the aristocratic and humanistic British Foreign Service personality. Very likely, he had not read in full the reports of the experts. However, Balfour's own later account makes it clear that, even so, he was reluctant to sign the Agreed Minute, and asked for guidance from the Foreign Office, which referred him to the Treasury, and that it was on the Treasury's explicit recommendation that Balfour signed.

Why, then, did the Treasury take the seemingly unjust and inappropriate position that it did? It had first appeared evident that the Treasury was playing a major role in the Commission-of-Experts operation when Charles and Norman, en route by plane from London to Madrid to meet their Spanish colleagues for the first time, unexpectedly found themselves escorted and introduced to Andany and his Spanish colleague by H. H. Eggers, Ellis-Rees's successor as the British Treasury man in charge of financial relations with Spain. That the Treasury approved, if it did not help write, the Agreed Minute is made explicit by its recommendation to Balfour. Did the Treasury still feel indebted to March, and was it helping play Barcelona Traction into his hands as a last recompense for secret past favors?

Wilmers, speaking from the SOFINA-SIDRO point of view, states it as his conviction that the British Treasury was an integral part of the operation right from the beginning; that "March knew exactly what was going into the Agreed Minute;" and that, in fact, the Agreed Minute may have been planned on March's initiative. But even if that is so, the British Treasury surely had reasons for favoring it other than a desire to repay March. A centuries-old British-government notion—perhaps based in part on the geographical isolation of Britain's prized outpost Gibralt-

ar—that the Iberian countries and their powerful citizens were to be given special consideration whenever possible had probably filtered into the consciousness of the Treasury men, and of Balfour, too. In 1958, when Balfour was in charge of the British exhibition at the Brussels World's Fair, and Wilmers came at Balfour's invitation to visit it, Balfour said to him, "Awfully decent of you to come, after what I did to you." Whether that constituted an apology or merely a social gesture made no difference in 1951.

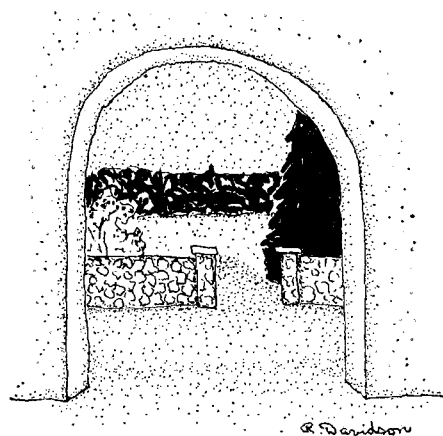
The Agreed Minute, by enabling the Spanish government to point out that the British shared its view of the matter, put March in a position to execute checkmate. This he quickly did, with a bold combination of moves. The remaining problem was what to do about the shares of Ebro and the other subsidiaries, in which resided the real value of Barcelona Traction. True enough, the permanent trustees now possessed them mediately and most civilly in Spain. But at the same time the National Trust Company possessed them physically in Canada. The solution the trustees adopted to this dilemma was to declare the shares in Canada null and void, and to issue an entirely new set of shares in Spain. One of the lawyers for Belgium at The Hague, in conformity with the dignity required of international proceedings, later spoke of these as "what may euphemistically be called the duplicate shares." Out of court, however, he and his colleagues called them the "bogus" shares.

Having created the new shares, the emboldened trustees decided that they should promptly be sold at auction. This might have been orthodox enough procedure in a normal bankruptcy, but was hardly orthodox in this case, inasmuch as the company that had been declared bankrupt had still not had a chance to try to prove in court that it was not. The trustees disposed of this difficulty, to their own satisfaction and the Barcelona court's, by declaring that

the new shares were "perishable goods," and that, regardless of any legal delays in other aspects of the case, they should be sold before they went rancid. The auction that the trustees arranged bore the unmistakable signature of March, the same man whose most recent previous work of financial conceptual art had been the Reus bankruptcy. The minimum, or upset, price for all of the shares was set at ten million pesetas, or about two hundred and eighty thousand dollars. However, the buyer was to assume the further obligation of paying off within ninety days, in pounds sterling, all the principal and interest on Barcelona Traction's sterling bonds; while a third condition stipulated that even after the sale the trustees would be allowed, if they so chose, to impose various further conditions on the buyer, and unless these were met the sale would be invalid. The effect of all the rules was to create a game that only one player could play. The sterling-payment requirement alone effectively eliminated all Spaniards but March. As for Barcelona Traction itself, its owners and directors—even if they could swallow their chagrin and bring themselves to bid on what they considered to be counterfeit copies of their own property—would face the unappetizing prospect of winning the auction and then finding that what victory amounted to was the privilege of meeting any conditions that March's trustees might care to impose upon them. March, with the full consent of the Reus court—which by this time had mysteriously been turned over to a new special judge, entirely favorable to March's interests—had arranged an auction at which there could be no bidder but March.

The auction was set for January 4, 1952. A last-minute snag developed, however, for the British government, as a result of further investigation by a new Government, headed by Winston Churchill, which took office in October, 1951, apparently had a change of heart. On December 22nd, Britain addressed Spain on the matter in harsh terms:

His Majesty's Government wish... to draw the attention of the Spanish Government to the unjustifiable use to which the Agreed Minute... [has been put] by the trustees to the special judge... in which they sought his authorization for the sale of the assets of the subsidiaries of Barcelona Traction... If, as seems possible, the judge's decision to authorize the sale was influenced by [a] distorted interpretation of the Agreed Minute... His Majesty's Government desire to express the strong hope that the Spanish Government... will



take urgent steps to clear up this regrettable misapprehension. ... In addition, His Majesty's Government consider that in this whole matter there are a number of questions which should be the subject of a careful and impartial enquiry, such as the creation of the duplicate shares. ... They consider that, if the sale of the assets is carried out on 4 January 1952, this will constitute a grave injustice.

Evidently, that warning, or threat, caused some wavering in Madrid. March's nervousness, at any rate, is indicated by the fact that on December 31st he wrote to the Spanish Foreign Minister, Alberto Martín Artajo, trying to persuade him that the terms of the proposed auction were, if anything, *too* fair to SIDRO. "It seems to me impossible, Mr. Minister, to offer greater facilities to a foreign group," March wrote demurely. Whatever misgivings there may have been in the Spanish halls of state that holiday season had been resolved by January 3rd, when Spain sent Britain a note briskly rejecting the British note of December 22nd. The next day, the auction at Reus went off as scheduled. The only bidder, which thriftily bid the precise minimum price of two hundred and eighty thousand dollars, was a new Spanish company—Fuerzas Eléctricas de Cataluña, S.A., or FECSA—created and owned by March, who thus at last became ostensible sole owner of all the assets of Barcelona Traction. SIDRO and the other old stockholders, in compensation for the loss of their ninety-or one-hundred-million-dollar property in Spain, might have been expected to get FECSA's two hundred and eighty thousand dollars as a consolation prize. But no; that sum, it seemed, was needed in full to pay the March trustees' expenses. The distinguished British solicitor Francis Mann said later of the auction, "Without the Agreed Minute, it wouldn't have been done. They wouldn't have had the nerve."

MARCH, whether in Geneva or in Madrid or at one of his various estates, was surely smiling what one of his Republican antagonists in the nineteen-thirties had called his "rabbit" smile. For a comparatively trifling sum, he had taken over a company that was

now showing an annual net profit of around five million dollars, and it immediately became the center of his industrial empire. He had served his country well as a privateer by converting a prize piece of foreign property in Spain into a prize piece of Spanish property—that is to say, his. On top of that, he had added an *avant-garde* chapter to the long annals of legal-financial prestidigitation. Bankruptcy when it is used by a slick operator to escape his liabilities by concealing his assets is one of the oldest dodges in that whole book. But March had neatly turned the old dodge on its head: instead of using bankruptcy to protect his own assets, he had used it to snatch someone else's. Finally, by means that were at least ostensibly legal, he had accomplished what had previously been within the power only of national governments—expropriation of a foreign-owned enterprise. March's was apparently the first private nationalization.

And, in accomplishing all this, March had finally achieved respectability—possibly by virtue of the irony that financial predations become publicly acceptable when they are big enough. (Veblen noted, "The habit of holding private property inviolate is traversed by the other habit of seeking wealth for the sake of the good repute to be gained through its conspicuous consumption. Most offenses against property, especially offenses of an appreciable magnitude, come under this head.") Newspaper accounts now customarily spoke of March as "the billionaire industrialist," seldom as "the former smuggler." Abroad—even in Belgium and Cana-

da—most publications found the whole thing too distant and complicated to be worthy of notice. In Spain, press coverage of the Barcelona Traction affair was brief and bland, and the one editor who presumed to criticize March and the courts, Ekkehard Tertsch, of *The Spanish Economic News*, found himself several times in trouble with the Spanish authorities. As befitted a man of such substance, March was now treated chiefly as a social celebrity. A huge party that he gave in Majorca in 1955 for his granddaughter María Gloria was covered minute by minute by the Spanish-government radio. Even March's old political enemy, Indalecio Prieto, a prominent politician of the Spanish Republic, now in exile in Mexico, seems to have been dazzled at transatlantic range by this affair. "The guests numbered fifteen hundred, and in order to serve them, there arrived from Madrid two hundred waiters and forty cooks," the old Socialist wrote breathlessly, in an account published in the late nineteen-sixties, several years after March's death and his own. It continued:

More than one thousand workers decorated the gardens which were illuminated with two hundred thousand lights. Not a flower was left in Majorca, for all had been cut. ... Tons more arrived by plane from southern Spain and Holland. ... Uniformed guards watched over all. Here were to be found notables from all over the world, diplomats, financiers, aristocrats, artists, writers, military men... and the Marchioness of Villaverde [Franco's daughter]. ... From foreign lands had come selected persons to animate the party: the Italian singer Eleanora Cerli, the Claude Marchant ballet company from New York. ... In the palace garden's patio of honor was a flamenco scene, and in one corner a tavern was installed. In one of the esplanades was a buffet offering a choice of Spanish or international cuisine. ... At daybreak a chocolaterie was opened, and the dancing went on.

A Spanish priest, Father José María Llorens, showed that not everyone had forgotten the past when he noted bitterly, more than a decade later, "The Balearic smuggler Juan March, the day after he had wasted eighty million pesetas on the coming-out party of his granddaughter, sent to the Bishop of Majorca



one million pesetas, an attitude . . . worthy of so illustrious a crusader. What seems to us less worthy is that the bishop accepted this sum."

Meanwhile, SIDRO and Barcelona Traction—the former now deprived of a large portion of its worldly goods, the latter deprived of all of its, and both still deprived of a hearing in the Spanish courts—resorted in their desperation to attempts to appeal directly to Franco. Their first move toward that end—a move that was later ridiculed by the March forces—was to retain as Barcelona Traction's counsel Ramón Serrano Suñer, who was married to Franco's wife's sister, and who in the early years of the Second World War had served as Spanish Foreign Minister until he and Franco had had a falling out over Spanish policy toward Germany and Italy. In September, 1953, Serrano Suñer—a practicing lawyer who, though he had long since retired from public life, was a feared and revered figure in Spain, because of his former office and his kinship by marriage with the Caudillo—succeeded in getting a hearing on behalf of Barcelona Traction before a special convocation of the Sala de Justicia of Barcelona, an august body that included all the magistrates of the Barcelona Court of Appeal. Serrano Suñer launched into a windy, thirty-page dissertation, studded with learned references to such topics as the ancient Greeks and Romans, the Wars of the Roses, the Dutch historian Johan Huizinga, and the unity of Europe. However, between feints he got in some solid punches. Describing this as the most important and serious statement he had ever made as a lawyer, he declared that in the Barcelona Traction matter an insult had been done to Spanish justice before the world, and added—being careful to exempt specifically his brother-in-law from his criticism—that various powerful authorities had already attacked him for daring to criticize the decisions of the various judges in the case. As to those judges, some of whom were seated before him, Serrano Suñer accused them, in general or in particular, of inconsistency with their usual principles, inordinate speed in making decisions, inappropriately harsh language, and "lack of serenity." And what were their motives for this aberrant behavior? Certainly not corruption, Ser-



" . . . Sixty-eight degrees, and the air is thick with curses."

rano Suñer said, and he went on to speculate that one motive might be "erroneous patriotism" and another—a possible motive so inflammatory, apparently, that it had to be expressed backward—"the opposite of an aversion to Juan March." He summed up, "I want to write decently this page in our judicial history. Let us be worthy of our vocation." And he ended by asking for the replacement of everyone he had accused—a category that seemed to include all the judges who had up to then had anything to do with the case.

Nothing happened as a result of the speech. Serrano Suñer's learning might be impressive and his opinions daring, but his political power belonged to the past. Accordingly, SOFINA-SIDRO cast about for another way of getting Franco's ear. In 1954, after several frustrating failures, two SOFINA-SIDRO men finally managed to see the Caudillo. One of them was Wilmers himself, and the other was Arthur H. Dean, a partner in the New York law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell and a well-known public figure, whose most celebrated diplomatic mission had been to represent the United States and sixteen other United Nations members in the 1953 Panmunjom negotiations leading to the end of the Korean War. Soon after the successful completion of that mission, Dean, back in New York, was asked by André Meyer, the senior partner in Lazard Frères & Company, and David Rockefeller, then a senior vice-president of Chase National Bank,

to go to Europe and have a look at the Barcelona Traction situation. (Meyer had been a director of SOFINA since 1929, and his firm had a substantial holding in its stock; Rockefeller was acting merely as a friend of Meyer's.) Dean went to Brussels in the summer of 1954, where SIDRO presently retained him as one more legal howitzer to trundle up to the front. In July, Dean went as SIDRO's counsel to Madrid, where he was joined by Wilmers. Through the United States Embassy, Dean applied for an audience with Spanish Foreign Minister Martín Artajo, "for the purpose of greeting him" in the name of his client, SIDRO. The request was quickly granted, and Dean saw Martín Artajo twice within a few days—on one occasion, bringing Wilmers along with him. According to Wilmers, he and Dean found the Foreign Minister sympathetic to their cause. Encouraged, Dean mentioned his recent negotiations with the Communists in Korea, and suggested that perhaps Franco would like to hear about them. He would not, he assured Martín Artajo, bring up the Barcelona Traction dispute, a private matter, in the Generalissimo's presence. To Wilmers' and Dean's astonishment, Martín Artajo replied, "On the contrary, you should bring it up. It should be a public matter."

The big chance appeared to be at hand. An audience with Franco having been arranged for July 21st, Dean and Wilmers set about preparing for it. Dean pronounced it axiomatic that

no one in authority would read more than one page on any subject; therefore, he and Wilmers attempted to condense the essence of the whole affair into a document of that length. On the appointed date, Dean and Wilmers set out by automobile for the Pardo Palace, Franco's residence outside Madrid. En route, they were met and escorted by a troop of cavalry that had a ceremonial glister: the hooves of the horses were painted gold. At the palace, they were duly received by Franco. About a year later, Dean described the meeting in a letter to Martin Artajo, as follows:

On July 21st, Mr. Wilmers and I had the honor of being most graciously received by His Excellency, the Chief of State. At the conclusion of the audience we left with the official who had acted as interpreter [Dean did not speak or write Spanish] a one-page note summarizing the essential points of our exposé. In this note we pointed out that the value of the assets, adjudicated to FECSA for ten million pesetas plus the face amount of the Barcelona Traction bonds, exceeded the price by thousands of millions of pesetas. [Dean later told a SOFINA man that when Franco had been told how much money March had made on the deal, he had acted startled, and had asked for a repetition of the figures.] We repeated our sincere belief that the most just and honorable settlement of this matter could best be achieved with the coöperation and under the auspices of the Spanish State. We expressed our hope that this coöperation toward a settlement would be forthcoming, and stated our willingness, on grounds of equity and national justice, to hold available a part of the enterprise for acquisition by the Spanish State on terms the prime consideration of which would be the interest of the Spanish economy.

In other words, Dean and Wilmers were offering Franco a compromise: If they could have their company back, they would agree to the nationalization of some fraction of it at a bargain compensation price. Dean's letter ended, "His Excellency was kind enough to tell us that the matter would be studied."

Wilmers' account of the meeting supplements Dean's, and on the most essential point—the tone and substance of Franco's reply—differs from it. Wilmers says, "A Franco aide interpreted while Dean talked in English about Panmunjom. The Generalissimo appeared to be interested. Then Dean brought up Barcelona Traction. He summarized the situation, and I added a few words. When we had finished, Franco said quite coldly—as you know, it was said that a visit with him felt like a cold shower—'This is a question between private parties. Unfortunately, the shareholders of Barcelona Traction

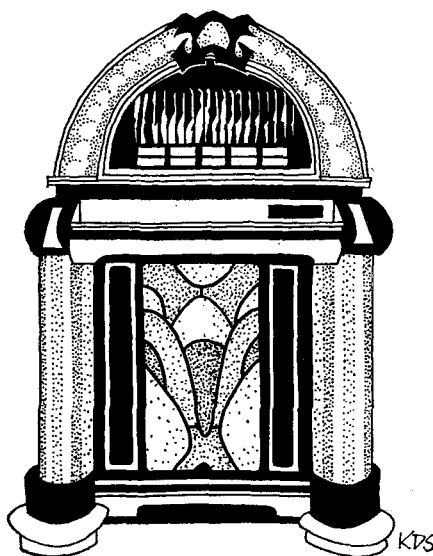
have not always acted very wisely.'"

And that, it seemed, was that. The following spring, by which time there was no evidence that Franco planned to do anything about the matter, Dean returned to Madrid and saw Martin Artajo again. Once more, he went back to New York empty-handed, this time with the sense that all his client's resources in Spain had been exhausted. But a few months later, just as things looked darkest for Barcelona Traction and its owners, there was a favorable turn of events. In December, 1955, Spain was finally admitted to membership in the United Nations, of which the chief judicial organ is the International Court of Justice, at The Hague, the presumptive Supreme Court of the world, existing to hear and judge disputes among nations which cannot be settled by other means. Under the United Nations Charter, acceptance of the International Court's jurisdiction is optional to members; and Spain, in joining, did not accept its compulsory jurisdiction. (Nor, in the absence of fulfillment of various broad conditions, has the United States accepted it, to this day.) However, Spain and Belgium in 1955 had a commercial treaty dating back to 1927, and that, combined with Spain's new U.N. membership, had in the opinion of international legal authorities the effect of mandating Spain's acceptance of a challenge in the International Court by Belgium. Quickly realizing that in the new situation SOFINA-SIDRO might be able to persuade the Belgian government to take the Barcelona Traction case to the International Court, March's lawyers, led by a formidable advocate named Antonio Rodríguez Sastre, undertook an enterprise that for outrageousness was fully in the March tradition. Travelling individually or as a team to the leading European capitals, they

attempted, sometimes with success, to engage the leading international lawyers to write opinions, for an appropriate fee, on the Barcelona Traction case. The resulting opinions, not surprisingly, tended to favor March's side of the question. However, the pearls of legal wisdom contained in the opinions were of no interest to March or his lawyers. What interested them—or so it came to appear—was that the lawyers who had written the opinions were thereby ethically barred from appearing for Belgium before the International Court, if Belgium should decide to bring the case. March, who had so often proved himself adept at preempting property and court proceedings, now seemed to be engaged in trying to preempt the legal talent of Western Europe.

In the meantime, SOFINA and SIDRO were having trouble persuading the Belgian government to take the case to The Hague court. For one thing, that nation's Socialist government had a marked distaste for defending the rights of one private enterprise against another, in Spain or anywhere else; for another, many of the Belgian civil servants simply weren't much interested in the complexities of high finance. March, never one to miss a chance to fish in troubled waters, had some of his agents buy small holdings of SIDRO in the open market and then attend SIDRO's annual meetings in Brussels as stockholders. At the 1956 and 1957 meetings, after it had become public knowledge that SOFINA and SIDRO were trying to persuade the Belgian government to take the Barcelona case to the International Court, a March representative virtually dominated the proceedings, making long speeches, the gist of which was that FECSA had bought Barcelona's assets fair and square at auction, that the Belgian side would have no chance at The Hague, and that therefore the SIDRO management would be wantonly wasting the stockholders' money if it took the case there.

In American corporate affairs, a minority stockholder who attempted thus to dominate an annual meeting would be apt to find his microphone turned off, or find himself bodily removed, before he was fairly started. Wilmers, presiding for SIDRO management, took encouragement from the cries of agony and rage from other stockholders that repeatedly interrupted the March men's filibusters, and evidently decided to let them run on. And he may have been right to do so. In the end, Belgium decided to take the case to The Hague after all. On September 15,



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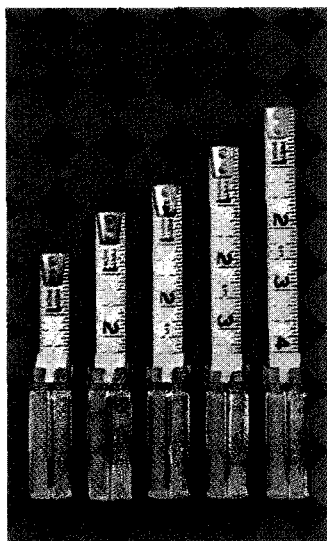
1978



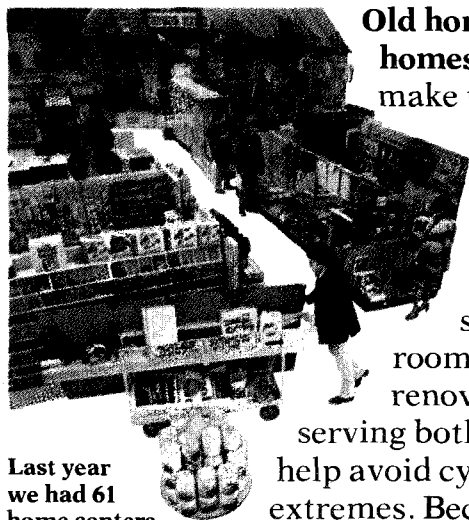
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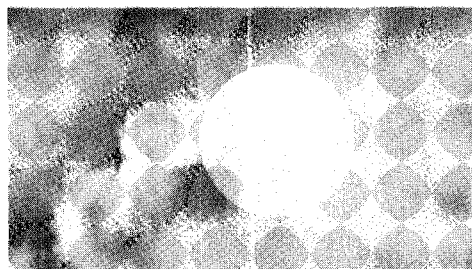
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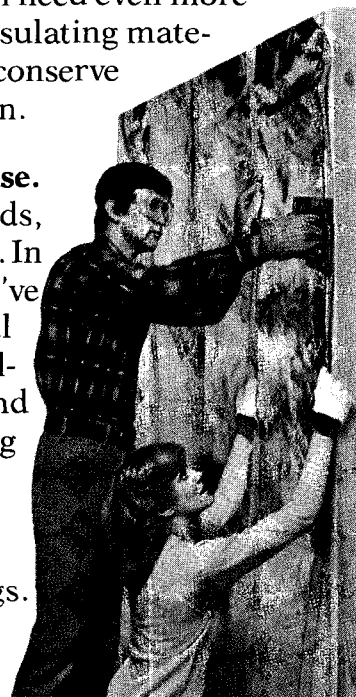
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1958, it entered on the roster of the Court a complaint charging that in the matter of Barcelona Traction the Spanish government had, among other things, usurped the rights of the Spanish courts and shown a lack of impartiality, which resulted in a denial of justice to Belgian citizens. As reparations, to be paid by the Spanish government to the Belgian government for distribution by the latter to Barcelona Traction's unhappy stockholders, Belgium suggested that Spain be required to pay eighty-eight per cent of the company's net worth on the day of the bankruptcy decree—eighty-eight per cent being the portion of all Barcelona Traction shares held by Belgians—plus annual interest of six per cent on that sum from 1948 to the date of judgment. If judgment should be pronounced quickly, that would mean a total sum approaching a hundred and forty million dollars; if, on the other hand, the case went on for an extended time, additional interest would keep accruing, at the rate of nearly five million dollars a year.

Two weeks later, the Spanish Ambassador to the Low Countries informed the Belgian government that he had been appointed agent of the Spanish government before the International Court. This act constituted formal Spanish acceptance of the challenge, and the case was on.

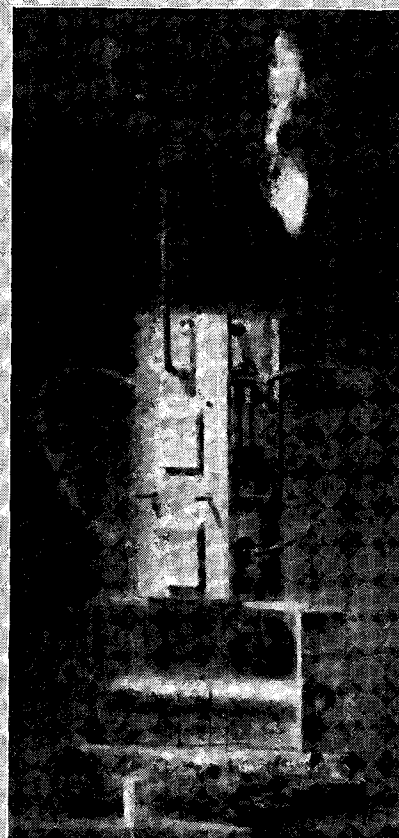
INTERNATIONAL law, its practitioners point out, is "normative," which is to say that it has no statutes to consult and few sanctions to apply. Parties that are declared to have been wronged can depend for relief on little besides the offender's respect for the court making the judgment. Although attempts to settle international disputes by arbitration go back hundreds of years, the first, halting modern attempt at establishing an international tribunal was the Permanent Court of Arbitration, which was set up by The Hague Peace Conference of 1899 and began operations at The Hague in 1902. It still exists, but, because of various limiting requirements, such as that the two parties to a dispute must agree on who their judges shall be, and, indeed, agree on taking their dispute to the Court at all, it has decided only about twenty cases over its first three-quarters of a century. The Permanent Court of International Justice, set up in 1920 under the Covenant of the League of Nations, had a considerably more stringent structure, and proved to be a considerably more popular resort for nations with disputes to settle.

Sitting in The Hague's Peace Palace—a huge brick Victorian-Romanesque structure built in 1913 by Andrew Carnegie (on a square that is still called the Carnegieplein), to give at least architectural substance to his dreams of world peace—it decided fifty-one contentious cases (as distinguished from matters in which it was merely asked to give its advice) between 1922 and 1939. In 1940, it was driven from The Hague by the German military advance; thereafter, it dragged on in Geneva, where it heard no new cases, until 1946, when it expired along with the League of Nations itself—a victim of world war, the very catastrophe it had been established to help prevent.

The present International Court of Justice, created by the United Nations Charter in 1945, is, with minor structural differences, a copy of its predecessor, except for its founders' prudent omission of the word "permanent" from its name. It occupies the same building, its members use the same reference library, and its rules are essentially the same. Its fifteen judges are each paid fifty thousand dollars per year out of United Nations funds, and are not supposed to have other employment while serving. They are elected for nine-year terms—staggered so that five new judges assume office every three years—by majority vote of the U.N. General Assembly and Security Council. No more than one judge of any particular nationality may sit at any given time. Only nations, as distinguished from persons and corporations, may bring cases, and, with few exceptions, any nation in the world may bring a case, whether or not the nation belongs to the U.N. The law applied by the Court, as is stated in the U.N. Charter, consists of international treaties binding the contesting nations in any given case; "international custom, as evidence of a general practice accepted as law;" "the general principles of law recognized by civilized nations;" and, finally, the judicial decisions and published opinions of the most highly qualified authorities of the various nations. Like all international courts before it, this one makes decisions from which there can be no appeal; but, again like its predecessors, it lacks any real power to enforce those decisions. If a nation that has lost a case refuses to abide by the Court's decision, the offended party's recourse is to refer the matter to the U.N. Security Council, which may, if it chooses, decide on punitive measures; yet although some of the Court's

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judgments have indeed been flouted, no nation has ever availed itself of its privilege of complaining to the Security Council.

Along with the sponginess of its subject matter and the frailty of its authority, the Court, by its nature, suffers from the law's delays in almost grotesquely exaggerated form. For a judge merely to ask a question of a litigant nation requires a special session, at which, with due ceremony and simultaneous translation, the judge intones the question, and a representative of the litigant nation responds that the question will be answered in due course. There follows a fury of analysis by all lawyers, sometimes numbering in the hundreds, for the two sides in the case; while one side is deciding how to answer the question, both try to figure out which way the tone and content of the question implied that the judge who asked it was leaning. Sometimes a judge's question sends lawyers scurrying to distant countries for the answer, and by the time they return to continue the ponderous colloquy months may have elapsed. Up to now, the average I.C.J. case has lasted two years and three months. In the all-time champion for longevity, however, which was Barcelona Traction, the proceedings dragged on for more than eleven years.

Given all these problems, the new Court—although in the nineteen-seventies its case load has become alarmingly light—was fairly effective over its first thirty years. Between 1946 and 1975, it heard forty-four contentious cases, including Portugal v. India, on what rights Portuguese had to cross Indian territory between Portugal's separate enclaves near India's west coast (the Court defined the rights in a 1954 decision), and Cambodia v. Thailand, on whether or not Cambodians could make pilgrimages undisturbed to the ruined Temple of Preah Vihear, the immediate area of which Thailand occupied with troops prior to the Court's decision in favor of Cambodia in 1962. Of the forty-four cases, more than half were decided by judgments of the Court; the rest were either thrown out because the Court believed that it lacked jurisdiction, withdrawn by the applicant before a decision had been reached, settled out of court, or left undecided because during their consideration the disputes were made obsolete by new events. Most of the decisions were complied with by the defeated nation. This, however, was conspicuously not so in the one case before Barcelona Traction which involved a demand for money repara-

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tions. In 1946, several British vessels passing through the Corfu Channel, off Albania, suffered loss of life and serious damage from mines that had apparently been laid after Allied postwar mine-clearing operations were completed. Later the same year, Britain brought the matter before the United Nations, which referred it to the Court; and in December, 1949, the Court ordered Albania to pay Britain reparations of eight hundred and forty-four thousand pounds, then worth about two and a third million dollars. Albania simply did not pay, and Britain never pressed the matter in the Security Council.

On the basis of this precedent, in which a Court award of something over two million dollars had been blandly disobeyed, Belgium's chance of recovering many times that sum from Spain in the Barcelona Traction case seemed unpromising indeed. But SOFINA-SIDRO—having assembled, in spite of March's net to catch lawyers, a formidable legal staff, consisting of Belgians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Spaniards, and a Canadian, to plead Belgium's case—took a quite different view. Wilmers' bullishness on the Court is dramatically illustrated by the fact that in 1956, when a visiting American financial operator with Spanish connections approached him and said he believed that he could put together a syndicate to buy all of SIDRO's Barcelona Traction shares for forty million dollars, Wilmers replied that he wasn't interested. What he didn't say was that Belgium proposed to recover at least three times that amount at The Hague.

March, for his part, pithily summarized his attitude by saying to a Barcelona Traction representative at about this time, "I don't give a fig for The Hague court." Whether or not it gave a fig for him remained to be seen. At stake, finally, was the question of whether or not international law, with all its abstruse learning, its comfortable fees, its overseas delegations, and its aura of wealth, power, and culture, was any match for the likes of Juan March.

THE first round of pleadings came to an abrupt end—and a quick one, by The Hague-court standards—because of a most unexpected development: a sudden decision by Belgium to withdraw its complaint, for the purpose of directly negotiating a settlement with March. This was brought about in large part by a change of management at SOFINA-SIDRO. In the late nineteen-fifties, Wilmers fell victim to



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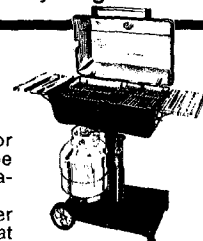
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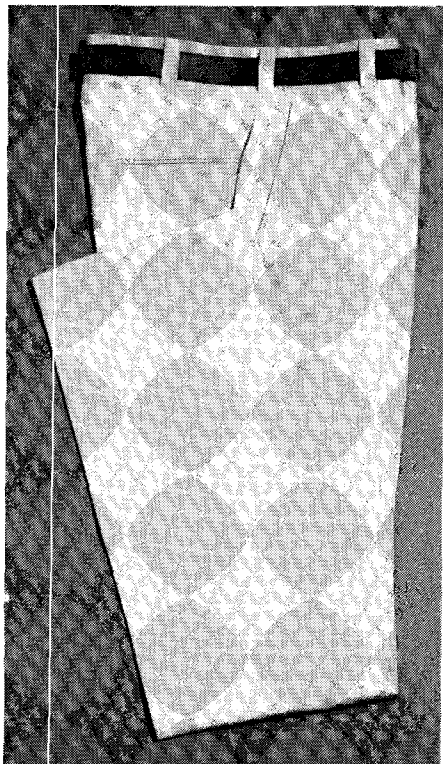
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corporate infighting there. The infighting was complicated by scandal when, in 1956, Heineman, Wilmers, and a third SOFINA officer were accused of having made improper payments to an official of the Belgian government. The official, at the same time he held the government post, was serving as a director of two of SOFINA's subsidiary companies, and was receiving fees for his services. In 1958, a criminal action brought by the Belgian authorities against Heineman, Wilmers, and the third official on charges of corrupting a government official came to trial in Brussels. Heineman, in poor health and living in the United States, did not stand trial, and charges against him were eventually dropped. Wilmers

and his other colleague were first convicted, then exonerated on appeal. In 1959, Wilmers resigned, and since then he has devoted himself to his own investments. His departure from the stage of the Barcelona Traction drama was to be followed by a curtain call. In 1964, two years after March's death, a Spanish court declared that, of all things, Barcelona Traction's own directors had brought about its "fraudulent bankruptcy," and, accordingly, lodged criminal charges against those persons who had been Barcelona Traction directors in 1948. Wilmers, in particular, was singled out several years later, after he—now acting merely as a shareholder of SIDRO—had spoken up at a SIDRO annual meeting, calling March's takeover of Barcelona Traction "the most extraordinary spoliation that has ever been seen." Soon after that, Wilmers received in Geneva, where he was then living, the Spanish court's demand for his extradition to face the charges, and a further demand that he immediately post bond of ninety million dollars. The sum, implicitly flattering as it was to Wilmers' bank account, was not even intended to be realistic. In fact, as the Spanish complaint stated, the figure represented the entire value of Barcelona Traction's assets in 1948, which *Wilmers* was now alleged to have somehow despoiled. A Geneva magistrate declined to enforce either demand; but Wilmers—who, if he had learned anything from almost three decades of jousting with March and his men, had learned not to underestimate them—thought it prudent not to visit Spain for a number of years after that. The preposterous charge, the demand for extradition, and the preposterous sum asked as security were no doubt partly tactical

moves. But perhaps they were partly, also, a sort of final salute from the successors of one financial chieftain to another, who had been a worthy antagonist.

Wilmers' successor as chairman of the Belgian cause was Maurice Frère, a Belgian banking official of international renown, who had previously served as governor of his nation's central bank, the National Bank of Belgium, and had in addition occupied two of the key positions in world finance—membership on the board of governors of the International Monetary Fund, in Washington, and the presidency of the Bank for International Settlements, in Basel. In 1957, upon taking over as president of SOFINA and SIDRO, he

decided to essay again what his predecessors had found so frustratingly unproductive: direct, out-of-court negotiations with March. Frère believed that where Heineman and Wilmers had not only failed but been left fairly reeling from the intransigence and effrontery of their antagonist, he himself, with his long experience in international negotiation, could succeed—especially since, as he put it in 1960, "a wind of conciliation was blowing which it was neither in my nature nor in the interests of the company to ignore."

To get things started, in October, 1960—by which time the Barcelona Traction case had been before the International Court of Justice for two years, and was still in a preliminary stage—Frère, through a Spanish-speaking colleague of his, José Manuel Hernández, made an approach to the Count de Motrico, a Spanish diplomat, who had previously served as his nation's Ambassador to Argentina and to the United States, and who in 1960 was its Ambassador to France. Motrico was a logical choice as intermediary, for several reasons. Frère had known him since 1958, and was aware that he was an old and close friend of March's. Indeed, in an affidavit presented later by the Spanish side at The Hague, Motrico averred that he had known March since 1934, when the two were introduced by the Count's father, a banker with whom March had had a long association; since the end of the Spanish Civil War, in 1939, the Count went on, he had seen March from time to time, and March had always conferred on him "an affectionate regard." Moreover, Motrico had previously been involved in—or, at least, had tried to get involved in—the Bar-



celona Traction matter. As early as 1949, when he had been Ambassador to Argentina, he had tried unsuccessfully to act as intermediary between SOFINA and the March group; again, in 1955, he and Arthur Dean had met, fruitlessly, in New York to discuss possible resolution of the matter. Now, approached again on the same subject, this time by Frère, Motrico was apparently still anxious to serve as emissary. He promptly notified March that SOFINA-SIDRO was in a mood for direct talks.

The resulting negotiations—or, more properly, negotiations leading toward negotiations—were to be March's last big scene. The month of Frère's approach, he turned eighty. A few years earlier, he had been through an extended and nearly fatal illness: in 1954, in Barcelona, he had suffered a massive internal hemorrhage; the following year, when he was in Geneva, another hemorrhage had occurred; and in 1957, after a third, and even more serious, episode of bleeding, in Palma, he had undergone surgery. One of his biographers quotes him as having said before he entered the operating room, "I feel calm, just as I did when I escaped from Alcalá de Henares. The hardest thing is to make a decision. But once I make it I regain my tranquility."

By the time Frère's message reached him in the fall of 1960, March had regained not only his tranquillity but, apparently, his health. In fact, he was in fine fettle. (At Basel in 1947, March had told Wilmers, evidently by way of warning him not to expect his early demise, that his grandfather lived to be ninety-six.) His reputation as a philanthropist now rested on far firmer ground than it had in his smuggling days; now it rested on the Juan March Foundation, which was five years old in 1960, and had been established because, March said, he felt a "profound need" to leave evidence of his "love for Spain, her national culture, and Christian civilization." (To be sure, the charter of the foundation contained an unusual clause to the effect that if the Spanish state or "any other agency" should interfere with or "not respect" the wishes of the founder as to the conduct of the foundation, then the foundation "will be automatically extinguished" and its assets distributed by the directors as they saw fit. But in Spain, as elsewhere, one does not look a gift horse in the mouth.) As for his business acumen, March had clearly kept it intact. His response to Frère's initiative seemed to show that in his old

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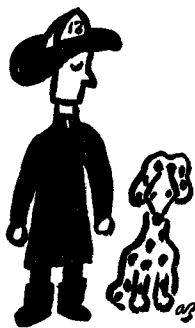


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said that March's prior condition of the withdrawal of the Court proceedings constituted a serious obstacle to the start of negotiations—whereupon, according to Frère, March suddenly changed his manner completely, moving from threats to amiability, and assuring Frère that once the condition had been fulfilled he would make an offer of settlement so reasonable that SIDRO would be unable to refuse it. Frère promised to consult his board of directors and "try to find a formula enabling him to satisfy Mr. March's demand on the moral point." The session broke up in an atmosphere of conviviality.

That atmosphere endured for not quite three months. In mid-February, Frère and Motrico met, and the Count expressed confidence that once the Belgian withdrawal had been made one or two weeks should suffice to wind up the whole matter, once and for all. On February 23rd, Frère wrote Motrico that March had now succeeded in convincing him of his good faith. Accordingly, SOFINA-SIDRO asked the Belgian government to discontinue its case at The Hague; on March 23rd, Belgium formally filed notice of discontinuance; and on April 5th, Spain duly gave the Court notice of its acceptance of the discontinuance.

March's "preliminary conditions" having been met, the negotiations could begin, and so they did, at five o'clock on the afternoon of April 8, 1961, in the Paris quarters of the Spanish Ambassador there. Present were Frère, March, various other representatives of the two sides, and—in the role of moderator—Motrico. The March representatives immediately put their proposal on the table, in a memorandum that they read in Spanish: even though the Barcelona Traction shares held by SIDRO had long since been sucked dry by the issuance of "duplicate" shares of Barcelona's subsidiaries in Spain, they would now, in order to put the dispute to rest, offer to buy all the old shares from SIDRO. Moreover, they would pay for them the full market price of those shares on the Brussels Bourse. (The minority of Barcelona Traction shares not held by SIDRO had been traded on that exchange since the nineteen-twenties.) The remaining question, of course—since the price of the shares on the Bourse had fluctuated wildly over the years, in response to the company's changing fortunes—was the full market price on what date?



And there came the catch to the March offer. The March group offered SIDRO its choice of the average price either during 1948 or during 1952. Frère and his colleagues had no trouble realizing that those years had not been selected at random. As they could not help but recall, 1948 had been the year of the Reus "bankruptcy," while 1952 had been the year of the sale of the "duplicate" shares, and of the complete takeover of Barcelona Traction's assets by FECSA, the new March company. As a result of those events, the price per share of Barcelona Traction, which had reached a high of eighty-five dollars back in 1928, had in those two years been depressed to about three dollars, or five million four hundred thousand dollars for the entire company—a tiny fraction of the true value of the company's goods and installations, whether in 1948, 1952, or 1961. March, then, was generously offering to buy SIDRO's Barcelona Traction shares at ridiculously low prices that he himself had contrived to bring about.

Thus, Frère had his initiation into the unique, if not necessarily pleasant, experience of negotiating with March. Frère may well have felt the same sort of shock that Wilmers had felt in May, 1948, when March, in what had similarly passed for a burst of generosity, had offered SIDRO a quarter interest in what was already its own company. This time, though, the offer was far smaller; the shares at 1948 or 1952 prices would bring hardly more than enough to pay SIDRO's legal expenses on the case up to then. Frère naturally refused. Six days later, Motrico, still nominally playing the intermediary, told Frère placatingly that March was "in principle" disposed to a settlement more favorable to SIDRO than the one he had proposed in Paris. However, no concrete offer followed this hint of conciliation; indeed, as time went on, March seemed more and more inclined to stick to his Paris offer—the very recollection and contemplation of which, with its dumbfounding impertinence fitted into a frame of technical elegance, may be presumed to have brightened the old man's last year. Late in April, addressing the annual meeting of SOFINA, Frère, with the best cheer he could muster, told the company's stockholders of the assurances that Motrico had given him of March's willingness to negotiate in good faith. In June, he

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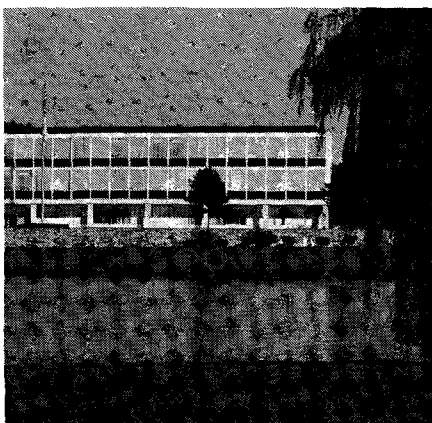
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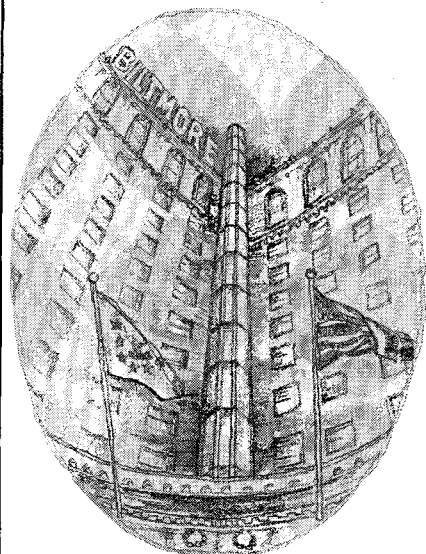
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wrote Motrico again, reminding him, "If we finally consented to ask the Belgian government to desist from the case, it was solely because Mr. Juan March had made that a condition *sine qua non* of the negotiation, and because the assurances that he gave me, and that you confirmed, convinced me that he had decided to end this litigation through a transaction granting an equitable indemnity to our shareholders."

But a wistful note was creeping into Frère's comments. He was losing heart. That he had cause to do so became amply clear at the next face-to-face meeting of the two sides, which occurred at Biarritz on September 6th—Frère accompanied by Hernández, and March by Antonio Zuloaga, son of the painter who had depicted him regally twenty years earlier. March opened the meeting with a new bombshell: he

proposed this time that all those present sign a declaration affirming that throughout the preliminary discussions and the negotiations to date the Count had represented only himself—not the Spanish government, not the Belgian government, and not March. Frère—astonished and dismayed, since if Motrico was not acting as a representative of the Spanish government, then Spain had committed itself to nothing in exchange for Belgium's withdrawal of the case from the International Court—refused. March then modified his proposal. All he asked, he said, was that Frère sign some sort of letter acknowledging the private character of Motrico's intervention; then he would be ready for a secret meeting with Frère, at which no one else would be present except Hernández and Zuloaga, as interpreters, and at which he would make a new and irresistible settlement offer. Again Frère refused, and the meeting ended in stalemate.

Now Frère was thoroughly discouraged. Each meeting he had with March seemed to bring forth new demands for "preliminary conditions" that could not be met without improving March's position and weakening his own. Three days later, he wrote to March expressing his objections to the new demand. The letter, addressed to Biarritz, came back marked "Departed Without Leaving an Address," but later in the month Frère tracked March down in San Sebastián and got the letter to him there. March replied, stating again that although he was anxious to work out a settlement, he had been "injured and insulted morally" in the Belgian

complaint at The Hague, and concluding, "Where I was, I am." And then, at last, Frère gave up; he informed Motrico that he was now convinced that March had no intention of negotiating seriously.

The episode ended with a round of epistolary bickering. On October 3, 1961, Frère wrote to March saying, "Your new protestations of good faith and affirmation of your desire to find a solution have no more than a Platonic character. They are contradicted by your attitude. This forces me to state



that it is vain to pursue this negotiation. I consider it terminated." March, on October 25th, replied with a twenty-page letter in which he fulsomely reiterated his stand, and on November 24th Frère wound up the correspondence by writing to March, "I desire above all . . . to tell you my regret

to state that . . . to accredit a version of history of these negotiations that coincides with your interests, you do not hesitate to do violence to facts, to words, and to documents."

It was an admission of defeat. Frère, who as governor of the National Bank of Belgium had managed the monetary affairs of a major industrial nation, and who in his posts with the International Monetary Fund and the Bank for International Settlements had held major responsibility for safeguarding the financial system of the whole Free World, had found it beyond his powers to make a deal with March. Belgian counsel at The Hague, where the Belgian complaint was in due course re-introduced, later insisted that March had tricked Frère. If he had done so, it may well have been not so much to bring about the Belgian withdrawal of the case from the Court for which he didn't give a fig as to enjoy a satisfaction he had never experienced before—that of getting the better, in face-to-face dealings, of a certified leader of the respectable European financial establishment.

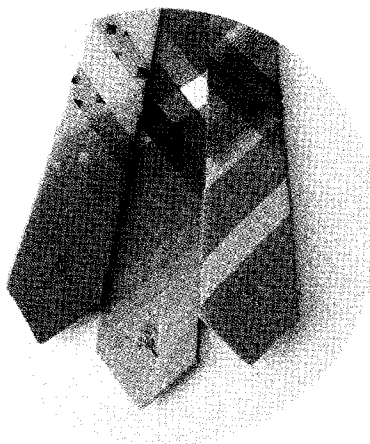
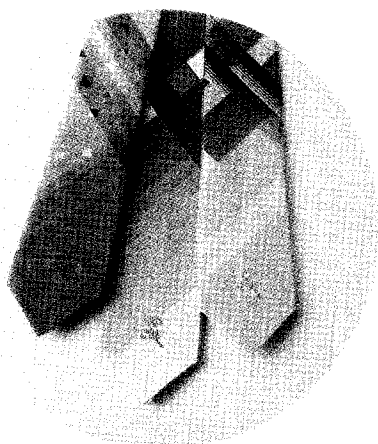
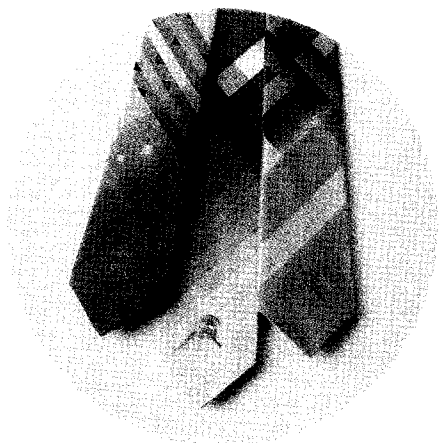
In any case, if a trick, it was his last. On February 25, 1962, March was riding in his Cadillac with his chauffeur and valet a few miles north of Madrid, en route to visit Rodríguez Sastre in Torrelodones, when the car skidded on a wet road in making a ninety-degree turn, and collided head-on with a Chevrolet coming the other way. Miraculously, the chauffeur and the valet were not hurt (subsequent published accounts of the accident do not mention the fate of the Chevrolet's occupant), but March suffered frac-



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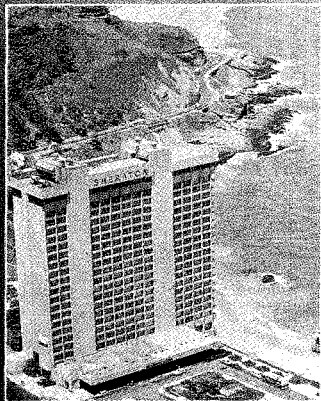
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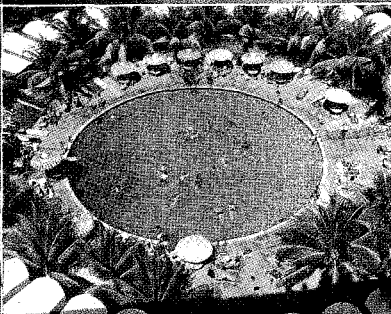
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tures of his right arm, thigh, and shin-bone. He was rushed to a Madrid clinic, where he underwent a two-hour operation, and afterward was at first reported to be doing well. However, he himself apparently understood at once that his injuries were mortal. The day after the accident, he arranged from his hospital bed to give his foundation an additional one billion pesetas (then worth between sixteen and seventeen million dollars), saying that he had been planning for some time to make this additional endowment but had not got around to it. Father Félix García, the priest who attended March in the hospital, later described him during his last two weeks: "I am dying," he told me with the sobriety and precision that characterized his words. "But it is most important to die properly, in God's forgiveness. There is no time to lose." With his admirably organized mind's singular clarity, without a stammer or a moment's hesitation, he summed up his intense and varied life. He expressed it all by saying, "My Jesus, have mercy!" He died early on the morning of March 10th. His body, after having been viewed by a procession of Spanish dignitaries at his Madrid mansion, was taken to Valencia and thence, aboard one of the boats of the Transmediterranean Company, the line that March owned, to Palma. There the Bishop of Majorca conducted March's funeral, in the cathedral; then a hearse carrying his coffin proceeded in the cool of evening through the streets of Palma between rows of torches held by an endless line of March family retainers, and the coffin was lowered into the great, nameless family mausoleum, which March had ordered built after the death of his wife, Leonor, in 1957.

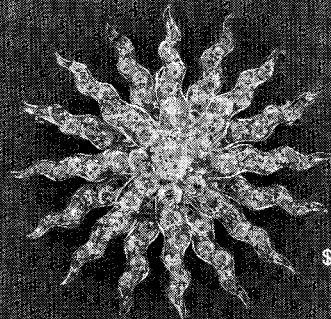
March obituaries, both domestic and foreign, were generally scanty. The Spanish press, which was subject to Franco's censorship, seemed to adopt the attitude of least said, least risked; it relied mainly on sanctioned biographical data. The *Times* of London treated March respectfully and at some length—his last tribute from his British friends—and the *New York Times* at equal length but less respectfully. In most foreign places, though, his name was so little known that his death rated no more than a few lines. The field of historical parallels and poetic appraisals was left to Spanish notables of the time, and they made the most of it. In the view of the writer Ernesto Giménez Caballero, a longtime March booster, March's death meant the end of "our Picasso or Rubens of the financial art." Giménez Caballero went on, "He

worked gold the way these others worked color, design, and rhythm. Superhumanly, as Nietzsche would say. Sportingly, in Ortega's philosophy." Another Spanish writer, José María Pemán, echoing the theme of Finance Minister Jaime Carner's speech before the Cortes in 1932 but reversing its judgment, said, "One cannot understand Juan March without the Mediterranean. The shores of this sea spawn men like this, who confront the sea and its dangers only to donate their fortunes, in the end, to the service of Culture and the [human] Spirit. The Medici came of this lineage. . . . The entire Renaissance was a historical transaction conducted by bankers and humanists." The president of the Cortes at the time of March's death, Esteban Bilbao, reached back even further into history—and perhaps tortured it more cruelly—to find parallels. "Don Juan March Ordinas' death is a national tragedy," he said in a long eulogy. "In our age, we have few Virgils to guide us and even fewer Maecenas to serve as patrons. . . . May God repay him!"

In the narrower but perhaps more apposite context of modern international financial swashbucklers, March stands out not only for the distinctive Mediterranean style noted by Carner and Pemán but also for the fact that his personal drama ended in triumph. As a cautious man, ever reluctant to gamble on borrowed money—indeed, within the terms he set he was a paragon of financial soundness—he stands in marked contrast to his contemporary Ivar Kreuger, and to such others as Samuel Insull. And, in even sharper contrast to Kreuger, he ended his life a billionaire and a philanthropist, not a bankrupt and a suicide. In classic moral drama, he might have died ruined or in prison, or perhaps murdered by some ancient enemy. He did not. If, in keeping with his name, he was a Don Juan of money—a man always ready to risk everything to get his financial, rather than his sexual, will—his life did not pursue the Spanish legend to the end: in the last scene, there was no statue of a duelling victim to drag him off to Hell.

FRÈRE and SOFINA-SIDRO, however, continued to wish as much as ever to drag off the March interests to a secular hell at The Hague. At the moment of March's death, they were already making plans—over the strenuous objections of the Spaniards, who contended that Belgium's "definitive withdrawal" of the case was irreversible—to submit it again to the

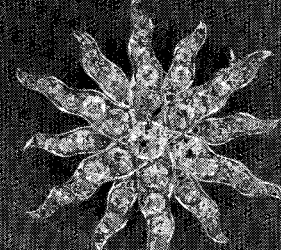
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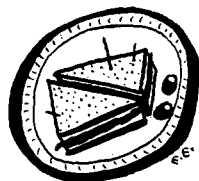
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Court. On June 19, 1962, the Case Concerning the Barcelona Traction, Light & Power Company, Ltd., this time designated "New Application: 1962," was entered on the Court's General List. As to reparations demanded, this time Belgium raised the ante. In addition to the Belgian stockholders' eighty-eight-per-cent share of Barcelona Traction's net value in February, 1948, plus the ever-mounting annual interest at six per cent from 1948 on, Belgium now asked for almost four million dollars to compensate its nationals for their legal expenses on the case over the years, and, on top of that, about three million, plus interest, for the Belgian former sterling bondholders of Barcelona Traction, to make up for losses they had suffered as a result of March's various maneuvers and the Spanish authorities' laissez-faire attitude toward them. All told, the demand came, at a minimum, to well over a hundred and fifty million dollars; and, as a final touch, Belgium asked that, in the event of a favorable judgment, Spain be required to pay interest on *that* sum from the date of judgment to the date of payment. Since such interest would probably come to about twenty-five thousand dollars a day, it would, the Belgians apparently felt, offer ample inducement for quick payment.

Spain then entered four "preliminary objections": first, that the discontinuance of the previous proceedings disentitled Belgium to bring new ones; second, that the Court was not competent, because Spain was not required to submit to its jurisdiction; third, that because Barcelona Traction was by charter a Canadian company, Belgium lacked judicial standing to bring the case; and, fourth, that even if Belgium did have judicial standing the claim was inadmissible because Barcelona Traction had failed to exhaust the legal remedies available to it in Spain. In July, 1964, after hearing extensive arguments on Spain's objections, the Court ruled on them. It rejected the first two outright, and, as for the other two, it neither accepted nor rejected them; instead, it decided to join them to the merits of the case, to hear further arguments on them along with arguments on the merits, and, finally, to pronounce a single judgment based on the merits or on the remaining Spanish objections or on all three.

The March interests anticipated this development, which clearly meant that the Court wanted to hear the merits of the case in full, in a way that might



have made the old man feel proud. At the annual meeting of FECSA in Barcelona that June, the company's secretary-general, Rodríguez Sastre, abruptly declared, "The Hague court can never cause FECSA to pay any indemnification." What was implied was that if Spain should lose the case, that would be the Spanish government's problem, not FECSA's. The Spanish government, however, let his declaration pass without comment, and FECSA seems to have continued both to direct the Spanish pleadings and to pay for them.

Glacially, but this time resolutely, the proceedings at The Hague moved forward. Summers and winters came and went in the Carnegie-plein, and the case went on. Spain, in seven hundred and fifty-four closely printed pages, presented its Counter-Memorial, answering the Belgian complaint; Belgium, at slightly greater length, gave its Reply; then Spain came through with a two-volume Rejoinder; and at last, in sixty-four separate sessions in 1969, the Court heard oral arguments by both sides. Meanwhile, presidents of the Court came and went—Bohdan Winiarski, of Poland, from 1961 to 1964; Sir Percy Spender, of Australia, from 1964 to 1967; then José Luis Bustamante y Rivero, of Peru—and the rest of its membership kept changing as members' terms expired and new members were elected to replace them. (Under the Court's rules, a judge, to be qualified to vote on a case, is expected to have read the written submissions of both sides, and to have attended the essential parts of the oral proceedings. He need not have been on the Court when the case was first submitted, and in fact when the Barcelona Traction case was finally decided, in 1970, not a single one of the judges who had attended the first proceedings, in 1958, participated in the decision.) Through it all, lawyers, many of them of international reputation—all told, more than a hundred of them for Spain, including March's old political ally Gil Robles, and several dozen for the Belgians—swarmed over the Peace Palace. The nominal leader of the Spanish horde was J. M. Castro-Rial, legal counsellor to the Spanish Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but March's favorite counsellor, Rodríguez Sastre, although he was never seen at the Peace Palace, was generally considered to be the behind-the-scenes mastermind. For Belgium, the lead arguments were made by Henri Rolin, a Socialist senator much celebrated in his country as one of the men chiefly responsible

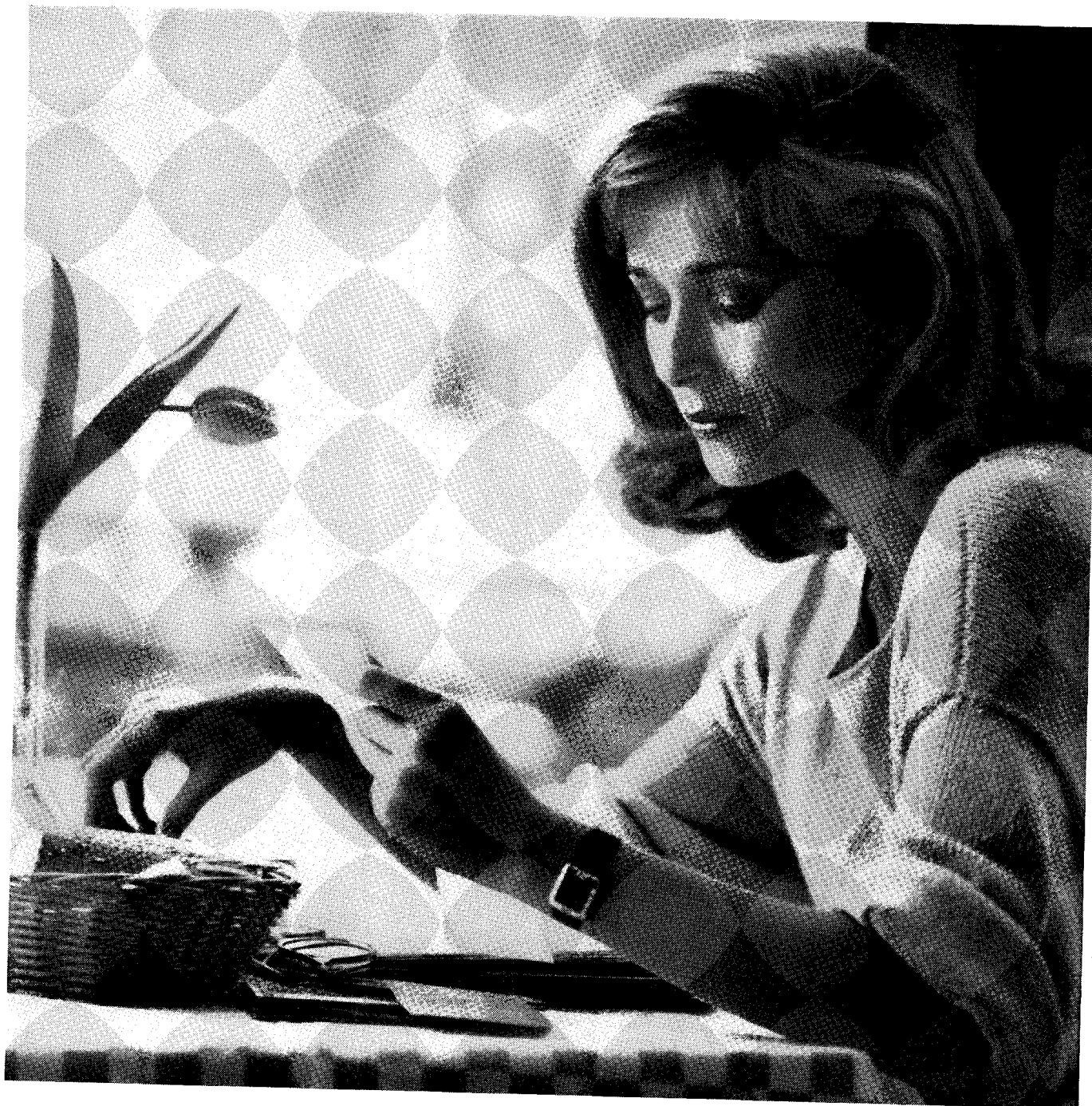


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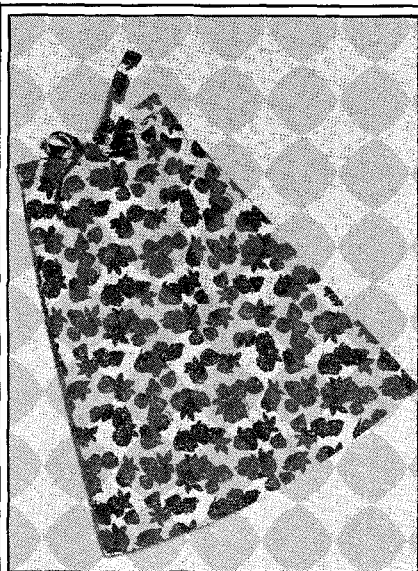
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for Belgium's extrication of itself from the Congo. Some of the former participants recall that an atmosphere of diffidence, or even hostility, unusual in the brotherhood of the bar, prevailed between the adversary advocates throughout the case. Even the various Englishmen retained by the two sides—men who were accustomed to cordial relations with one another in the vicinity of the Temple or the Old Bailey—found themselves barely speaking in The Hague. "Everybody was continually afraid of dirty work," Francis Mann, one of the Englishmen who argued for Belgium, says.

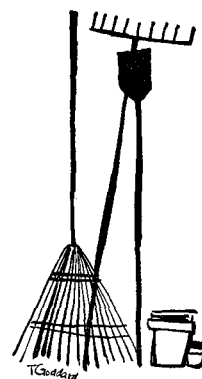
The ghost of Juan March, who in his lifetime had never deigned to come to The Hague, now lurked in the Peace Palace. Although his name was only occasionally brought up in the proceedings, his presence was inescapable. Was it not a foregone conclusion, the Belgian representatives asked themselves, that lawyers indirectly representing March, whether he was alive or dead, would sooner or later resort to some kind of Mediterranean trickery—even when among those lawyers were such un-Mediterranean personages as M. Bos, professor of international law at the University of Utrecht, and Sir Humphrey Waldock, C.M.G., O.B.E., Q.C., professor of international law at Oxford? Conversely, the members of the Spanish team asked themselves, Was not fast footwork of one kind or another to be

fully expected of the representatives of an international financial octopus that, from their perspective, had long been engaged in ruthlessly exploiting the resources of Spain? These suspicions were faithfully reproduced in the emphases of the two sides' arguments. Belgium insisted on the injustices to its nationals and the outrages to the principles of justice which, its advocates said, had resulted from the various steps in March's conquest of Barcelona Traction—the defeat of the Plan of Compromise, the Reus bankruptcy, the Agreed Minute, and the sale of "duplicate" shares—and charged the Spanish courts and government with complicity in allowing those injustices and outrages to occur and to stand. Spain's lawyers brushed aside all those events as deftly as possible—Barcelona Traction in 1948, the Spanish lawyers were driven to argue at some length, had been in a "permanent state of *latent* bankruptcy"—and came down heavily on Barcelona Traction's alleged misdeeds

and depredations in Spain in the past. One of the Spanish lawyers declared categorically that the "lack of clean hands" of Barcelona Traction and its owners "should now defeat their claim for an indemnity in this Court." Belgium argued that whether or not its nationals' hands had been unclean in the past, such uncleanness was irrelevant to the question at hand; that is, whether or not justice had been denied to Barcelona Traction's Belgian stockholders between 1948 and 1952. On the contrary, Spain seemed to be arguing, *that* question was irrelevant: if Barcelona Traction had been denied justice, it had got what it deserved.

At last, in the summer of 1969, the arguments and counter-arguments had all been heard, the memorials, counter-memorials, replies, rejoinders, annexes, and documents had all been filed, and the judges retired to the Salle Bol, a room in the Peace Palace named for three huge works of the Dutch painter Ferdinand Bol that hang there, to conduct their deliberations. On February 5, 1970—at the very last minute, since it was the final day in office of no fewer than five of the judges—they delivered their Judgment, in a fittingly ponderous document, consisting, what with the separate opinions of eight judges and the dissenting opinion of one, of a volume of three hundred and fifty-seven pages. It began, neutrally, with

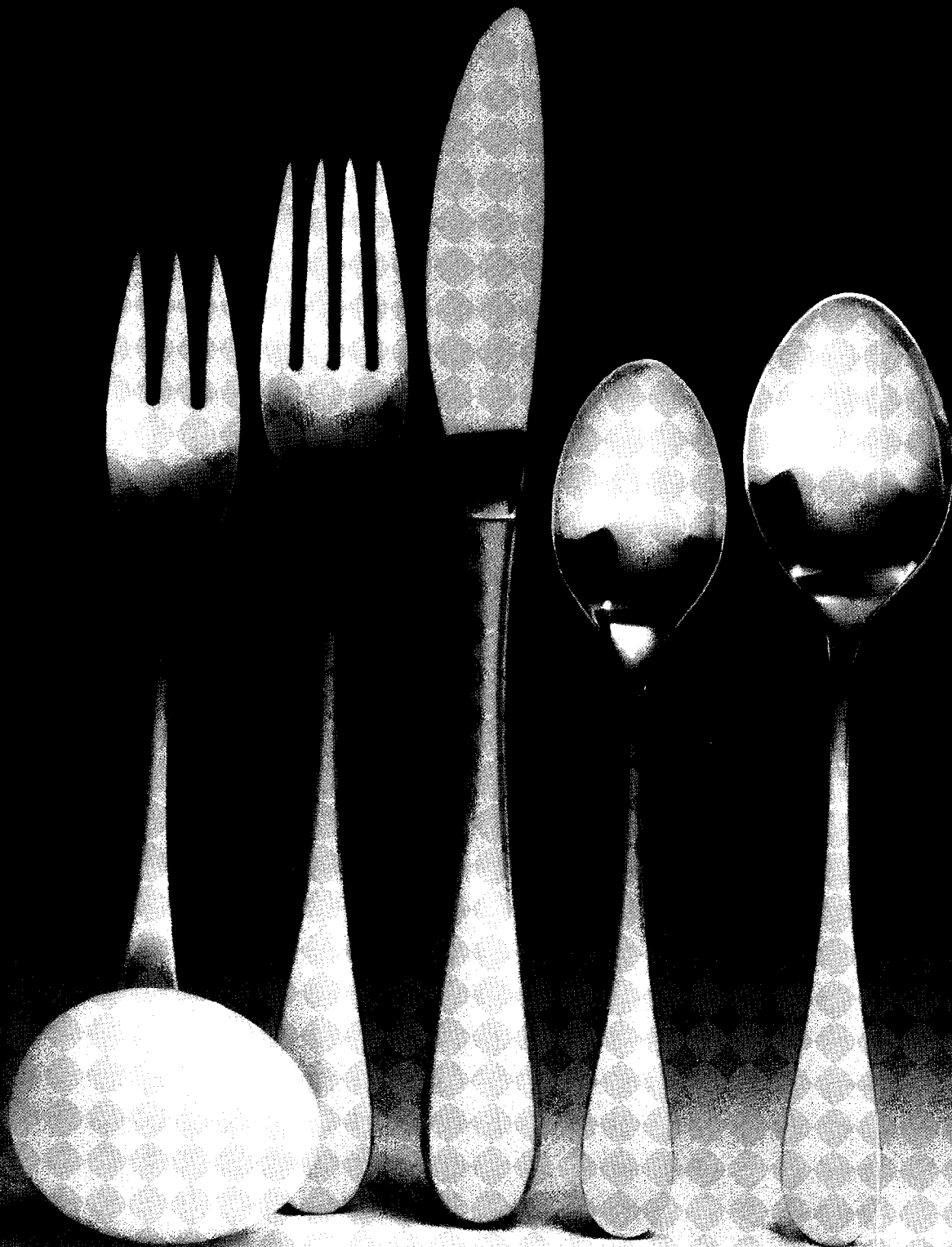
a detailed summary of the agreed-upon facts (including only the briefest of passing references to Juan March, who as far as the Judgment was concerned might have been a minor figure in the case) and the arguments of the two sides. Then, in a leisurely way, it went on to discuss the law involved. At first, this discussion was bland and inscrutable, but gradually the Court's preoccupation



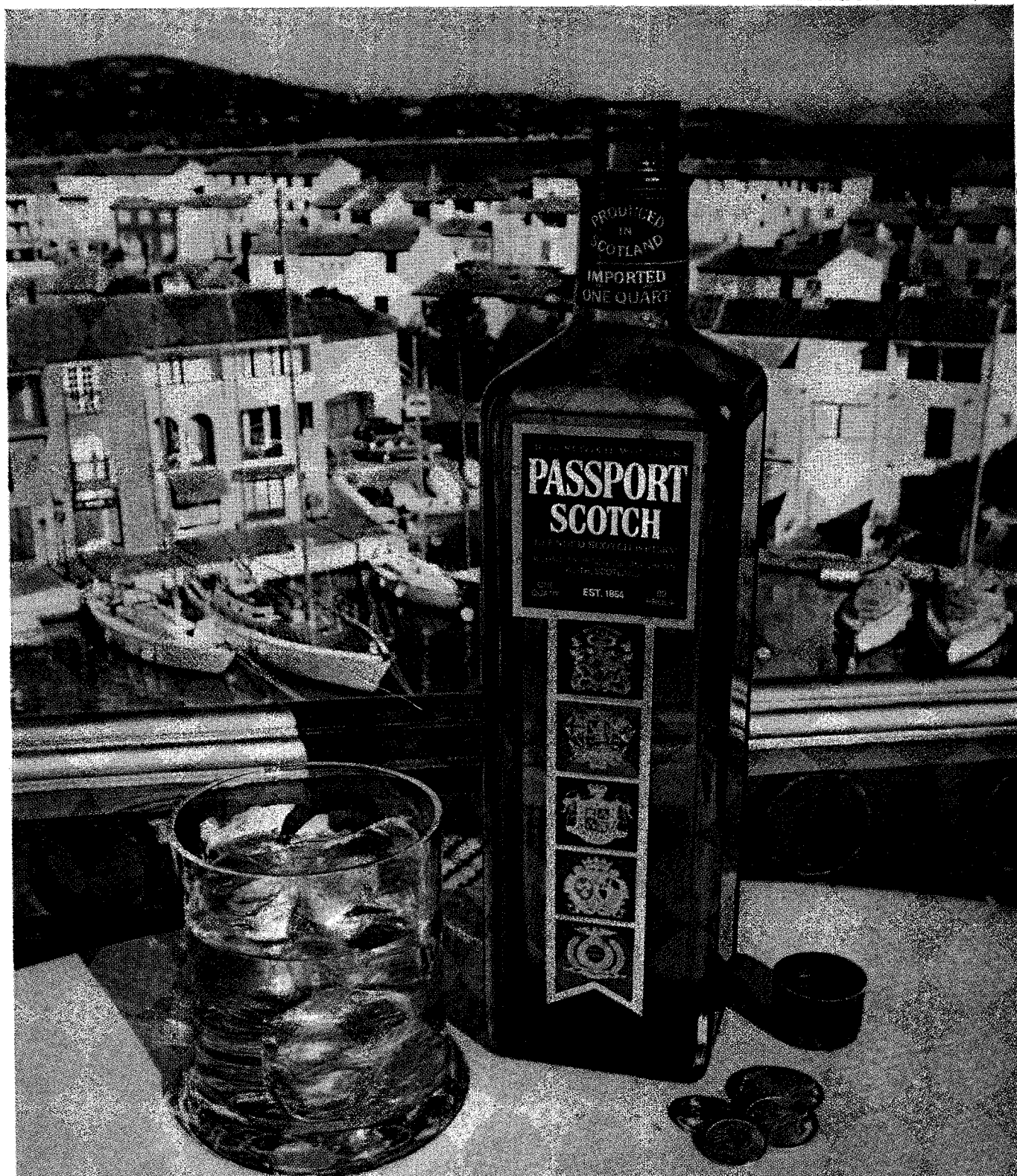
narrowed down to Spain's third preliminary objection—the question of whether the Belgian government was a party at interest and thus had the right to make a claim before the Court on behalf of a Canadian company. "It is common ground that from the economic viewpoint the company has been entirely paralyzed," the Court pointed out. But the question it put to itself was, "Has a right of Belgium been violated on account of its nationals' having suffered infringement of their rights as shareholders in a company not of Belgian nationality?"

Insistently—and, for the Belgian side, ominously—the Court proceeded

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to worry this question. In a previous case—*Liechtenstein v. Guatemala* in the matter of *Nottebohm*—Liechtenstein had complained that one of its citizens long resident in Guatemala had been deprived of his rights there under international law, and the Court had ruled in 1955 that, inasmuch as *Nottebohm* had been a German national for most of his life and had obtained Liechtenstein nationality late in 1939 simply to acquire the status of a neutral national in wartime, Liechtenstein was not entitled to make an international claim on his behalf. To that extent, there was a precedent for denying Belgium's right to make a claim against Spain on behalf of *Barcelona Traction*. But the Court was not disposed to decide the case on the basis of the *Nottebohm* precedent. There was also, it felt, a question of human rights to be considered. Such rights as they were recognized by the Court, it pointed out, included protection against denial of justice; however, "the instruments which embody human rights do not confer on States the capacity to protect the victims of infringements of such rights irrespective of their nationality." And the nationality of *Barcelona Traction* was, at least nominally, Canadian. That disposed of human rights. As to the question of ordinary fairness, as opposed to technical law, the Court declared, "The incorporation of the company under the law of Canada was an act of free choice. . . . When establishing a company in a foreign country, its promoters are normally impelled by particular considerations; it is often a question of tax or other advantages offered by the host state. It does not seem to be in any way inequitable that the advantages thus obtained should be balanced by the risks arising from the fact that the protection of the company and hence of its shareholders is thus entrusted to a State other than the national State of the shareholders. . . . The Court is not of the opinion that . . . *jus standi* is conferred on the Belgian government by considerations of equity." In other words, *Barcelona Traction* could be thought of as hoist on its own petard; it had made its big mistake back in 1911, when it incorporated itself in Canada to get a tax break. Then on to public policy as regards international affairs: "The Court considers that the adoption of the theory of diplomatic protection of shareholders as such . . . could create an atmosphere of confusion and insecurity in international economic relations."

All in all, a gloomy text for the Belgians, rolling on from argument to ar-

gument against their standing before the Court—a question that seemed to them to have been implicitly answered long since by the very willingness of the Court to take up its time through so many weary years with hearing arguments and reading submissions. Was it really possible to believe that the Supreme Court of the world, made up of leading jurists of many nations, could bring itself to deny a litigant's right to be heard before it, after it had heard that litigant and its opponent over the course of more than eleven years? At last, in Paragraph 102 of the Judgment, came a sudden note of encouragement for Belgium:

It has been argued on one side that unlawful acts had been committed by the Spanish judicial and administrative authorities, and that as a result of those acts Spain has incurred international responsibility. On the other side it has been argued that the activities of *Barcelona Traction* and its subsidiaries were conducted in violation of Spanish law and caused damage to the Spanish economy. If both contentions were substantiated, the truth of the latter would in no way provide justification in respect of the former.

That was to say that the gravamen of the Spanish case—that *Barcelona Traction's* past bad conduct in Spain disentitled it to protection against recent actions to its detriment there—was irrelevant, just as Belgium had contended all along.

It was a doomed man's last meal. A sentence later came the Court's death blow:

However, the possession by the Belgian Government of a right of protection is a prerequisite for the examination of these problems. Since no *jus standi* before the Court has been established, it is not for the Court in its Judgment to pronounce upon any other aspect of the case. . . . Accordingly, the Court rejects the Belgian Government's claim.

The vote was fifteen to one, and even the single pro-Belgian vote was a special case, almost a foregone conclusion. Under the Court's rules, in cases in which one side or the other (or both) has no judge of its own nationality on the bench, that side is entitled to appoint a judge ad hoc, to sit in that case only. Belgium, availing itself of this right, had appointed Willem Riphagen, legal adviser to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Netherlands, Belgium's close neighbor, and a former member of the Netherlands' delegation to the U.N. General Assembly. And it was Judge Riphagen who had cast the single dissenting vote. (Spain had had its own judge ad hoc—Enrique C. Armand-Ugon, of Uruguay—and he, ob-

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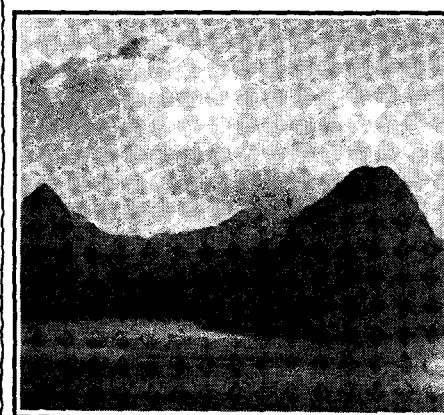
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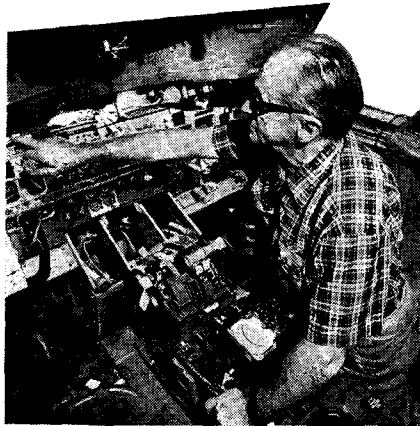


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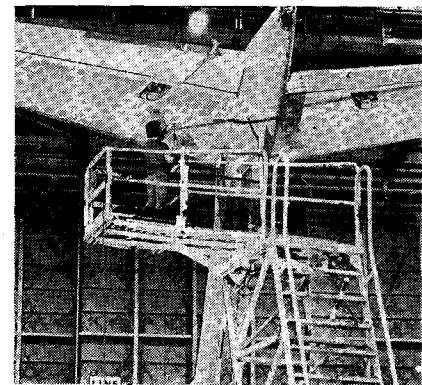
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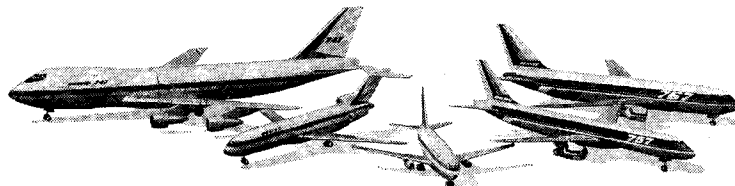
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viously, had voted Spain's way.) To be sure, several of the other judges, concurring in the Court's decision in separate opinions, had given radically different reasons for doing so. For example, Judge Gaetano Morelli, of Italy, had gone further than the other judges, flatly expressing the view that international law does not protect the interests of corporate stockholders in any circumstance; Judge André Gros, of France, had based his opinion on Spain's fourth objection rather than on its third; and Judge Kotaro Tanaka, of Japan, alone among the judges, had rejected all of Spain's objections and decided in Spain's favor on the merits of the case. The fact remained, though, that the Court, by unanimous vote of its regular members, had done what the Belgian side had thought impossible. It had been caught in the clownish act of having spent eleven years on a case that, according to its own belated decision, the complainant had not been entitled to bring before it in the first place.

THE Barcelona Traction decision caused an uproar, and not only among the lawyers for Belgium and their clients but in international-law circles in various countries. United States Secretary of State William P. Rogers, addressing the American Society of International Law in April, 1970, said that the Court's finding "has further eroded confidence in the Court." Detlev F. Vagts, a professor at the Harvard Law School, wrote in *Worldwide Projects & Industry Planning*, a journal for managers of international corporations, "The result in this case is somewhat depressing. Those who would like to see the I.C.J. become a stronger institution are disappointed." Francis Mann, the English solicitor who had done much of the pleading for Belgium since the new submission of the case in 1962, went beyond disappointment to downright depression. In an article in *The American Journal of International Law*, he spoke of "the truly astonishing fact that the unique and outstanding event that was at the root of the whole case"—the bankruptcy of Barcelona Traction at Reus in 1948—had not even been mentioned in the part of the Judgment in which the Court gave its reasoning. "The Judgment . . . has carried a new note into international law," Mann went on, "The idea and the ideals of international law have in the past not been circumscribed by legalism. The practice of international tribunals has, on the whole, been characterized by

careful analysis of the facts against the background of broad principles of law. Does the Judgment in *Barcelona Traction* inaugurate a new trend? . . . The Court [showed] disinclination to attend to the facts of the case. It must have thought them wholly irrelevant. . . . The Court subordinated facts to formal law. Legal conceptualism prevailed over realism."

And, of course, March had, as usual, prevailed over his opponents. Eight years dead, and scarcely considered more worthy of mention in commentaries on the case than the Reus bankruptcy had been in the Judgment, he had this time beaten nothing less than the international corporate and legal complex that more and more people have of late come to believe rules the Western world. Perhaps the best clues to the real meaning of the case are to be found in the remarks of some of the judges in their separate opinions. The American judge, Philip C. Jessup, quoted a legal-journal article as saying, "It is small wonder that difficulties arise when nineteenth-century precedents about outrageous behavior towards aliens residing in outlandish parts are sought to be pressed into service to yield principles apposite to . . . international investment," and stated that the case could not be looked upon as pitting rich against poor, in the nineteenth-century style. On the contrary, Jessup said, "Basically the conflict was between a powerful Spanish financial group and a comparable non-Spanish group. This case cannot be said to evoke problems of 'neo-colonialism.'" But Judge Fouad Ammoun, of Lebanon, from his perspective as a citizen of a poor country, tended toward an almost opposite view. In considering the case, Judge Ammoun wrote, "One cannot help thinking . . . of the large companies which continue to undertake the exploitation of the natural resources of the less developed countries, including their agricultural, timber and mineral wealth, their oil production, and also their transport and other public or municipal services." And he added, "An equitable sharing of the profits is mandatory."

If an implied moral right of citizens of poor nations to rob those of rich nations was a hidden motif of the decision, a more overt one was the simple inadequacy of international law in its present state of development to deal with the issue of whether or not such a right exists. Judge Sir Gerald Gray Fitzmaurice, of Britain, stated in his separate opinion that he had voted with the majority of the Court "with some

reluctance," and went on to explain, "I... hold it to be an unsatisfactory state of the law that obliges the Court to refrain from pronouncing on the substantive merits of the Belgian claim, on the basis of what is really... somewhat of a technicality.... International law must... be regarded as deficient and underdeveloped in this field." President Bustamante, in his separate opinion, spoke of "the insufficient development of the law in its present stage of evolution." And Judge Ammoun, even though he voted in favor of Spain with what seemed to be enthusiasm, mentioned "the overall problem of the development of modern international law in the face of recent transformations in international life."

The International Court existed, and exists, in part to repair such insufficient development by developing new law to meet new situations. However, it does not always do so. In the Barcelona Traction case, it failed—just as maritime courts for many centuries, up to the middle of the nineteenth, had failed, because the underdevelopment of maritime law in those times made it powerless to deal with the realities of piracy and privateering. The International Court had said, in effect, that only Canada would have been competent to bring the Barcelona Traction case—and Canada, since its citizens had virtually no economic stake in that company, had little interest in the whole matter and, understandably, felt disinclined to bring the case. The inevitable conclusion is that, as the Court interpreted international law, for practical purposes no nation was competent to bring the Barcelona Traction case before it. The many other international corporations that, like Barcelona Traction, have their headquarters and their charter in one country, the majority of their stockholders in another or others, and their business in still others were thus served notice that, again for practical purposes, recourse to the International Court when a company is damaged in any country other than that of its charter is not available. And, as Arthur Dean has pointed out, with international corporations getting bigger and bigger and their ownership more and more dispersed, this situation is becoming increasingly common. It constitutes, Dean believes, "a real vacuum in international law." More Juan Marches—and, if there are to be more, the next will be African or Latin American—may be expected to notice the opportunity thus offered, and to seize it. If, as René Dubos has contended, human health does not steadily



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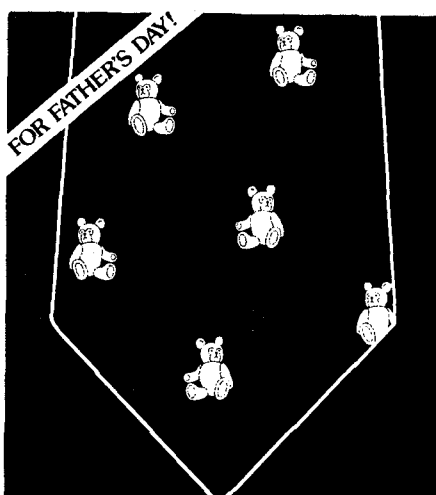
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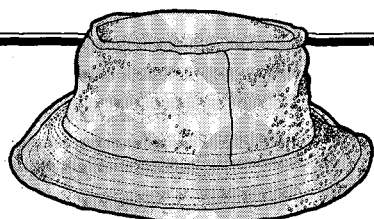
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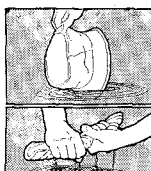
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improve—if, instead, vanished diseases are merely replaced by new, emerging ones—it may be that, similarly, international social aggression is not conquered or eliminated but merely changes forms and methods, and that the onetime pirates and privateers have their counterparts in modern international financiers. The lesson of the Barcelona Traction case is that an economic privateer in the nineteen-seventies may sail and ply his trade on seas of paper with little fear of intervention by international law.

IN the autumn of 1977, I went to London and talked to Francis Mann. Originally German, he came to London in 1933 as a refugee from Hitler, and there established himself as a member of the solicitors' firm of Herbert Smith & Company—of which he became senior partner—and as one of the world's leading authorities on international law. I found him in his room in his firm's quarters, at 62 London Wall—a modest room, in the style of tradition-minded London solicitors, with an electric heater, leather chairs, and shelves of worn lawbooks reaching to the ceiling. Mann himself I found to be a smallish man of seventy, with an air of mildness which I quickly learned could change in an instant to one of fierceness. "We lost," he said reflectively when I brought up the Barcelona Traction case. Perhaps a half minute went by while he stared at the ceiling with the tips of his fingers together, evidently thinking back. Then he suddenly fixed me with a stare so intense as to be disconcerting. "We lost," he repeated, and then said again, this time just above a whisper, "*We lost!*" I could not believe it was possible that we would—certainly not on those grounds. And the whole thing is a monstrous situation. That the merits of such a case as that could simply be brushed aside by the Court in favor of a technicality! Let's be realistic: we are not entitled to expect decency from a national government—any national government. But let us suppose that there *were* such decency. What would happen? A government that had won a case on such grounds as Spain won the Barcelona Traction case would come forward and say, 'All right, now let the merits of this matter be submitted to a new tribunal. Let it not be decided permanently on technical subtleties.'" After a gloomy pause, Mann added, in a flat voice, "Law is words. It's only a question of finding the right words."

Listening to Mann's words—com-

ing, as they were, from one long known as a dreamer of a world peacefully ordered by international law and, at the same time, as a hardheaded man of affairs, who had devoted himself to such practical tasks as being lifelong legal counsellor to the oil heir Nubar Gulbenkian—I found that I, too, was profoundly depressed. Seven years after the end of the Barcelona Traction case, Mann still seemed to be suffering something like shock about the state of international law which it had revealed. Thinking about that shock, I found I could not feel that it had been produced entirely by the decision of The Hague court or the subsequent failure of the Spanish government to suggest some sort of rehearing. It seemed to have something in common with the shock that had been felt, at various times over the preceding three-quarters of a century, by such antagonists of March's as the Garaus of Algiers, Cambó, Primo de Rivera, the Spanish Republic itself, Heineman, Wilmers, and Frère. Even though Mann had never met March, and March had died at almost exactly the time when Mann first became involved in the Barcelona Traction case, Mann's shock seemed to be very much akin to that experienced by all those who had ever ventured to stand in the way of the last—or perhaps not the last—pirate of the Mediterranean.

The obsequies for March's greatest victim, Barcelona Traction, had been pronounced more than two years before I talked with Mann: in June, 1975, when Frans H. Terlinck, the nominal president of the empty shell of a company, issued its first annual report to stockholders since 1946—the year when all the trouble began with the failure of the Plan of Compromise. Terlinck reported that the original shares of Ebro and of Barcelona Traction's other operating subsidiaries—the shares that had been declared void by March's men and the Spanish courts in 1951—had on June 18, 1974, been sold by the National Trust Company of Toronto, which then still held them as trustee, to SIDRO for the sum of \$1,897,643, which was precisely the amount that SIDRO had already advanced to the Canadian trustee and receiver for fees and expenses in the twenty-six years between 1948 and 1974. SIDRO had then sold these shares through a London bank, for the same sum, to "an undisclosed principal." (That principal was later reported to have been none other than FECSA, the Spanish holder of the "duplicate" shares that had been created for

its and March's pleasure. FECSA had apparently bought the original shares, worthless though they seemed to be, as insurance against any future legal trouble.) After reviewing the events since 1948—the bankruptcy, the creation of the duplicate shares and their sale, the application to the International Court of Justice, the withdrawal for the purpose of negotiating, the failure of the negotiations, the reapplication, the eight-year Court debate, and, finally, the Judgment—Terlinck concluded his death certificate for Barcelona Traction. He wrote, simply:

There are no funds available for the shareholders.... The shareholders of this Company have been deprived of their entire investment....

Thus, your board of directors regrets to state that, despite immense efforts, it has been impossible to obtain any judgment on the merits in any forum of competent jurisdiction in which the Company was or should have been afforded the opportunity to be heard on the merits. Left saddled with liabilities and with no assets, the Company is henceforth unable to seek in any forum the redress which it equitably deserves.

Although there are no present favourable indications whatsoever, one may not altogether exclude all hope that responsible persons in authority may one day recognize that this Company and its shareholders should obtain compensation.

We cannot terminate this summary recital of a lost struggle which has extended over a period of twenty-eight years, without acknowledging a debt of gratitude to the Governments of Canada, Belgium and the United Kingdom for their support.

No reports to the shareholders have since been issued, and none are ever likely to be.

—JOHN BROOKS

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

THE PUBLISHING LIFE

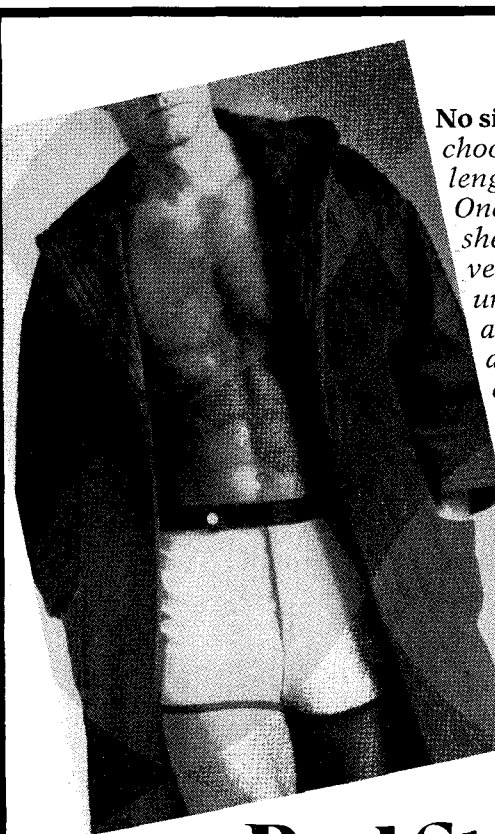
Ms. Hughes said her organization has done work with the National Organization for Women (NOW) as part of an effort to make public television a forum for such groups as women, winos and poor people.—*Fort Worth Star-Telegram*.

CORRECTION

Because of a malfunction in an electronic copy scanning device, the word "minorities" was read as "minos," and was subsequently edited to read "winos" in a Thursday Evening Star-Telegram story about minority representation in public broadcasting.—*Ibid.*, the following day.

It is a haunting piece, in which language serves as the vehicle for thought.—*Ernst Pawel in the Times Book Review*.

Positively spooky.

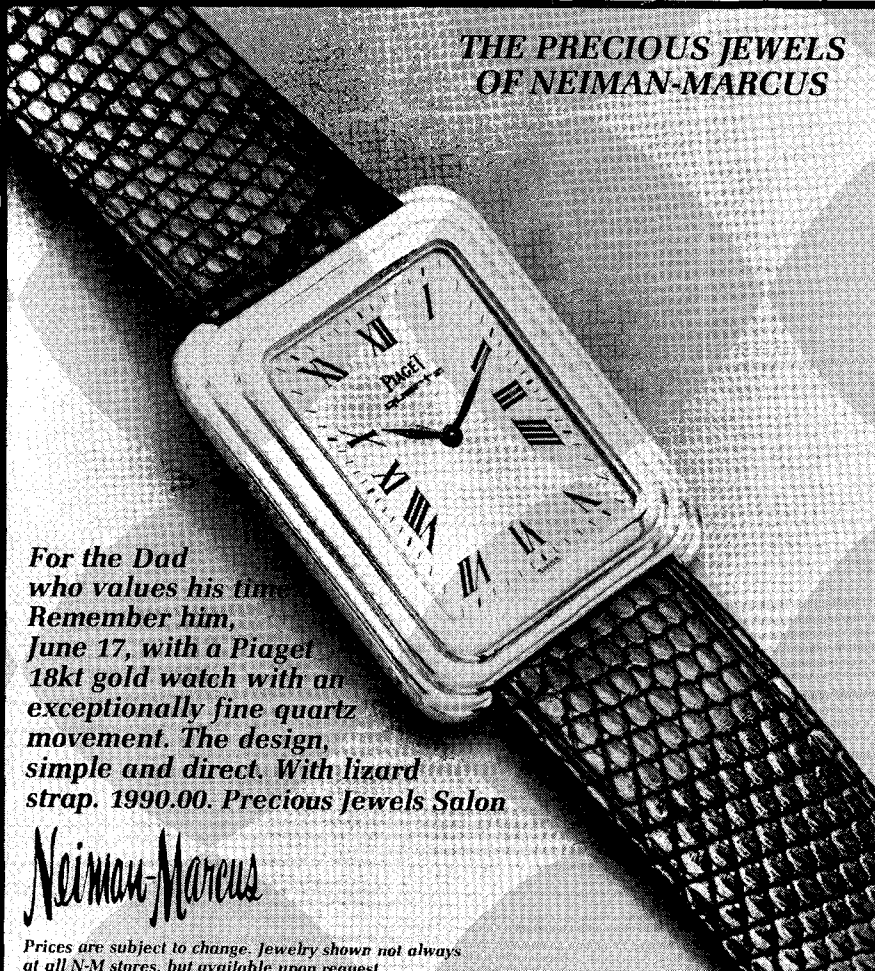


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THE THEATRE

No Magic Fingers

I HAD such a good time at the opening night of "Murder at the Howard Johnson's" (at the John Golden, which itself wouldn't be the *worst* name in the world for a motel) that I expected to hear it hailed in the marketplace as the "War and Peace" of sit-coms, but no such thing—its notices were, as the saying goes, mixed, and off the boards it went, after four performances. A pity, because it was an excellent specimen of its kind: agreeable nonsense performed at high speed, gag after gag, by three able masters of the double take—Bob Dishy, Tony Roberts, and Joyce Van Patten. The authors, Ron Clark and Sam Bobrick, practice a sort of literary tunnel vision; they resist every temptation to tell a likely story about real people, and concentrate instead upon telling an unlikely story about unreal people, working for laughs at whatever cost to common sense. They pay out their lines

one at a time in a fever of hope, like children playing slapjack, and at first we laugh not because the lines are witty but because they are unexpected, and later we laugh in expectation of their unexpectedness. A formula, simple-seeming but difficult to bring off, and I don't recommend it to amateur acting groups in the suburbs.

The husband, wife, and lover who make up the entire cast of "Murder at the Howard Johnson's" are so literal-minded that only the facts in a given sentence can get their attention; the import escapes them. As a consequence, the horrifying crime they propose carrying out—murder by drowning or shooting or defenestration or hanging, for each method proves to have its attractions—bears little relationship to the conversations it has prompted; the three chatter on contentedly about small personal concerns, like the husband's taste in haberdashery

and the quality of the lover's professional handiwork. (He is, poor devil, a dentist, and dentists are always good for a giggle.) It turns out that the husband is timid about wearing bright colors and that the lover has bungled some bridgework; meanwhile, the bathtub is filling, and wife and lover will soon be tipping the trussed-up husband into it. Just then, the wife begins to worry about temperature; in cozy domestic fashion, she recalls how much her husband dislikes cold water. So the evening passes for the audience, as the venue for the crime moves from one Howard Johnson's to another, and the time from one national holiday to the next, while the identity of the victim-to-be is also subject to constant change. In the end, nobody dies, in part because none of them can keep his mind fixed on matters of substance, and in part because they are all so incompetent; even the erection of a simple, old-fashioned scaffold is discovered to be beyond their capacity.

There are but two acts in "Murder;" I would have been glad to sit through four, provided I could have watched, at regular intervals, the rolling of Mr. Dishy's improbable eyes, the croaking of his voice raised to the *n*th degree of incredulity. At one moment of imminent peril, he claims to have seen Death; later, in the midst of an apparent massive heart attack, he claims to have seen Death again, and he exclaims, in awe and gratitude, "He recognized me!" Maybe "Murder" isn't the "War and Peace" of sit-coms, but I'm prepared to call it "The Brothers Karamazov." Set design by Karl Eigsti (easy enough, because if you've seen one Howard Johnson's bedroom you've seen them all), lighting by Richard Nelson, costumes by Sara Brook, and direction by Marshall W. Mason.

—BRENDAN GILL



"Preston, must you bid in your Donald Duck voice?"

OFF BROADWAY

Trial

ABE POLSKY's "Devour the Snow," at the Hudson Guild through June 3rd, is an overblown melodrama—a trial for slander brought by one Lewis Keseberg, a German-born survivor of the Donner Party, against three other survivors, who have accused him of murder and robbery. The time is May, 1847, a few weeks after Keseberg's rescue. Keseberg, who, according to the defendants, killed his fellow-travellers trapped in the snow, and in one instance plundered the dead, has refused legal aid, insisting on prosecuting his own case and calling his own

witnesses. In the course of the testimony, much of it delivered at high pitch, all the facts about the Donner Party are told—for the last time, I hope. We are all overinformed about this horror story, which has no more to do with tragedy than has the Jonestown slaughter of some months ago.

Any trial is, of course, prefabricated drama; in this instance, it is also fabricated drama. That the trial did take place is a matter of history, but, according to a note in the program, the court records no longer exist. The script is serviceable enough—as suitable to movies or to television as it is to the stage—but most of the interest of the show lies in the performance, under Terry Schreiber's direction. In the leading role of Keseberg—angry, heartbroken, defiant, and feeling himself to be a victim of xenophobic rancor—Jon De Vries combines emotional range and power with a masculinity that is rare indeed in this sort of role: no snivelling, no tears. Among the other anthropophagi, Edward Seamon, James Ray Weeks, and Philip Oxnam are admirable as the accused slanderers; so is Berkeley Harris as the man chosen to defend them. Paul David Richards is the presiding magistrate; Bob Ari is a sheriff; Berit Lagerwall is Mrs. Keseberg; Gloria Maddox is another wife who got away; and William Andrews is an Army captain hired by the survivors to lead what amounts to a treasure hunt among the frozen, gnawed remains. All of them are good. Steven Rubin's setting, as lighted by Dennis Parichy, and the costumes, by David Murin, contribute a sense of time and place. "Devour the Snow," which closes the current season at the Hudson Guild, is also the final show to be produced there under the distinguished artistic direction of the resident producer, Craig Anderson, who is moving on, but not, one hopes, away.

"LAST DAYS AT THE DIXIE GIRL CAFÉ," at Theatre Four, is a disturbing, sometimes amusing, and ultimately very depressing play by Robin Swicord. The setting is said café, in a small town in Georgia, on the day before the wedding of the proprietress—an aging virgin, whose considerable sexuality has been funnelled off into religious nuttiness—to a middle-aged, war-crazed bigot. Also present are the bigot's adolescent daughter, who is completing her education in the R.O.T.C., having won a fellowship there for baton-twirling; the bigot's son—a sullen Navy veteran—and his miserable and miserably treated wife.

Much time is taken by the groom's railing against Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman, and other Communists who gave away the secrets of the atom bomb, and by the bride's overwrought, extremely intimate conversations with God. These addled monsters, trying though they are to listen to, unfortunately are all too believable, and every line they and the others speak rings true. Bible-belt lunacy aside, many of the details are funny and telling, rooting the action firmly in that awful Southern town, which is made to seem as real and as remote (from West Fifty-fifth Street) as a settlement on Mars. Most of the strength of the play, though, is in its characters, the members of the younger generation being as well observed and as fully drawn as their elders, and somewhat easier to be with. There is, however, little, if any, dramatic urgency—little effort to capture and hold the audience's attention—which, under the disagreeable circumstances, is especially necessary. The acting, under Lynn M. Thomson's direction, seems right in every case. The actors are Lorna Johnson (bride), Ronald Johnson (groom), Lisa Brown (daughter), Robert Schenckan (son), and Julie Nesbitt (daughter-in-law). Setting by Don Jensen.

IN its flawed revival at the Roundabout, "Awake and Sing!," Clifford Odets' play about a Jewish family in the Bronx during the Depression, could be dismissed as dated, were it not for another flawed revival nine years ago, which at least affirmed the play's vigor and permanence. The trouble this time lies in the disastrous casting of a couple of the principal roles. The only reason for mentioning the show at all is to cite the good work of Patricia Mauceri as the daughter of the family, and of Peter Silbert as the unlucky fellow who is tricked into marrying her.

—EDITH OLIVER

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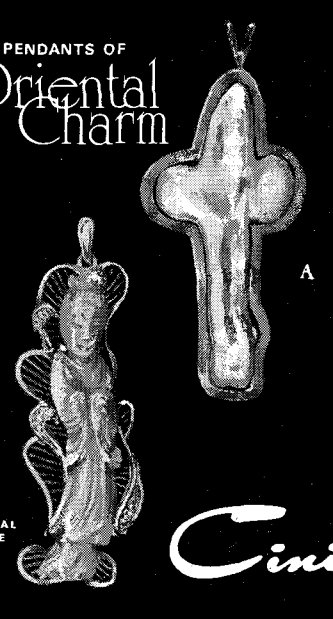
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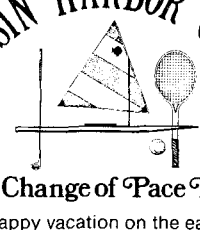
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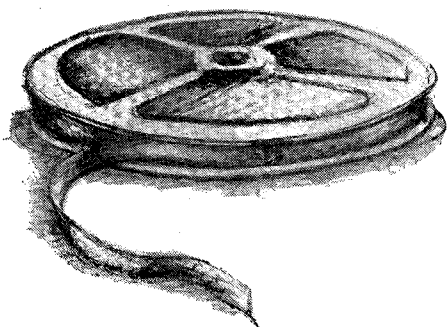
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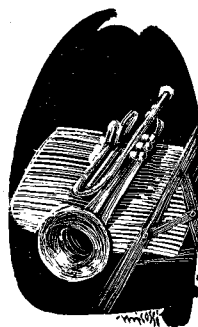
JAZZ

Idol

KEITH JARRETT, the thirty-four-year-old Pennsylvania pianist, composer, and musical phenomenon, has his own pedestal. His admirers, who are legion, have put it up, and they haven't stinted. They have made it possible for him to be paid over ten thousand dollars for a one-and-a-half-hour solo concert, and for his record label (ECM) to issue a ten-L.P. album ("Sun Bear Concerts") that sells for seventy-five dollars. They sit in worshipful silence at the outset of his concerts while he lectures them on comportment, and after he has played they show a fervor that would have pleased Liszt. Jarrett doesn't look like a matinée idol. He is of medium height and almost skinny. He affects an Afro hairdo, which crowns a set of triangles—a small, wedgelike face with a sharp nose and jack-o'-lantern eyes. But he is a Dionysian performer. His music possesses him, and he goes through a continuous seamless dance at the keyboard which forms a hypnotic visual counterpoint to his music. He rarely sits on the piano bench. He half crouches, sometimes slipping so low that when he occasionally throws his arms in the air it appears he is about to catch the lip of the keyboard to keep from plunging into the abyss. He rotates his shoulders and rocks back and forth. He twists his head, jerks it, ducks it, and throws it back. His face passes through demonic contortions. All the while, he hums in unison falsetto or issues loud ecstatic "ohhhhh"s—missiles of emotion that both applaud his efforts and warn the audience that it is in the presence of empyrean doings. These doings cannot be classified except by saying that he plays an improvised piano music that anthologizes much of the Western (classical and jazz) and Oriental music of the past couple of centuries. A Jarrett performance may reflect and refract Bill Evans, Indian ragas, Ray Bryant, Stephen Foster, Chopin, Dave Brubeck, Cecil Taylor, Beethoven, Art Tatum, Debussy, Bud Powell, Brahms, the blues, Rachmaninoff, Gospel music, Bach, Horace Silver, Lennie Tristano, flamenco music, folk songs, the "Warsaw Concerto," McCoy Tyner, George Gershwin, the "Bolero," boogie-woogie, and Liszt. These structures have grown encyclopedic. One of them may last three-quarters of an hour, and may go

something like this: Jarrett begins with a ground bass and open Debussy chords. He pedals slowly along in this mode, then shifts into another ground bass and develops a repeated single-note figure in the right hand, which becomes flamencan before it ascends into the upper registers and evaporates.

A third ground bass materializes (repetition is the backbone of his playing), and he begins hitting hard, offbeat right-hand chords. He repeats these metronomically and then maddeningly for a minute or so and, suddenly stopping, switches to a passage of soul soap with a heavy, rolling bass and dense Ray Bryant right-hand chords. The Debussy opening passes in re-



view again and is transformed into a Bill Evans ballad, which eventually closes with parallel Bach runs. A waltz rounds the corner (despite Jarrett's varying rhythms, there are no rhythmic surprises in his work), and he plays very softly, just at the threshold of sound. He keeps whispering this waltzing softness until the listener falls under a spell. But Jarrett is a masterly melodramatist, who knows precisely when to shift scenes. The waltz fades away, and he lunges into a crowd of dissonant chords, letting them grind against one another until all that remains is a lullaby left hand, which supports a Rachmaninoff melody in the right hand. This is spun out languorously in widely spaced single notes in the highest register—notes that are struck like chimes in an intense, slow-motion legato. He grows softer and softer, over a period of minutes, and the notes become bells in the far distance, and stop. There is a long pause—for his audiences have learned that they must not tread on his skirts—and the roar begins.

The "Sun Bear" album (ECM-X-1100) consists of ten such edifices, built at five concerts given between November 5 and November 18, 1976, at Kyōto, Ōsaka, Nagoya, Tokyo, and Sapporo. Jarrett will probably never surpass them, even though they surpass the celebrated Köln concert of a year and a half before. Their density and texture and movement, their dynamics and occasional virtuosity are dazzling, and so are the lyrical patches that turn up, particularly in the second part of the Kyōto concert and the first part of the Nagoya. These patches sound like improvisations on

such numbers as "Summertime" and "I Loves You Porgy" or like reworkings of a yearning ascending-descending blues motif that appears again and again in his work. They light up the failings in the musical landscape around them. Despite Jarrett's outward prolixity and his poetic flashes, the emotional content of his work is on a level with that of Thomas Wolfe and Judy Garland and Cecil B. De Mille. The playing is bravura and self-indulgent, like a dandy constantly changing clothes. It moons and shouts and daydreams. It is an improvised music that feeds on itself.

JARRETT began as a jazz pianist in the early sixties, working with Art Blakey and Tony Scott and Charles Lloyd. He caused a small sensation when he appeared with Lloyd at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1966. Lloyd let Jarrett loose on one number, and he played a long, complex rhapsody that seemed startling and highly original. Only Cecil Taylor and Dave Brubeck played that sort of heavy, Wagnerian chordal piano. Jarrett's oceanic solo concerts have carried him a considerable distance from his origins, and, perhaps to redress this, he has begun working again in selected jazz clubs with a quartet. (Jan Garbarek is on tenor saxophone, Jon Christensen on drums, and Palle Danielsson on bass. The first two are Norwegian, and the third is Swedish.) In New York, he chose the Village Vanguard, because its owner, Max Gordon, was the only one who would hire his trio in the sixties. He told Gordon that he would charge him only a thousand dollars a night but that Gordon could ask only six dollars and fifty cents at the door—presumably to allow the faithful to encamp without undue economic anxiety. Gordon agreed (he also agreed to have the piano tuned twice a night), and Jarrett played at the Vanguard last week for five days. Gordon can handle something under three hundred people a night, and by opening day he was sold out for the week and had turned away at least a thousand reservations. There weren't many surprises in the music except that it had a distinct jazz flavor. Each number had ensembles, a sounded beat, and solos. Garbarek, who has the clipped, sing-song style that came out of hard bop, took a couple of lengthy solos, but the rest of the time he provided chordal backdrops or was silent while Christensen and Danielsson pumped away behind Jarrett. Jarrett shaped solo after solo, each full of the likes of Bach and Monk and Beethoven and Copland

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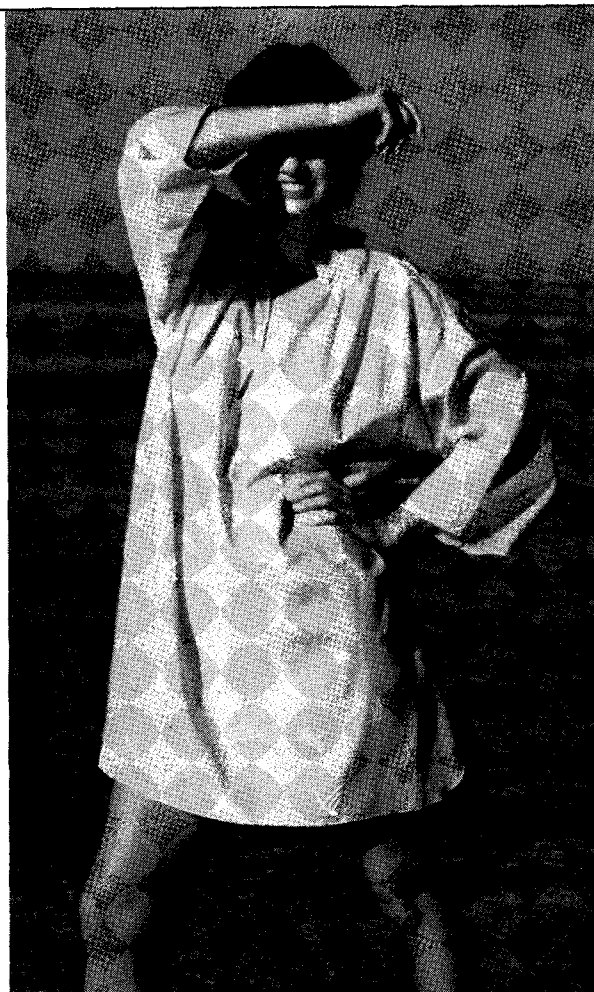
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and Coleman and Evans and Debussy and Gershwin. At the same time, he undulated like sea grass, moved his shoulders as if he were inching across no man's land, made serpentine motions with his neck and head, and fired off countless booming "ohhhhh"s. In between piano solos, he secreted himself behind a pillar at one side of the bandstand and played the timbales with ferocious abandon. The room was awash with awe at the end of the long first set, and the line of waiting acolytes stretched up the steps and down Seventh Avenue.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

WATCH FIRES

The thunder, approaching—
or moving off?—
mumbles
in the darkness,

reciting the names
of cities, rivers, and towns
marked by echoes
on its damp itinerary.

One by one,
beginning in the south,
the stars, organized
into constellations,
dwindle and go out

as the storm,
nearer now, flickers
on the other side
of a low hill,
like a camp fire (or fires)
banked against the wind.

Three, two, one . . .
Something was struck.
The sound of history,
a tree turned
suddenly into white lumber,
arrives in time
to rattle our windows
and nerves.

And then,
soft, but steady
like a sustained applause,
the rain,

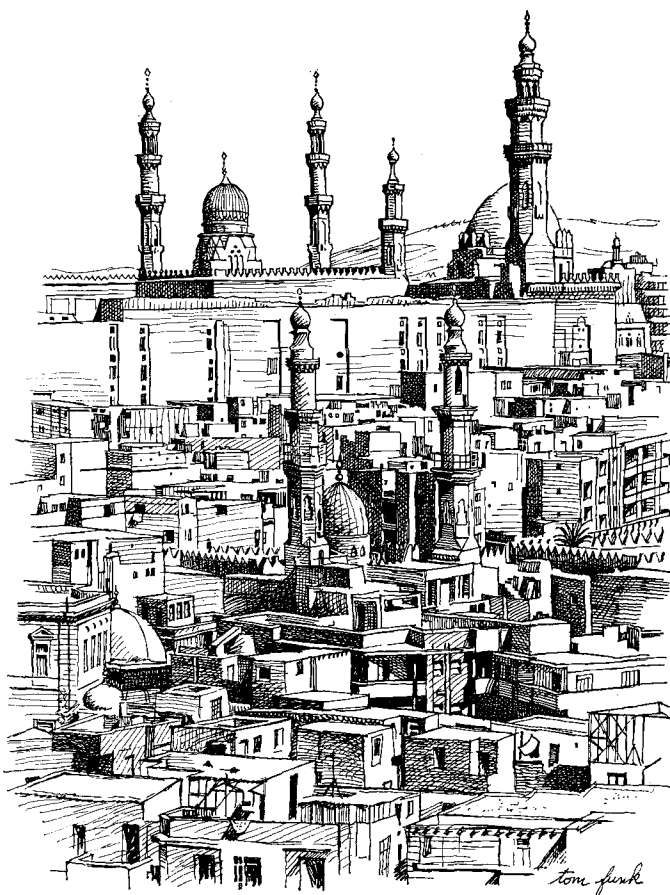
ending, too conventionally, perhaps,
in the small hours
before dawn,
leaving for our only company
the cold watch
fires of the stars
consumed *already* by the history
we are waiting on
to happen.

—JAMES HENSON

LETTER FROM EGYPT

PRESIDENT ANWAR SADAT is bringing Egypt to terms with Israel in a manner fit for the country that gave the world Cleopatra, the sweets at Grop-pi's Café, the Gezira Sport-ing Club, and those most magnificent of all monu-ments—the pyramids. He opened with the dazzling trip to Jerusalem in No-vember of 1977. His per-formance at the Camp David summit in Septem-ber of 1978 provided a suitable encore. He topped that by wrapping up the final details of a peace treaty at a meeting with Prime Minister Menachem Begin in Washington only hours before the spectacular signing ceremony televised around the world from the North Lawn of the White House. Prior to exchanging the instruments of treaty ratification with Israel in the Sinai Desert, on April 25th, he had the document approved in overwhelming votes both by the People's Assembly, or parlia-ment (329 to 13, with one abstention and seventeen absent members not vot-ing), and by a national referendum (99.95 per cent of the voters approved the treaty). Negotiations on one of Sadat's most coveted objectives—au-tonomy for the West Bank and for the Gaza Strip—have already begun; and before the end of May he will receive, at a ceremony in al-Arish, the first slice of territory in the Sinai due to revert to Egypt under the treaty. "We never had a chance to oppose him," former Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy, who resigned to protest the Jerusalem visit, complained in a recent chat with me. "He dramatized events to make it seem there was a black-and-white choice between peace and war. It was peace by circus."

En route home from the treaty-sign-ing ceremonies in Washington, Presi-dent Sadat stopped in Bonn for a visit with Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, and there I arranged to board his plane for the trip to Cairo. A few hours in Bonn—where Sadat discussed German economic aid to Egypt—afforded in-timations of Sadat's mood. "He's on a trip, nine miles high," an Egyptian minister said to me. A European dip-omat reported this comment from



Schmidt: "Sadat didn't come here just to get money. He thinks I'm a fan. He mainly wanted an audience." On the plane, the atmosphere was that of a royal court. Sadat and his handsome wife, Jihan, occupied a comfortable forward cabin with berths and a sitting room. Behind them, in what amounted to the steerage of a Boeing 707, there was jumbled together a mixed bag of ministers, attendants, secretaries, and security personnel. Only one of those in the cheap seats moved easily into the Presidential quarters: Osman Ahmed Osman, a millionaire contractor and a buddy of the President, sometimes known as Sadat's Bebe Rebozo; one of his sons is married to one of the President's daughters. Several minis-ters, including the one who had talked to me in Bonn, tucked themselves away in corner seats where they would be almost certain not to attract the attention of the President. Mustafa Khalil—a tall, broad-shouldered, square-faced former engineer, who now serves as both Prime Minister and Foreign Minister—kept an anxious watch on the forward cabin and the comings and goings there. When I was summoned for an audience, he came along.

President Sadat looked trim and was, as usual, nattily dressed. I asked

him how he felt about the way things were tending. "Very good," he said. "Very, very good."

When I asked why, he responded with a rundown on the Arab leaders who at a summit meeting in Bagh-dad after Camp David "op-posed my peace initiative."

He began by saying, "I'm astonished and amazed by King Hussein of Jordan. He's just an ex-tremist. One day, he's an extremist on the side of peace with Israel and alli-ance with America. The next day, he's an extremist on the side of the rejec-tionist front. He used to have secret meetings with the Israelis and be the main American ally in the area. I thought he would be happy with the treaty. It would have given Jordan police powers in the two areas where the Palestinians are to gain autonomy—the West Bank and the Gaza

Strip. But that's not enough for him. His maneuver now is to win the sup-port of the Palestinians and the Syri-ans to go after Carter and me. He wants our efforts to collapse, so we will be obliged to go to him and ask him to save the situation for us. But that's unreal."

Sadat continued, "Then, there's Qaddafi, in Libya. He's in very shaky condition. The other day, twenty off-icers were shot. He himself went out to the airport in Tripoli to witness the executions. He's very nervous. He has called in some East Germans. He has reinforced his Army with sixty Syrian planes. He has Cubans there, and Bul-garians. Every day, his situation is de-teriorating."

"In Syria, Assad is in a lot of trou-ble. He is full of complexes about Egypt. First, because he belongs to the Alawite sect—a small minority, which means he has no real popularity in his own country. Second, because he is a leader of the Arab Ba'th Socialist Party, which means he emphasizes non-Egyptian leadership over the Arab world. He has to push his own case by abusing me. His aim is to substitute Syria for Egypt as the leader of the Arab world. That's how he became em-broiled in the Lebanese civil war. He poses as *le Lion de la Grande Syrie*. As-

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sad means 'lion' in Arabic, and 'la Grande Syrie' is French for 'Greater Syria,' meaning a combination of Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, and Israel. Assad thought the Lebanese intervention would last a week, perhaps a month. Hussein was behind him, and he figured that with Jordan and Lebanon in his bag he would replace Egypt. In reality, years have gone by. He has sunk deeper and deeper into the Lebanese quagmire. We did him a favor at a conference in Saudi Arabia in 1976 when we set up an Arab Defense Force to protect Lebanon against Israel. The idea was that the A.D.F. would be a cover, a kind of shelter. Behind the shelter, he could withdraw Syrian forces without losing face. But he didn't take advantage of it. Finally, the Saudis lost patience. They have withdrawn their forces from the A.D.F. in Lebanon. Sooner or later, they will stop paying Assad the subsidies he needs to keep his forces there. Then he will have to withdraw. He will have to meet his fate without any shelter. So the next six months will see the end of Assad. He has recently tried to save his neck by forging an alliance with Iraq. But it cannot work, any more than putting a cat and some mice in the same box. Since the First World War, Iraq—and the First World War was the start of Iraq—has always been determined to stop any collective action led by Egypt in the Arab world. Iraq is full of complexes and of hate toward Egypt. Iraq wants to be the architect of the Greater Palestine. But mark my word, and mark it well: Iraq is, and will continue to be, a country of no weight and no influence in the Arab world.

"Then we come to the Palestine Liberation Organization. Yasir Arafat has never been in control. The P.L.O. is a true picture of the rejectionist camp. There is a Libyan faction, a Syrian faction, and an Iraqi faction. They hate each other. Yasir Arafat doesn't have any authority. He can't make decisions. The other day, he asked the Saudis to embargo oil shipments to America. That was a strategic blunder. It would have been logical to ask the Saudis to cut back production. But to ask them to cut off all oil shipments only betrays the depth of his malice. The Saudis can never accept that.

"The Saudis, of course, are important. They are afraid of the Palestinians and the Iraqis, and sometimes they go along with them. They are also afraid of South Yemen, and the Pal-

estinians and Iraqis and Jordanians and Syrians pretend to help the Saudis by checking any invasion from South Yemen. But in the end the Saudis will always align themselves with Egypt and the United States. They know that the Iraqis and the Syrians made South Yemen behave because the United States started to send military aid to North Yemen. They know they can count on aid from us. Among Saudi Arabia, Egypt, and the United States, there is a deep community of strategic interest."

I asked Sadat about the role of the United States in the area. He said, "I used to say that America had ninety-nine per cent of the cards. When your country disagreed, I said it had ninety-nine point nine per cent of the cards. But now that is changed. Now the burden

is mainly on us in the area. The burden is mainly on me and Begin. I used to say that the problem between me and Begin, between Egypt and Israel, was seventy-five per cent psychological. But just before signing the peace treaty I met Begin alone for the first time. We talked for two hours. Now I can tell you the problem is eighty-five per cent psychological. For instance, I once pledged that we would sign three versions of the peace treaty: an Arabic text in Egypt, an English text in Washington, and a Hebrew text in Jerusalem. But before Begin came to Washington for the signing he said Jerusalem was the capital of Israel and would be the capital forever. So I said I couldn't go there to sign a treaty. When he came to see me in Washington, the first question he asked was whether I would come to Jerusalem to sign. I said no. He said that I had made a commitment. I said that that was right but that what he had said changed the atmosphere, so I wasn't going to go. He asked if he could visit Cairo, and I thought that that wouldn't make any difference, so I said yes. The next question he raised was about oil. Israel had originally agreed to turn the Sinai fields over to us four months after signing the treaty. Now he wanted to change that to nine months. I said, 'You have already held the oil fields for twelve years. What difference does a few more months make? Have it your way.' He is always trying to make things hard instead of easy. But I have a lot of cards up my sleeve.

"This is going to be an important year, a turning point in our history. We will have parliamentary ratification of the treaty, and a plebiscite, and then

a discussion all over the country—in the unions, in the schools, in the universities. We will have a constitutional amendment permitting many parties and democracy. We will have an ambitious program for agriculture. We will build satellite cities around Cairo to relieve the population pressure, and many new cities. This is a very exciting time. You are witnessing the creation of a new nation, a model for the Third World."

WHEN we reached Cairo, thousands of people were at the airport to greet Sadat, and a crowd estimated by the Egyptian police to number two million lined the fifteen-mile route followed by the President's motorcade from the airfield to his official residence, in Giza, a suburb of Cairo. As far as I could tell, the crowd was wholly representative. There were men and women, old people and children, the lame, the halt, and the blind. Middle-class couples in suits and dresses rubbed shoulders with bearded sheikhs and youths in bluejeans. There was singing, dancing, clapping, and playing on pipes, harmonicas, and stringed instruments. Pictures of Sadat—in full face and in profile, smiling and brooding, as a young man and as an older one, in uniform and in mufti—were all over town. The theme of the occasion—peace—was, as usual in Sadat's Egypt, expressed to the point of nausea. At the airport, a band played a new national anthem, written by a well-known composer, Mohammed Abd al-Wahab, on whom the President had conferred the rank of honorary general. The tune, adapted from an old favorite, sounded less like a patriotic air than like music for a popular song. The old anthem, adopted after the Suez crisis, in 1956, began with the following stanza:

O my weapon,
I yearn for you
For my struggle.
Be on guard,
Keen always to say
"I'm ready for war."

The opening lines of the new anthem are:

My land, my land,
To you I give my love and heart.
Egypt, mother of the universe,
You are my yearning, my goal, my hope,
And on all mankind
Your Nile bestows blessings.

Thousands of signs hailed the coming of peace. One near the airport said, "Peace Is the Cherished Aim of the People." Another, in Tahrir Square, in the center of downtown Cairo, said,

"To the Mothers of the War Dead Who Gave Their Lives for Egypt We Offer Peace." Another, across from the Sheraton Hotel, a couple of hundred yards from the President's official residence, asked, "Why Peace? Well, What Has War Done for Us?" All over town, from the airport to the Giza residence, there were white doves of peace, and a huge float bearing a white dove was driven just behind the Presidential motorcade. But amid the million references to peace there was one conspicuous absence. Nowhere did I see a reference to peace with Israel.

THE void acquired flesh and blood two days later, when Prime Minister Begin, in keeping with the promise he had extracted from Sadat in Washington, flew to Cairo. The Egyptian press that morning made it plain that he had invited himself, and would be treated correctly but merely as a kind of exalted tourist. Cairenes went about their business as if nothing important were happening. The only Israeli flags I saw were a score raised at the airport just before Begin's arrival, and lowered the minute he left the area. Neither President Sadat nor Prime Minister Khalil turned out to meet him. The honors were done by Vice-President Husni Mubarak and a thinnish collection of ministers. The only cheers I heard when Begin descended from his plane came from three Israeli officials. By a rare chance, I was swept, along with three photographers, into the small V.I.P. lounge where Prime Minister and Mrs. Begin and Vice-President and Mrs. Mubarak were resting for a few moments before moving from the airfield to the city. The conversation was not exactly historic.

Vice-President Mubarak remarked to Prime Minister Begin that it was "a warm day in Cairo." (The temperature was over a hundred.)

Begin replied that it was "also warm in Jerusalem."

Mubarak asked if the flight was good.

"Very good," Begin replied.

Mubarak asked him how long it took.

"About fifty minutes," Begin said. At that point, he spotted me. Desperate to make some kind of conversation, he called out a greeting and asked me what I thought of the reception. "It was a very, very warm welcome," I said, referring to the weather—and the weather only. "Yes," Begin said, with a completely straight face. "It was magnificent. Wonderful."

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hour visit, Begin clung to that line with the dogged determination that saw him through as a Jew against the Nazis, a Pole among the Soviets, a terrorist under the British mandate in Palestine, and an opposition leader defeated in eight straight Israeli elections. At the pyramids, he spoke of a "historic occasion," alluded to Napoleon and forty centuries of history, and managed to take back an earlier implication that the Jews had worked, as Egypt's slaves, to build the vast tombs. At a Jewish synagogue in downtown Cairo, he referred to a handful of curious on-lookers as a welcoming crowd. At a state dinner, he allowed himself to acknowledge that the treaty, far from being merely a separate agreement between Egypt and Israel, envisioned a "comprehensive" peace.

The effort to ingratiate paid off handsomely. "Moses has come back to the pharaohs," Ali Hamdi al-Gammal, the editor of *al-Ahram*, the leading Egyptian paper, said to me on the morning after the dinner. In an interview a couple of days later, Mrs. Sadat told me, "I was not happy when I heard Begin was coming to our country. I thought that it was too early. But he is a man you can like. When he came to dinner, I was completely charmed by him. His speech was lovely, lovely." Tahsin Bashir, a Harvard-educated diplomat who has been serving as his country's Ambassador to the Arab League, put his finger on the true source of local satisfaction with the Begin visit. "For once," he said, "Begin didn't say or do anything that deepened our troubles with the rest of the Arab world."

UNLIKE the Egyptian masses, this country's educated middle class worries about Sadat's own constant irritation of the Arab world. "He's too severe," Mrs. Sadat told me in an interview. "He will make the whole country completely anti-Arab. That's bad." Prime Minister Khalil and the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, Boutros Boutros Ghali, regularly try to tone down the President's strictures on other Arab leaders. Former Foreign Minister Fahmy quit his office before the Jerusalem visit mainly because Sadat had not consulted other Arab leaders. His successor as Foreign Minister, Mohammed Ibrahim Kamel, quit after Camp David, because the President had not kept the other Arabs abreast of what was happening during the summit meetings.

The chief reason for this concern with Arab opinion is economic. Egypt-

tian statistics run, as an American diplomat once put it, "from bad to worthless." But knowledgeable foreigners, in the embassies here and in the international financial institutions, estimate that the gross national product is roughly twelve billion dollars. A considerable amount of that comes, in some way, from other Arab countries. Remittances from the roughly million and a half Egyptians working in the Persian Gulf countries constitute the largest single source of foreign currency—a billion and a half dollars a year. Tourism, which includes not a few visitors from Arab countries, is a second major earner. The Saudis and the various Gulf states pay Egypt more than a billion dollars annually for economic development and for arms. Thus, by any standard the Arab contribution to the Egyptian economy is substantial.

So far, the Arab states that are lined up against the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty in the rejectionist front have merely underlined the point. At the Baghdad summit meeting last November, the kings, presidents, and emirs invited Egypt to rejoin the Arab world in an effort to attain a comprehensive peace. If Egypt agreed, they would volunteer to increase subsidies. If not, they would consider various sanctions. At the end of March, just after the signing of the treaty in Washington, the foreign and economic ministers of the rejectionist countries met in Baghdad again, to consider the application of the threatened sanctions. Yasir Arafat, with support from Syria, called for an oil boycott against the United States, and walked out of the meeting when his suggestion was rebuffed. In the end, the sanctions voted by Baghdad II were relatively mild. They included moving the Arab League headquarters from Cairo (to Tunis, for the present), recalling ambassadors, and boycotting Egyptian firms that dealt with Israel. Individual states were invited to take stronger measures, including the withdrawal of deposits in Egyptian banks and the cessation of subsidies to the Egyptian state—as distinct from the Egyptian people. Not even the most nervous Nefertitis felt that Baghdad II would hurt. But it was only a first step. Since then, the Saudis have held up payment for over five hundred million dollars' worth of F-5 war planes sold to Cairo by Washington on the understanding that Riyadh would foot the bill. They have also talked of suspending a program whereby they financed an Egyptian arms industry. The Kuwaitis have reportedly asked Egypt to return some billion dollars in bank de-

posits. Sixteen countries, including Saudi Arabia, have severed diplomatic relations with Egypt. A conference of Islamic foreign ministers which met early this month in Fez, Morocco, refused to seat the Egyptian delegation. The Egyptians have dug in against some of these measures—challenging on legal grounds both the removal of the Arab League and any withdrawal of bank deposits. Sadat, in a May Day speech, hit out directly at the Saudis, saying that in order to buy protection from the radical Arabs they had paid other countries to break ties with Egypt. But more sanctions may be in the works—especially if, as is scheduled in the treaty, the Israelis and the Egyptians exchange ambassadors early next year. “Then we’ll probably have a Baghdad III,” Mr. Boutros Ghali says. “Then we could be in for real trouble. Then the promise of peace and prosperity will seem a lie and a deception.”

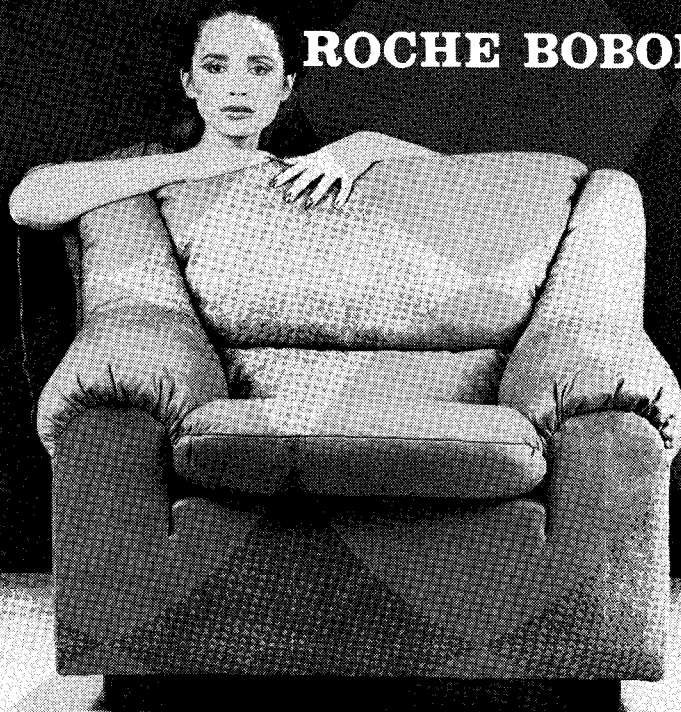
The general state of the Egyptian economy affords a good basis for such fears. In the past four decades, almost everything has gone wrong. A high rate of population growth—over two per cent annually in the country at large, and over three per cent in rural areas—has doubled the number of Egyptians in a mere two decades, from about twenty million in 1950 to over forty million, according to the latest estimate. The huge expansion of the rural population has fed a vast stream of migration to the cities and towns. Cairo has grown from two million people in 1950 to eight million, and a thousand more people settle in the capital every day. Alexandria, the great Mediterranean port, and Tanta, the capital of the Nile delta, have grown at similar rates. Resources that might have been used for urban development have been drained off for military purposes. The routine services in the major cities—telephone, transport, housing, garbage disposal—have all run down. In Cairo, even the sidewalks of chic residential and shopping districts are crumbling. Sadat once told me that soon after the coup that unseated King Farouk, in 1952, he went to the new leader, Gamal Abdel Nasser, with the idea that the military regime should stop the growth of Cairo by simply sealing it off and requiring people to have official permission before they could move to the city. Nasser replied by pointing out that if such a rule had obtained, Sadat himself would never have been able to come to Cairo from his own village—Tala, in the Nile delta.

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form and the building of the Aswan High Dam by the Nasser regime, the misery of rural life has steadily deepened. A multitude of interconnecting reasons for the decline emerged with sharp clarity during a recent motor trip I took, with an official of the Ministry of Agriculture, from Cairo to Alexandria through the Nile delta. At farm after farm, the water used for irrigation was pumped up from the Nile by a method dating back to the time of the pharaohs—a blindfolded cow walking in endless circles to turn a water-wheel. Feeding the cow means that the farmer has to use a portion of his land to raise alfalfa instead of fruits, vegetables, and other lucrative cash crops. Cotton was sparsely sown, because a government monopoly buys up the whole crop at about half the world market price and then sells it abroad and pockets the difference. There were some tractors but not many, because the size of the holdings—about five acres per farmer—mitigates against mechanized farming. In several cases, crops had been spoiled by salination, which has come with the rising of the water table as a result of the larger flow in the Nile from the Aswan High Dam. Since the dam has eliminated most of the silt from the river, new methods for making the bricks used by the peasants for building purposes must be developed. While there has been a vigorous government effort to provide

schools and health services, the high rate of population growth has resulted in an increase in disease (mainly bilharzia) and in illiteracy. Expansion of the towns and cities to accommodate migrants from the farmlands has eaten up something like a million acres of arable land in the past thirty years. In consequence, Egypt today, with forty million people, has to live off less land (about six million acres) than it had when the population was only twenty million. Not surprisingly, the country must import about a third of its wheat—largely from the United States.

Various long-term schemes to put Egypt on a sound economic footing have been worked up, by the national government, by the World Bank, and by several foreign countries. The new cities outside Cairo, and some outside Alexandria and elsewhere, will contain new industries, which are intended to serve as magnets drawing people

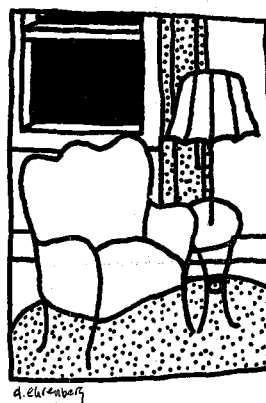
from Cairo and Alexandria. The Ministries of Agriculture and Irrigation have programs for land reclamation (mainly in the western desert) that will add three million acres to the arable area fringing the Nile. The World Bank has practically completed plans for a drainage system that will draw off the excess water now flowing down from the High Dam and causing salination. The Bank is also financing rural redevelopment projects that will substitute electric power for the labor of beasts and facilitate more concentration on cash crops.

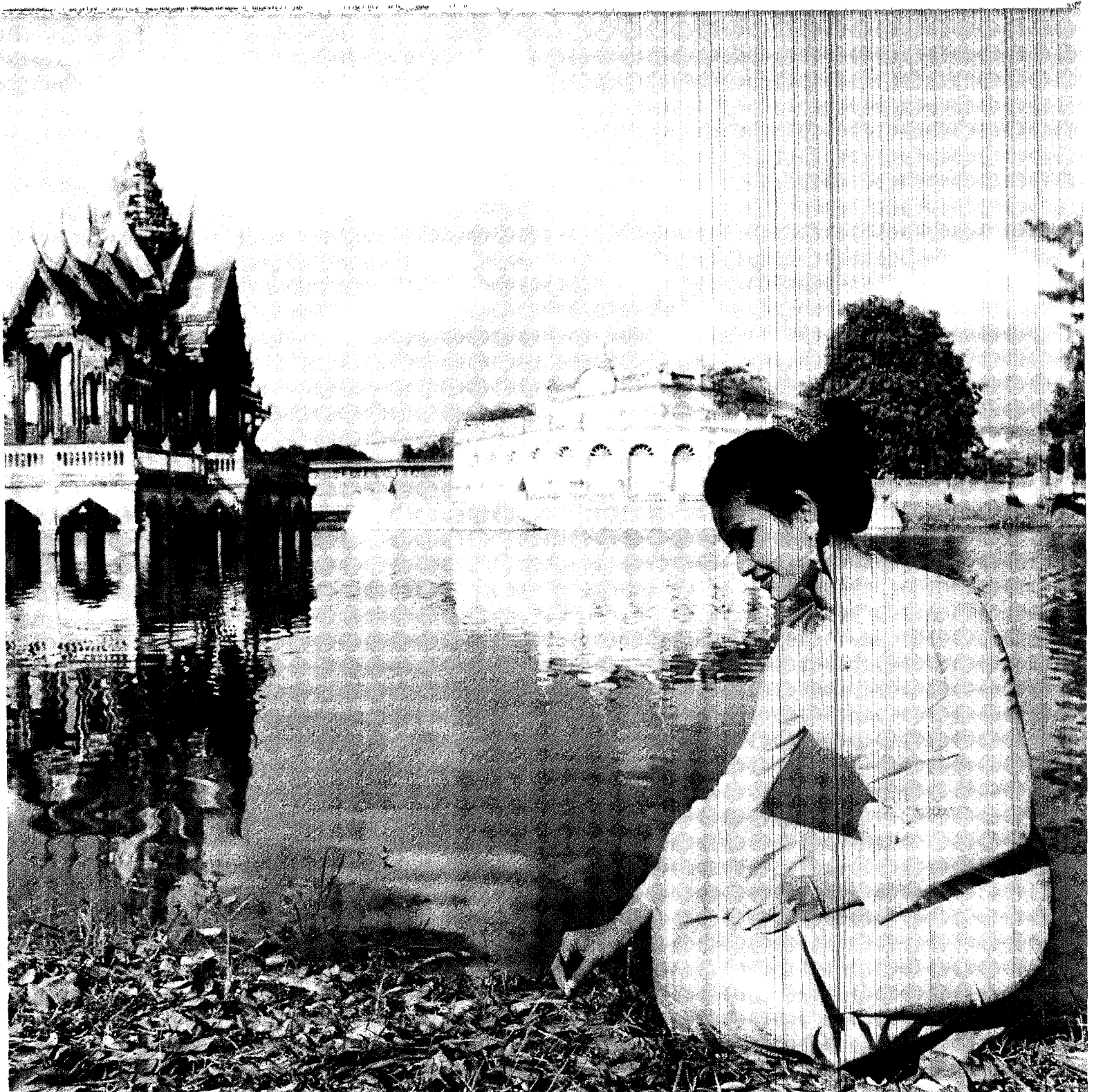
President Sadat has in mind an amalgamation of all these programs when he speaks of a Carter Plan for Egypt, along the lines of the Marshall Plan. But the seriousness of Sadat's commitment is in some doubt. In an interview last November, he spoke to me of "this Carter Plan," which "can be from ten to fifteen billion dollars for four or five years." He tossed off the numbers lightly, as though there weren't much difference between ten and fifteen billion. He had only sketchy notions of what industries might be developed in the new cities or where the products would be sold. He spoke of using "the most advanced technology" from the West, as if Egypt, with its forty million people, needed labor-saving mechanization. He also spoke of rapid action—"six months"—to reclaim "millions and millions of

acres" of land from the desert. But knowledgeable officials assert that three million acres is the most that Egypt can add to its arable-land base; that the cost would be extremely high, running to about twenty thousand dollars per acre; and that the task could not conceivably be finished before the year 2000. So my own impression is that when

Sadat talks of a Carter Plan to bring prosperity with peace he is dreaming.

But there are many indications that Sadat does have a serious approach to bringing economic benefits in the short term, along with peace. For one thing, the armed forces are being reduced. They numbered about a million during the 1973 war. Sadat told me last fall that they were down to seven hundred thousand, and they must be lower now. The War Ministry was rebaptized the Ministry of Defense after the Camp David summit. General Kamal Hassan Ali, a genial war hero, who became





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minister at the time of the name change, is devising a new military mission for the Egyptian forces. "We still have to defend the national territory," he said in an interview. "But we no longer consider Israel a danger. We honor our signature on the treaty, and we believe that the Israelis will honor their signature. We may have new responsibilities in the Sudan and the Horn of Africa, and we are buying C-130s, long-range transport planes; and F-5s, long-range fighter-bombers; and eventually, we hope, F-15s. We need more long-range maneuverability." But the General remembers President Nasser's protracted, losing struggle to take over Yemen. He says that the armed forces will be strictly defensive, and will not "participate in any adventures." He speaks of their helping in the development of the country. "Soldiers are paving the streets of Cairo," he says.

Besides the cut in military expenses, Sadat's hopes for economic improvement seem closely linked to his friend Osman Ahmed Osman. Mr. Osman, a short, energetic man with a machine-gun style of delivery, is himself perhaps Egypt's leading exponent of the peace-and-prosperity theme. "If you want prosperity, peace is the only way," he told me during an interview at his home, on the road to the pyramids, several months ago. "That is my opinion, and that is the opinion of all businessmen. All the countries around us have had peace, so they have advanced. Egypt has had war, and we have stagnated for thirty years. But we have everything a strong economy needs. We have water. We have land. We have power from the High Dam. We have a good climate and a central location. We have an abundance of skilled labor. All we lack is technology and investment. And Europe is only six hours away, America only eight more hours. What we need to do is bring the technology and investment from Europe and America. But to do that we must have stability. Stability means, first of all, peace. That is why peace opens the road to prosperity."

A FEW weeks ago, Mr. Osman's nephew Ismail took me on a tour of some of the projects being built and managed by the family firm, Arab Contractors. We started by driving to the airport over a new bridge (named the October 6th Bridge, after the starting date of the 1973 war) across the Nile. The bridge feeds into an elevated highway, which has somewhat alleviated the traffic in downtown Cairo,

and from there we continued to the airport road. From the airport, we flew in a military helicopter due east toward Suez. Some twenty miles outside Cairo, we passed over an agglomeration of new buildings, greenish in color. There was a mosque in the middle, but no paved streets and no people were to be seen. "That's one of the new cities," Ismail Osman said. "We're doing most of the building, largely using prefabricated houses. People should start moving in this fall. Eventually, maybe a quarter of a million people will live there."

I asked whether the new town wouldn't be just a bedroom community for Cairo, with residents commuting daily and making the traffic even worse. "No," he said. "There's going to be local industry." I asked what kind. "Plastics," he said airily.

After we had flown twenty-five miles farther, we came to a large green patch in the midst of the desert. It was al-Mullak, a farm of twenty thousand acres, irrigated by a spur of the canal that brings water from the Nile to the town of Ismailia. The farm is managed by a subsidiary of the Osman enterprise, which bought it from a state company with capital borrowed from an Egyptian insurance company and an Egyptian bank. When the Osmans took over, in September of 1977, only two thousand acres had been planted. Now ten thousand acres are under cultivation. About half of that land is in citrus fruits, watermelons, peas, soybeans, and peanuts. The Osmans recently imported a thousand pregnant heifers from Europe, and the heifers and some of their progeny were grazing peacefully. Near the grazing lands was a series of fish pools, where mullet and carp were being raised. The Osmans had brought over as a technical adviser a fish-pond expert, complete with translator, from China. According to Ismail Osman, the venture has been an enormous success. The original cost of the twenty thousand acres was about five million dollars. Now the annual turnover alone is two and a half million dollars. The employment is small—only about forty people. "But we are helping to meet the country's food problem," the young Osman said.

The helicopter then flew us another twenty-five miles—southeast this time, to the town of Suez, just below the southern end of the canal. There Arab Contractors is building, with a British firm named Tarmac, a tunnel under the canal to the Sinai Desert. The tunnel will make it possible to take

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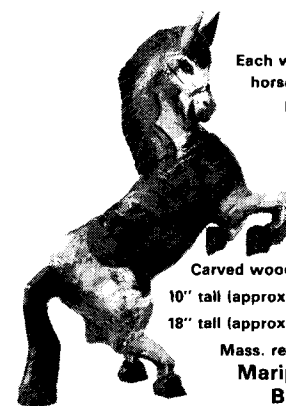
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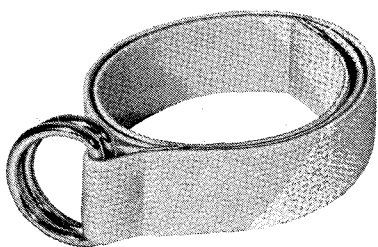
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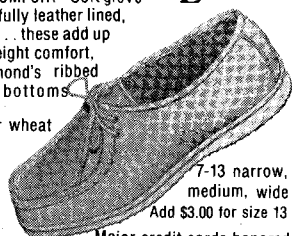
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tourists between Cairo and Sinai, and to bring back from Sinai the many minerals said to abound there. It is a major engineering feat, involving fifteen thousand tons of steel and a hundred thousand cubic metres of cement. Work was begun in 1976 and is due for completion next year. The cost will be about a hundred million dollars, and the job is providing employment for about fifteen hundred construction laborers. A question that I posed as to why a ferry wouldn't have done, or a bridge, went unanswered. But David Harries, a Tarmac executive out from England to inspect the project, said, "This is the kind of job a contractor can be proud of." I saw, off in a corner, a stand similar to the portable gangways used for boarding and debarking from jumbo jets. It turned out to be the platform from which President Sadat will speak when he presides at the opening of the tunnel.

We next flew north along the canal to Serapium, where the Osmons, in partnership with a Cairo bank, have built a poultry-breeding plant. The plant has been in operation for about a year and a half. In it, some fifteen million chickens a year are bred, fattened, slaughtered, plucked, packed, and frozen. The production is so high that in Cairo the price of chicken—unlike the prices of meat, bread, and most vegetables—is almost the same in the privately owned stores as in the state-subsidized public markets. Apart from helping to feed the nation, the plant has fostered new economic activity, for in order to facilitate the financing of this and other enterprises the Osmons created a bank—the Suez Canal Bank. It now has more than twelve million dollars in capital, and is one of the largest banks in Egypt.

THE burst of economic activity that Ismail Osman showed me along the canal is only a small piece of the private action that President Sadat has promoted by a policy known as *al-Infatih*, or "the Opening." The basic idea of the Opening is to stimulate the growth of private enterprise in an economy that under President Nasser had become almost entirely socialist. To that end, Sadat has established a series of "free zones," where Egyptian and foreign capitalists join in productive investments without paying taxes or strangling in the endless red tape of the Egyptian bureaucracy. One such free zone is at Ismailia; another at Suez; a third at Port Said; a fourth near Cairo; a fifth at Alexandria. In the zone at Alexandria, which I visited,

there was some productive investment under way: an Egyptian-Belgian-Kuwaiti factory producing carpets for export; an Egyptian-American plant producing electronic equipment; and a Lebanese-Egyptian plant turning out vegetable oil. In addition to being industrial parks, however, the free zones have become giant PXs, where consumer goods are unloaded duty free and then smuggled past complaisant customs officials to the hinterland. One Egyptian official told me that in 1977 the customs at Port Said yielded less than thirty million dollars in taxes, though over five hundred million in taxable items had been landed there. Another official said that whereas in 1976 Egypt had imported twenty thousand cars, in 1977 there had come into Cairo alone, mainly through Port Said, fifty thousand cars.

The activities initiated under the *al-Infatih* policy constitute only a drop in the bucket of Egypt's predominantly socialist economy. They have almost no impact on such critical matters as land reclamation, rural redevelopment, heavy industry, and the subsidized system that mismanages transport, education, health services, power, and food supplies. But they are visible and dramatic. They register quick progress. They keep hope alive for a population that has almost nowhere to go but up. So they afford President Sadat justification for the claim of peace and prosperity. "It is logical that Sadat would pick Osman Ahmed Osman as his best friend," one not unenvious minister said recently. "For Sadat, Osman embodies the kind of progress he'd like to achieve in Egypt everywhere, overnight."

TO be sure, the cozy relationship implicit in Sadat's ties to private business interests makes an easy target for opposition elements. It has certainly not escaped the notice of the various political groups—left-wing Socialists, Islamic fundamentalists, independent professionals, and Nasserites—who are regularly at odds with the regime. The Islamic fundamentalists—chiefly university students, who have been turning to religion ever since Egypt's defeat in the Six-Day War of 1967—have repeatedly denounced what they called in a conference report, issued on March 6th from al-Azhar University, the great center of religious learning in Cairo, the "corruption and debauchery" tolerated by the Sadat regime. Mumtaz Nasser, a lawyer and former judge from Assiut, in Upper Egypt, who is identified with the independent

professionals, led a parliamentary inquiry that eventually killed a project called the Pyramid Plateau, which would have involved Osman Ahmed Osman, among others, in building a resort complex in the shadow of the Sphinx. Khaled Mohieddin, the head of the left-wing National Progressive Union, is constantly trying to organize working-class opposition to what he told me was "a coalition of the Egyptian bourgeoisie and the Western imperialists." Kamal al-Din Hussein, who was an associate of Colonel Nasser's before the 1952 revolution and is the most outspoken of the surviving Nasserites, charges that "corruption runs to the top of the trees in our country." He told me that economic policy was organized for the benefit of the "gangs that control Alexandria and Port Said," and intimated strongly that Sadat and his wife headed the gangs—without supplying any evidence.

Except for some of the poorer students, however, the opposition leaders are not exactly close to the man in the crumbling street or the field of mud. Mumtaz Nasser lives in a pleasant villa in the Dokki section, near the University of Cairo. Kamal al-Din Hussein benefits from a military pension. Khaled Mohieddin, also a former officer, is a French-speaking intellectual with a pleasant, book-lined flat overlooking the Gezira Sporting Club, on an island in the Nile.

Moreover, the opposition has had a hard time coordinating its positions on the dominant issue of peace with Israel. Khaled Mohieddin and the left-wingers initiated talks with Israeli left-wingers long before Sadat went to Jerusalem. The independent professionals, Mumtaz Nasser told me, are mainly concerned that there was so little public debate about the decisions that Sadat made as "a one-man show." The Islamic students emphasize the issue of Jerusalem. The Nasserites regard Sadat's whole approach as a sell-out of Egyptian nationalism. Kamal al-Din Hussein, who has been trying to organize a national front against the treaty, nearly went berserk when I asked him why he objected to it. He said, "There is a difference between a peace with honor and a surrender. This is surrender. One quarter of our land in the Sinai is demilitarized forever. We are allowed to maintain only one division east of the Suez Canal. It has no anti-aircraft guns and no missiles. The front it patrols is over three hundred kilometres long and fifty kilometres deep. That means we have about one man per square kilometre





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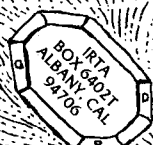


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to defend ourselves in Sinai against the Israelis. Not only do we not regain all of Sinai but we lose the sovereignty we used to have on this side of the canal." He went on, "The treaty says there is to be a commercial accord between Egypt and Israel, but our country is weak economically, so when we open our borders the Jews will invest their money at will. They will acquire power in a market of forty million people. Egypt will become the cornerstone of the Zionists' ambition to dominate the Middle East from the Nile to the Euphrates."

The size of the opposition is hard to assess. A glossy publication, *al-Da'wa* ("The Call"), that is put out by one of the Islamic groups, the Muslim Brotherhood, claims a circulation of seven thousand. The Nasserites draw support from Egyptians living abroad in Libya and Syria. But no opposition leader has ever claimed to me that less than seventy per cent of the country supports President Sadat. Furthermore, Sadat has at his disposal an abundance of means for isolating, ridiculing, dividing, and, if necessary, crushing the opposition.

Egyptian tradition since the time of the pharaohs has emphasized loyalty to the leader, *al-Rais*. Sadat plays the role of leader as artfully as General de Gaulle did. His daily routine emphasizes aloofness from mere bureaucrats and preoccupation with the larger tides of history. He awakens every morning between eight and nine, and reads the papers in bed. After a sparse breakfast (papaya and a little honey), he takes a turn in the garden. From eleven, when his working day begins, until three or four in the afternoon, he receives ministers and other visitors. He eats no lunch. After the parade of visitors, he walks four kilometres alone. He has a body massage and a brief rest, and then

reads—chiefly official documents—for a couple of hours. After a light supper, he watches a film—usually a cowboy movie. Distance from the ministerial life is offset by constant touch with the Egyptian people. Sadat spends his winters in Upper Egypt, at Aswan. He spends his summers in Alexandria. Spring and fall he divides between Ismailia and Cairo. Not only is he often among the Egyptian people but the socialist economy established by President Nasser makes them beholden to the leader as are the people of few other countries. The rural masses, constituting more than fifty-five per cent of the population, have benefited

from land reform, which assures at least a small plot to every peasant. The urban poor receive free health care and education, and rent and food are subsidized. On a recent shopping tour in Cairo, I found that rolls were selling for less than a penny, beans at four cents a pound, zucchini at thirteen cents a pound, lettuce at six cents a pound, and oranges at less than five cents a pound. The only serious domestic political trouble that Sadat has recently experienced came when a sudden reduction of the subsidies, in January, 1977, set off a couple of days of street rioting. Needless to say, the subsidies are back in force—at a cost of over a billion dollars a year to the Egyptian treasury.

For those who don't like carrots, there are sticks. Sadat closed the detention camps maintained by President Nasser, but the Ministry of Interior, which controls the internal police, remains one of the biggest and most prominent of the government services. Khaled Mohieddin complained to me that his party's headquarters were regularly raided. Islamic students told me that their dorms were searched before Begin's visit, and that some of the Muslim extremists have apparently been arrested. The Minister of Interior, a heavyset former police officer named Mohammed Nabawi Ismail, gives the impression of high professional competence. "Everything is under control," he kept repeating to me when I visited him in his huge



office in the Ministry. Technically, there is no press censorship, but Sadat recently named a Coördinator of Information for the Presidency, Mansour Hassan. The editors of all the leading papers are known for their loyalty, not to say subservience, to the President. Even though

Louis Awad, a distinguished theatre critic for *al-Ahram*, is for the peace treaty, he cannot get his reviews published—presumably because he once accumulated black marks as a reputed left-winger. Mustafa Amin, a well-known political commentator, crossed the President and found that for months his articles did not appear. Mohammed Hassanein Heikal, the former editor of *al-Ahram* and a leading Nasserite, is a non-person when it comes to being published in Egypt.

Sadat also plays a complex, almost unfathomable game with political parties. In the regime he inherited from President Nasser, there was only a single party—the Arab Socialist Un-

ion. In 1976, Sadat allowed relatively free elections. With his approval, the new People's Assembly wrote a law permitting any group of twenty or more Assembly members to form an independent party. Almost immediately, there was reborn a version of a liberal nationalist party that had flourished before Colonel Nasser's 1952 revolution—the Wafd. After the riots that followed the temporary ending of subsidies in January of 1977, Sadat publicly assailed the “opportunists” of the pre-1952 era. The Wafd Party at once dissolved itself. Sadat then decided that the Arab Socialist Union should be divided into three wings: a center, the National Democratic Party, which he would head; and a left and a right wing, each headed by loyal friends of his. The idea, as Sadat explained it to me last fall, was that Egypt needed “opposition, but constructive opposition.” Right after signing the peace treaty, Sadat began talking about a return to a full multiparty system. The referendum of April 19th, which registered public approval of the peace treaty, also registered public support for an amendment to the constitution permitting a multiparty system. But nobody believes that there will soon be a mushrooming of free parties. In the same speech in which Sadat announced the referendum and endorsed the multiparty system, he said he wanted a “system of controls so that we do not return to party corruption or feudalism, and so that political life will not be corrupted as it was” before the 1952 revolution.

Along with the party shell game, Sadat practices a politics of movement. Like most previous Egyptian leaders, whether foreign or native, royal or republican, he has ruled by colonizing various strong points of power. Sadat has named men wholly loyal to him as Vice-President, Prime Minister, Minister of Defense, and Minister of Interior. All the regional governors are his creatures. So are the editors, the university rectors, and the leaders of the religious establishment. And just in case anybody develops exaggerated ideas of his own importance, Sadat from time to time plays seemingly irrational musical chairs. For example, without any warning or explanation he followed up his success at Camp David by putting on the shelf as “advisers to the President” three of his best-known associates: Sayed Marei, the Speaker of the People's Assembly, who, like Osman Ahmed Osman, had married one of his sons to one of Sadat's daughters; Mamdouh Salem,

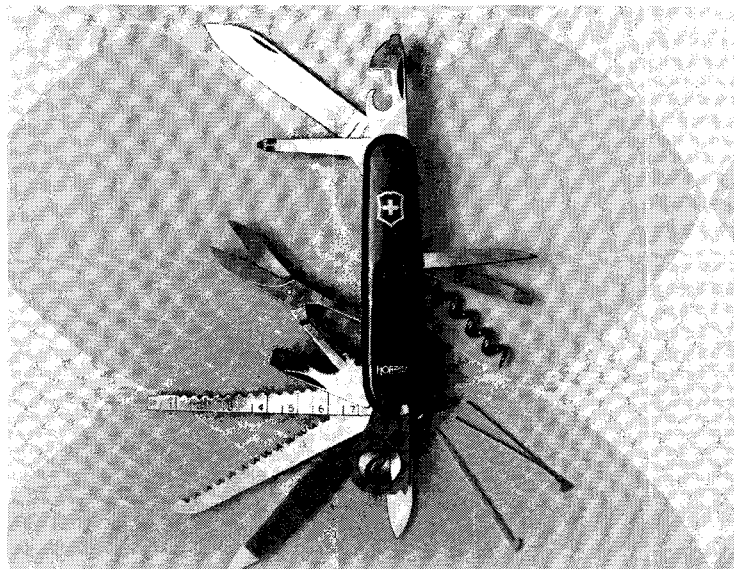
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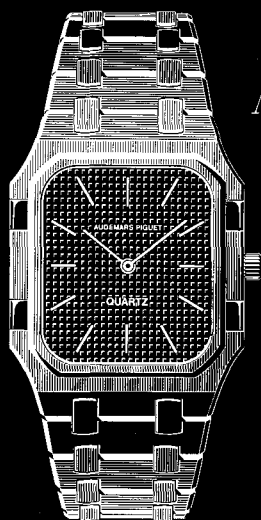
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the Prime Minister, who had previously served the President as Minister of Interior; and General Mohammed Gamasy, the War Minister—a top-flight professional officer, who had planned the October war.

NOTWITHSTANDING Sadat's fast footwork, events could catch up with him. Failure of the peace with Israel might combine with economic troubles and a united front of foreign and domestic opposition to bring him down. One tide of events is certainly moving in that direction. Sadat is increasingly isolated in the Arab world. The Israelis have made matters worse for him by retaliatory raids against Palestinian terrorists in Lebanon, and by talk of new settlements on the West Bank of the Jordan. But another tide is also running. There are ever more frequent encounters between Egyptians and Israelis. The Egyptians, by their gentleness and their humor, their essential sweetness, tend to melt even the most hardhearted of Israelis. So far, to be sure, harmony between Egyptians and Israelis is only beginning. But the signs are unmistakable. The other day, I drove, with an Israeli military man and an Egyptian woman who is a well-known ecologist in this country, past the building that used to house the Arab Socialist Union. The Egyptian woman said, with a smile, "Now the A.S.U. building is filled with the offices of American and British investment companies. That's what has happened to socialism in Egypt."

"And what will become of the Arab League?" the Israeli wanted to know.

"Well," she replied, "in our country nothing is ever permitted to die completely. It will become a museum."

—JOSEPH KRAFT

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[From "Qualitative Chemical Analysis,"
by R. K. McAlpine and B. A. Soule,
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Words for Music Perhaps

JOHN HARBISON's second opera, "Full Moon in March," was done in Cambridge last month by the Boston Musica Viva. The libretto is an abridgment, the composer's own, of Yeats's play "A Full Moon in March." For two distinct reasons, it was a bold choice of text. First: although "A Full Moon"—which is but seven pages long and consists of four songs and a dance framed in blank-verse dialogue and choric commentary—does call for music, it calls for no more than a few passages chanted or sung to ballad-like tunes, with some supporting notes or chords plucked on a zither, drumbeats, and perhaps a hint of melody piped on a simple flute. Yeats had very definite ideas about the role that music should play in his works. And second: it is hardly a self-sufficient, comprehensible dramatic action but the barest, sparest presentation of an idea, image, vision that runs through Yeats's work. "A Full Moon" (1935) is one of the late dance plays Yeats wrote when the dancing of Ninette de Valois had rekindled his interest in ritual plays influenced by Noh. He persuaded de Valois to revive his earlier plays for dancers, at the Abbey Theatre. For her, he rewrote "The Only Jealousy of Emer" (1916) as "Fighting the Waves" (performed in 1929), turning the role of the Woman of the Sidhe into a purely danced one, since de Valois was unwilling to speak on the stage. (Anyone who has heard Dame Ninette's clear, incisive, beautiful voice ringing through Covent Garden to reprove some fault at a Royal Ballet rehearsal, or in speeches from the stage of that theatre reaching easily to the gods, must wonder why.) For her, he wrote "The King of the Great Clock Tower" (1934). Then, for Margot Ruddock, he reworked it as "A Full Moon in March," adding spoken passages for the Queen but arranging the action so that the actress could be replaced by a dancer at the climactic scene. At the same time, he chiselled and refined the play, making it more intense and more mysterious. Even in the earlier, fuller form, it had not

been easy to understand. In her memoir "Come Dance with Me," de Valois recalls the day of the last rehearsal and first performance:

I arose from my throne and removed my mask, behind which I had sunk for an hour, lulled to peace by the voice of that great actor [F. J. McCormick, who played the King]. Within the folds of his costume of the heroic age, he looked at me, sighed and shook himself like a dog. "Well, may the spirit of Mr. Yeats be with us tonight, and may it spread itself a bit and give a clue to the audience as to what it all is that we be talkin' about."

And, as Richard Taylor says in his study of Yeats's drama in relation to Noh, "the plays for dancers and those later works based upon them rarely provide enough dramatic context to render them significant, at least not without reference to associations and parallels in other plays." The Old Man who speaks the prologue to "The Death of Cuchulain," the last play in the series, tells his listeners that the piece is intended for people who "know the old epics and Mr. Yeats' plays about them." Yeats made no bones about writing for a select, educated audience of connoisseurs. "Realism is created for the common people and was

always their peculiar delight.... In the studio and in the drawing-room we can found a true theatre of beauty." "A Full Moon" is intended for people who recognize the epitome of the author's long, oft-expressed obsession with Muse and Poet: aspects of Maud Gonne and W. B. Yeats; the lovely, lonely virgin and the ardent, aspirant man who both is sacrificed to and fructifies her; Leda "mastered by the brute blood" and engendering the epic of Troy. Commentaries on "Clock Tower" and "A Full Moon" have been numerous and diverse. The interpretations are not mutually exclusive. The action of "A Full Moon" is a brief, concentrated rite that can represent many related and compatible things. There are but two characters, attended by a chorus of two. The Queen has promised hand and kingdom to him "that best sings his passion." A coarse Swineherd who approaches her is beheaded for his presumption. The Queen dances to his severed head. It sings. The Queen dances again, "a dance of adoration." "She stood all bathed in blood. The blood begat." The stage directions of the published play are terse. In a draft, Yeats was more explicit:

She takes up the head and lays it upon the ground. She dances before it. Her dance is a dance of invitation. She takes



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up the head and dances with the head to drum taps which grow quicker and quicker. Her dance expresses the sexual act. She kisses the head. Her body shivers. She sinks slowly down, holding the head against her breast... The song at the end of "Clock Tower" with the line "Their desecration and the lover's night."

During the play, the First Attendant has sung the tale of another severed head, set upon a stake by an ancient Irish queen, and singing; Yeats had already told this tale in an 1896 story, "The Binding of the Hair." (The imagery goes back to Orpheus.) "The Death of Cuchulain" reaches its climax in another dance by a queen before a severed head. Behind the play lie Mallarmé's "Hérodiade," Wilde's "Salome," Puccini's—and therefore Schiller's and Gozzi's—"Turandot," and also, as Harold Bloom pointed out in his "Yeats," Keats's "The Fall of Hyperion," which is evoked by a quotation from it. "A poetical passage," Yeats once wrote, "cannot be understood without a rich memory."

In "Clock Tower" and "A Full Moon," critics have found, among other things, "the poet triumphant after death through his magical and enduring art;" a "dramatization of the Oedipus-complex, further complicated by streaks of sadism, masochism, necrophily, and also a certain 'nostalgie de la boue';" a "reconstruction of the Platonic myth of the relation between spirit and matter;" the *poète maudit* and the "Image that costs the artist personal happiness, indeed life itself;" a "symbolic enactment of the complete, the 'perfect' life;" a "simple account of the Saviour-God myth;" an opposition of the "eternal feminine" and "the masculine principle in nature, brutal, violent, and disruptive;" and "only a hollow image of fulfilled desire, a gross aberration prompted by the quester's weariness, or pseudo-apocalypse caused through the aged impatience that wills what it despairs of imagining."

HARBISON—and perhaps this was as well—set to work without worrying too much in advance what the play might mean. His concern was to bring it to life in the theatre in his own way, not to interpret it. According to his program note, "this opera was written in a non-reflective state, well before any effort had been made to understand the matter, beyond the absorption of the images." Seized by the mystery and power of the rite, he "enacted" it with vivid and beautiful music. Only after composition, he says, did he realize that he had thrown certain themes

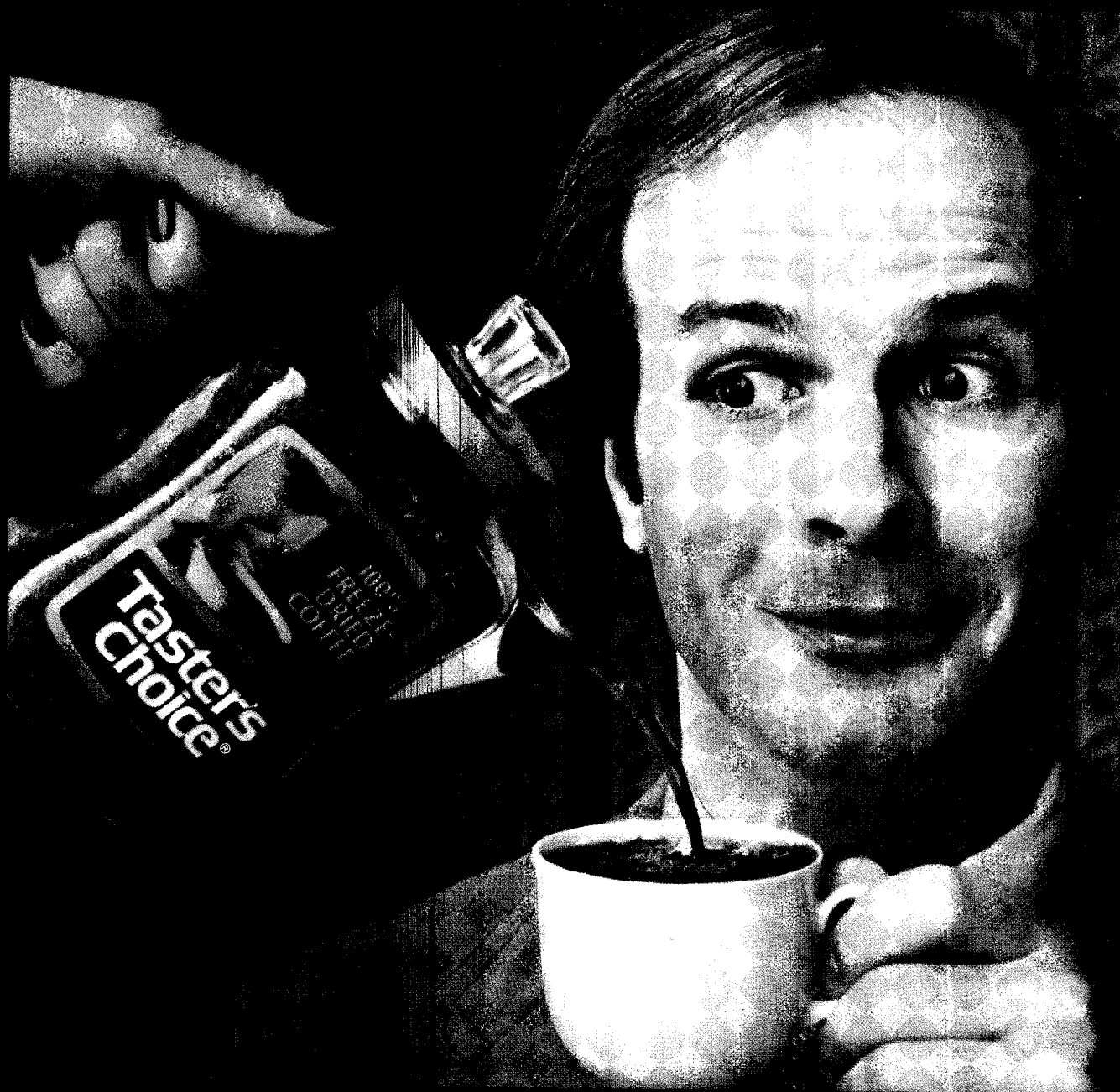
into relief: "the problem of reconciling our physical and spiritual natures, the image of the artist suitor to a cruel and all-powerful Muse." This intuitive response by a composer with a fertile yet disciplined imagination and a natural command of dramatic music (that is, of pacing, gesture, "color," and, above all, communicative melody) created from "A Full Moon" a self-sufficient opera that needs no explanation. Harbison composed not just the songs and the dances but also the dialogue. In his note, he says that "Yeats declared that he wanted the entire text of his later, Noh-like dance plays to be sung." I have found no evidence of that declaration. Harbison cites only the poet's notes on "Clock Tower":

The orchestra brings more elaborate music and I have gone over to the enemy. I say to the musician "Lose my words in patterns of sound as the name of God is lost in Arabian arabesques. They are a secret between the singers, myself, yourself. The plain fable, the plain prose of the dialogue, Ninette de Valois' dance are there for the audience. They can find my words in the book if they are curious, but we will not thrust our secret upon them."

The passage must be read in context. Elsewhere in those notes, Yeats remarks that his earlier dance plays, made for the élite audience of "the studio and the drawing-room," had seemed "out of place" at the Abbey. Their successors, "Fighting the Waves" and now "Clock Tower," are deliberate compromises, made for a public stage and outwardly effective for a common audience, while still holding a "secret" for connoisseurs to discover by reading his words. The passage Harbison quotes continues, "I can be as subtle or metaphysical as I like without endangering the clarity necessary for dramatic effect." "Fighting the Waves" had a fierce score by George Antheil, for an ensemble of flute, clarinet, trumpet, trombone, piano, two violins, cello, double-bass, and percussion. But what has been published of the "Clock Tower" score, which is by Arthur Duff, has the simplicity, directness, and sparseness of the scores that Edmund Dulac and Walter Rummel wrote for the earlier dance plays. The words are not lost in patterns of sound. They must have been easily heard. Drum and gong are the only instruments mentioned. In "A Full Moon," only drum, flute, and zither are specified.

Yeats is a poet to fascinate anyone interested in the wedding of words and musical notes. Like the theorists of the Florentine Camerata, whose specula-

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COURVOISIER VSOP. THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON

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tions led to the invention of opera, he dreamed of Greek poets declaiming to harp or lyre. In the "Clock Tower" notes, he wrote:

I am not musical; I have the poet's exact time sense, only the vaguest sense of pitch; yet I get the greatest pleasure from certain combinations of singing, acting, speaking, drum, gong, flute, string, provided that some or all the words keep their natural passionate rhythm.

As a child, I thrilled to the sound of "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," which Bloom calls "the most renowned (and now deprecated) of Yeats's early lyrics." I still use its first stanza, recited and chanted, as a student exercise in rhythms, weights, and distinctness of vowel colors. In 1901, apropos of the first production of "The Countess Cathleen," George Moore wrote of "the author's theory that verse should be chanted and not spoken." In 1902, there appeared Yeats's essay "Speaking to the Psaltery":

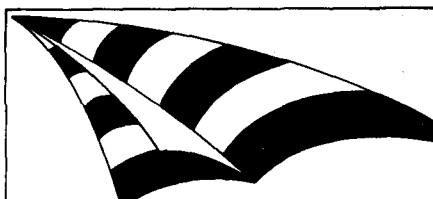
I have always known that there was something I disliked about singing, and ... now at last I understand why, for I have found something better. ... A friend ... has sat with a beautiful stringed instrument upon her knee, her fingers passing over the strings, and has spoken to me some verses ... Although she sometimes spoke to a little tune, it was never singing, as we sing today ... Nor was it reciting, for she spoke to a notation as definite as that of song, using the instrument, which murmured sweetly and faintly, under the spoken sounds, to give her the changing notes.

Yeats appends in musical notation some poems as that friend, Florence Farr, and some as he himself, spoke them. But when he heard poetry fully set and sung to music, "I did not hear the words, or if I did their natural pronunciation was altered and their natural music was altered, or it was drowned in another music which I did not understand." In "Plays and Controversies" (1923), he asks for songs in which "every word ... every cadence, is audible and expressive as if it were spoken ... for music that shall mean nothing, or next to nothing, apart from the words." In the first paragraph of the "Clock Tower" notes, he complains that "the singer, shrill from conflict with the violins, loud from the strain of great concert halls, trained by some voice-producer to turn language into honey and oil, cannot sing poetry." (Mrs. Yeats retorted that if he had heard Elena Gerhardt or Gervase Elwes sing he would "know that's all nonsense.")

So Harbison, it would seem, errs in claiming Yeats's "sanction" for a full musical setting of "A Full Moon." But

he does not need that sanction. His own excellent score asserts and justifies the musician's prerogative to rape a poem or play, to invest "the plain fable" with his own kind of "secret." Like the poet, the composer, provided he has Harbison's dramatic gifts, can be as subtle or as metaphysical as he likes without endangering the clarity necessary for dramatic effect. Yeats would no longer hear *his* music in Harbison's score for "A Full Moon;" he no longer heard it in Antheil's score for "Fighting the Waves," the work in which he had for a while "gone over to the enemy." In that enemy camp, the composer commands. The choreographer, director, and designer are his adjutants. The poet remains in a back room, nursing his secrets, visited by only a few.

IN Harbison's opera, the attendants are a soprano and a tenor. (Yeats suggested a soprano and a bass, and in an earlier draft a tenor and a bass.) They sing the stanzas of the first song, with its "Crown of gold or dung of swine" refrain, in octaves, to a strong melody of bold outline and sensitive rhythm, around which the orchestra spins chorale-variation-type accompaniment of a somewhat Stravinskian cut. The soprano sings the first two stanzas of the second song, about the ancient Irish queen, in quasi-ballad style, while the tenor "improvises" melismas in accompaniment; in the two subsequent stanzas the roles are reversed. The melody is developed in successive stanzas but remains recognizable; the soprano's final burst of high vocalise after "heard the dead lips sing" makes vivid the miracle. (And throughout the opera there are such moments where the sense of the words flowers into music of keen eloquence.) The third song, the Queen's "Child and darling, hear my song," voiced by the soprano—a dancer has now taken over the role of the Queen—is the most schematic. The second line is audibly a palindrome of the first, and the fourth of the third; the third line is an inversion of the first, and the fourth of the second. In the first stanza, the melody moves in even, deliberate steps, as if defining triads. In the second stanza, those steps are filled in with semitone passing-notes or portamento. An outburst of free, quasi-extempore coloratura on the refrain "virgin cruelty" becomes more expressive after the measured pacing that precedes it. Harbison, I suspect, knew as little what to make of the fourth song, the Head's trivial nursery rhyme ("I sing a song of Jack and Jill. Jill had murdered Jack"), as



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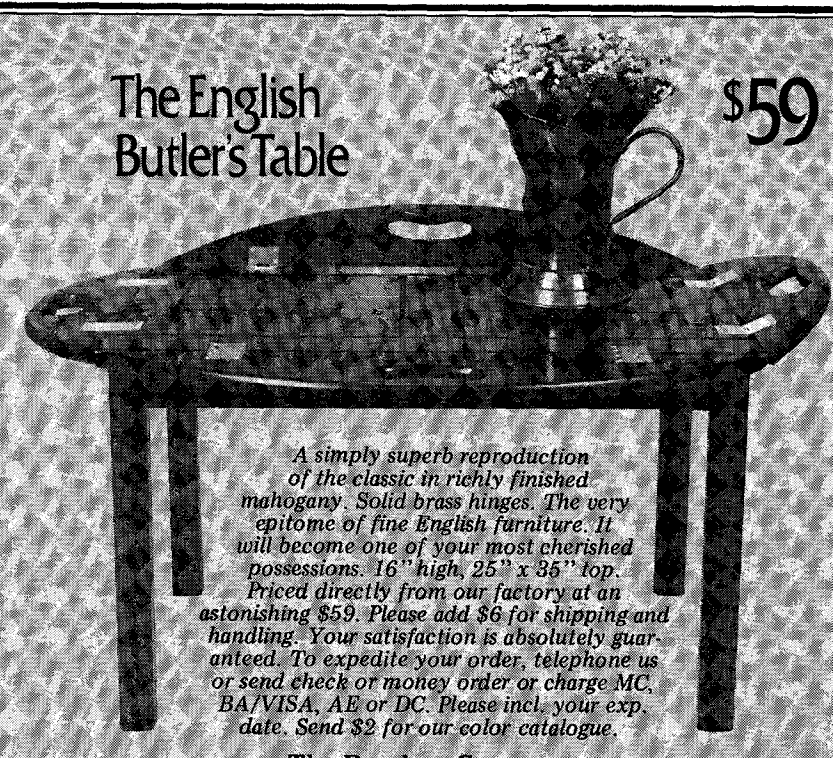
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most critics have done. He sets it simply, for the tenor, over a lilting bass, with the "full moon in March" refrain as a slow, high, plangent cry. The final, lofty choric stanzas ("Why must those holy, haughty feet descend") recall the chorale at the end of Britten's "The Rape of Lucretia"—in motion, in the soprano-tenor octave texture, even in harmony, as the emphatic, carefully shaped melody is solemnly intoned over a pedal C and pauses on a prominent tritone G-flat. (For the first time, it strikes me that André Obey's play "Le Viol de Lucrèce," the source of Britten's libretto, contains Noh elements.)

For Swineherd and Queen, baritone and mezzo-soprano, Harbison has fashioned from the dialogue an aria apiece and a duet. The Swineherd's aria ("Queen, look at me") is a moving and powerful piece of music, arresting and declamatory in its outer sections; arabesques from the bass clarinet add a magical, musical resonance to the singer's bold, direct statements. The Queen's aria is wound with a sinuous oboe line. She seems to be a cousin of Szymanowski's Queen Roxana; there are even touches that recall Rimsky's Queen of Shemakh. The two lines of the duet are excellently opposed, and so led that even when they combine for a moment in octaves or tenths they seem to be in emotional conflict. The wind doubling of the Queen's voice obscures her words but gives force and color to her line. The dance is animated, intense, and graphic without being at all vulgar.

The opera lasts thirty-five minutes. The orchestra is an ensemble of eight: flute, oboe, bass clarinet, violin, viola, cello, piano, and percussion. (The piano is "prepared" so that it serves as a protean, exotic percussion instrument, a *jeu de timbres*.) Yeats's setting is outside time and place, despite localizing references to the Irish queen and a Byzantine empress. The timbre of Harbison's music often has a slightly Oriental tinge, lent it by the chromatic arabesques, the soft melodious clonk (not quite gamelan, not quite tuned gong) of the prepared piano, and the block-chord ostinatos as of "Butterfly" and "The Mikado." The harmonies are Western-based. The music sounds as if it had been written without preconceptions, under the inspiration of the play, directly and fluently, and had then been carefully refined in its working. "Full Moon in March" is an opera that holds the ear and stirs the mind. It moves surely and it sounds beautiful. It should have a future.

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ance, conducted by Richard Pittman, was well played and well sung. David Arnold, as the Swineherd, was outstanding. He had stage presence and vocal presence; he displayed an instinctive authority. D'Anna Fortunato sang the Queen with delicate phrasing, dignity, expressiveness, and accuracy. Cheryl Cobb and Kim Scown made an expert chorus. But the presentation as a whole did not show the work to full advantage. It was played in Sanders Theatre, which has tricky acoustics, and the instruments tended to drown all voices except Mr. Arnold's. A more careful disposition of players and singers was needed. The words were seldom audible. The staging, designed by Campbell Baird and directed by Nicholas Deutsch, was commonplace, not subtle or exquisite. Micki Goodman, the dancer, lacked the resource and personality to carry the climax of the rite. The opera was recorded by WGBH for distribution by National Public Radio (no dates for the broadcast have yet been announced), and this enthusiastic account of it is based on not just the single Cambridge performance but a tape recording, which, better balanced, reveals the music's merits more clearly. A record of the piece would be welcome.

—ANDREW PORTER

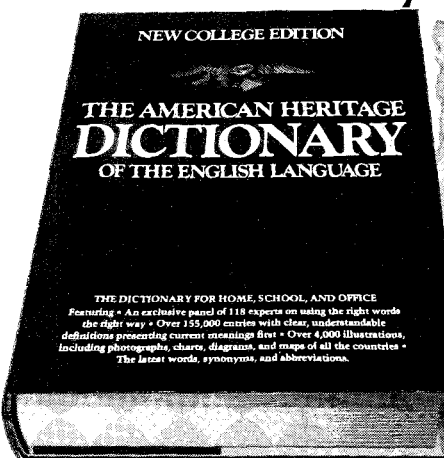
SENTENCES WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

[From a letter in the *Newton (N.J.) New Jersey Herald* by the superintendent of schools of Vernon Township]

EDITOR:

In light of recent cuts in state aid to education, even though the income tax that was passed with education in mind, and even though the state has imposed a number of new requirements upon us, such as T & E paperwork, plus extraordinary time commitments to T & E visits, plus new health requirements for immunization and health screening, plus environmental protection requirements, plus new required programs for the handicapped and special barrier-free requirements for public schools relating to the handicapped, plus needed and useful requirements relative to mandatory teacher evaluations, it seems an amazing contradiction to me that money from the people—the income tax, specified through the representative government, the assembly, and the senate and the executive government, the governor required, by the state Supreme Court when it closed school because of a need for proper state-based school finances, is now diverted away from the people's needs—specifically, public education for their children into some other needs which may be real, yet somehow it would seem should not take that which justly and properly has been committed to public education, based upon the constitutional requirements of a thorough and efficient system of education.

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Directly and with force. pendix. *] —slap'per *n.* slap-dash (slap'dash') *a.* ness. —*adv.* In a reckless slap-hap-py (slap'hap'e) incoherent from or as if slap-jack (slap'jak') *n.* 1 game. [SLAP + (FLAP)] slap-stick (slap'stik') *n.* boisterous farce. 2 A whacking sound, forme slash (slash) *v.* slashed form by cutting with violently with sweepin in. 4 To cut a slit or reduce or curtail drast sweeping strokes with Synonyms at tear. —*n.* sharp instrument. 2 A stroke; a gash; a slit. 3 of clothing 4. Branche after the cutting of tin ground overgrown with cool. [Middle English]

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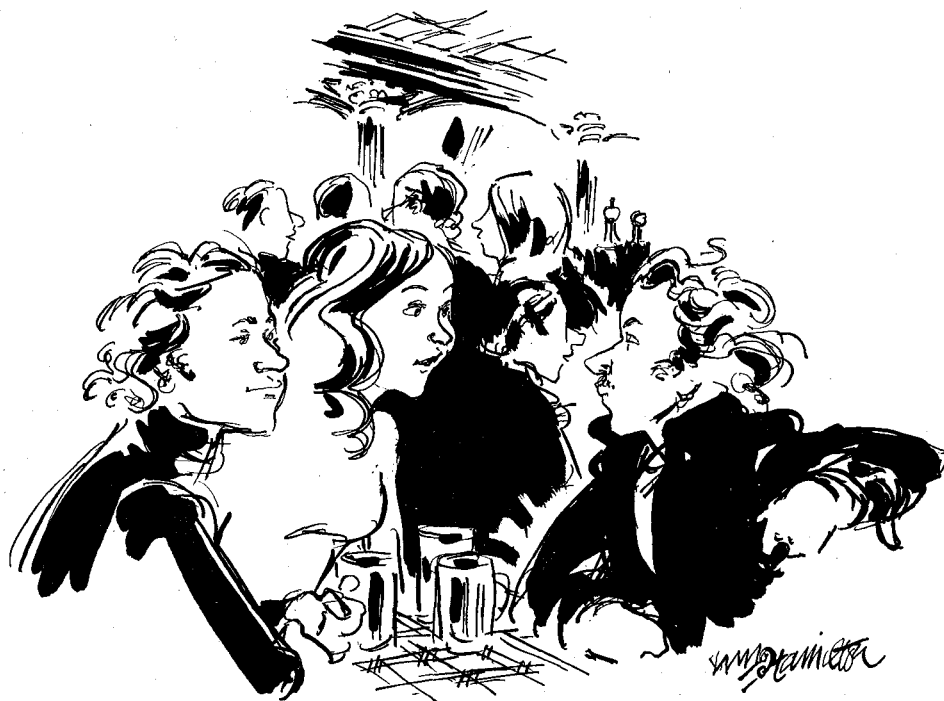
MAY 16
LAST Wednesday, the House of Commons returned to Westminster, in advance of yesterday's state opening by the Queen, for a pleasant family interlude between the wearisome competitive auction of the hustings and the rancorous battles to come—the election of the Speaker. It is an occasion when the bitter issues of the past four weeks are dropped, party lines are shelved, and the Government and the Opposition front benches look good-humoredly across at each other for once, and join in the cheers and laughter for the speeches of the proposer and seconder to the office, which is not a party one that changes with a Government. This time, it was not an election but a reelection, of George Thomas, the Labour member for Cardiff West, who is a serene and merry-looking man of seventy, the son of a miner in the Rhondda Valley (when it came to the turn of an old friend and longtime Parliamentary neighbor in the adjoining constituency of Cardiff Southeast, James Callaghan, to add to the laudatory bouquets, he said proudly that he must be the only member of the House who had been invited to stay in the Thomas home), and who has been a much-loved and certainly a great Speaker since 1976. To most of the foreign press, whose gallery obscures a view of his chair, he is known only as a wonderful Welsh cello voice that floats richly up out of a cloudlike Jove, impartially

and benignly dispensing divine law to squabbling human beings. On Wednesday, he was visible to all, sitting, as is customary on this day, squashed in among the M.P.s until the affectionate tributes were over and he had to put up the traditional, not very strenuous show of resistance—a punctiliously preserved relic of the days of conflict between monarch and Parliament, when the reluctance to occupy such an uncomfortably hot seat was genuine—before being pulled to his feet by his friends and propelled toward the Speaker's chair. Most of the speeches had welcomed and proffered lighthearted advice to the hundred-odd new members who have come into the House at this election, addressing them jovially as “the new boys,” without reference to the one sensational new girl, who sat among her ministers, quietly dressed in dark blue, looking as though she had been there for months, or perhaps forever. Already May 3rd seemed so far away that when the Speaker-elect, once more in his seat of office, called for the first time “The Prime Minister,” the historic moment had become matter-of-fact, everyday routine. Her speech of congratulation to him was warm, graceful, beautifully timed, and far more natural, as many people watching her keenly from the public gallery may have reflected, than any of the careful television set pieces she had spoken during the campaign. No one doubts—her supporters say it with ecstasy and her opponents with often

positively vitriolic dislike—that it was Mrs. Thatcher's amazing victory. The large section of the community that sent her home with a comfortable overall majority to cushion Parliamentary jolts ahead marked their crosses for her not only because of the promises of tax cuts—all the parties dangled that one before the electorate—or of bringing picketing practices under the law, or of looking hard at increasing violence, or of giving citizens the right to choose the way they want their children to be educated. After all, the Liberals had produced, by all counts, the best party manifesto of the lot, and their likable young leader, David Steel, seemed to a surprising number of impressed listeners to make the most consistently good showing of any of the television performers. Yet the little Liberal Party was unexpectedly still further reduced in this Parliament, some think in an unhappy backlash from the imminence of the Thorpe trial. In the end, a great number of people seem to have voted simply for what they have long wanted and thought they recognized—a leader of honesty and strong convictions who was far removed from anything that has gone before. It was an act of faith without love, for the country does not yet know Margaret Thatcher very well, nor, it appears, feel drawn to what it does know.

Throughout the campaign, all the opinion yardsticks went on measuring a sizable amount of warm approval for the bluff, beaming, superbly professional image of Jim Callaghan. But what he said to citizens sitting thoughtfully listening to him at home—in reality, it seems, he was often speaking at thinly attended meetings that the camera did not show—was not convincing. He was candid in admitting that the atrocious winter of everybody's discontent must not be allowed to happen again, and he talked reassuringly of the “concordat”—the 1979 model of the old, busted “social contract” between the Labour Government and the trade unions—which this time would work. He invited people to compare the Conservatives' vague, impossible (he claimed) economic promises with the improved financial position of Britain and the pound under his Government, omitting to mention the onlie begetter, North Sea oil. The country listened, and opened the door of No. 10 to a sharp change and a big but sporting risk, on which the eyes of this nation of gamblers will now be fixed with fascinated attention.

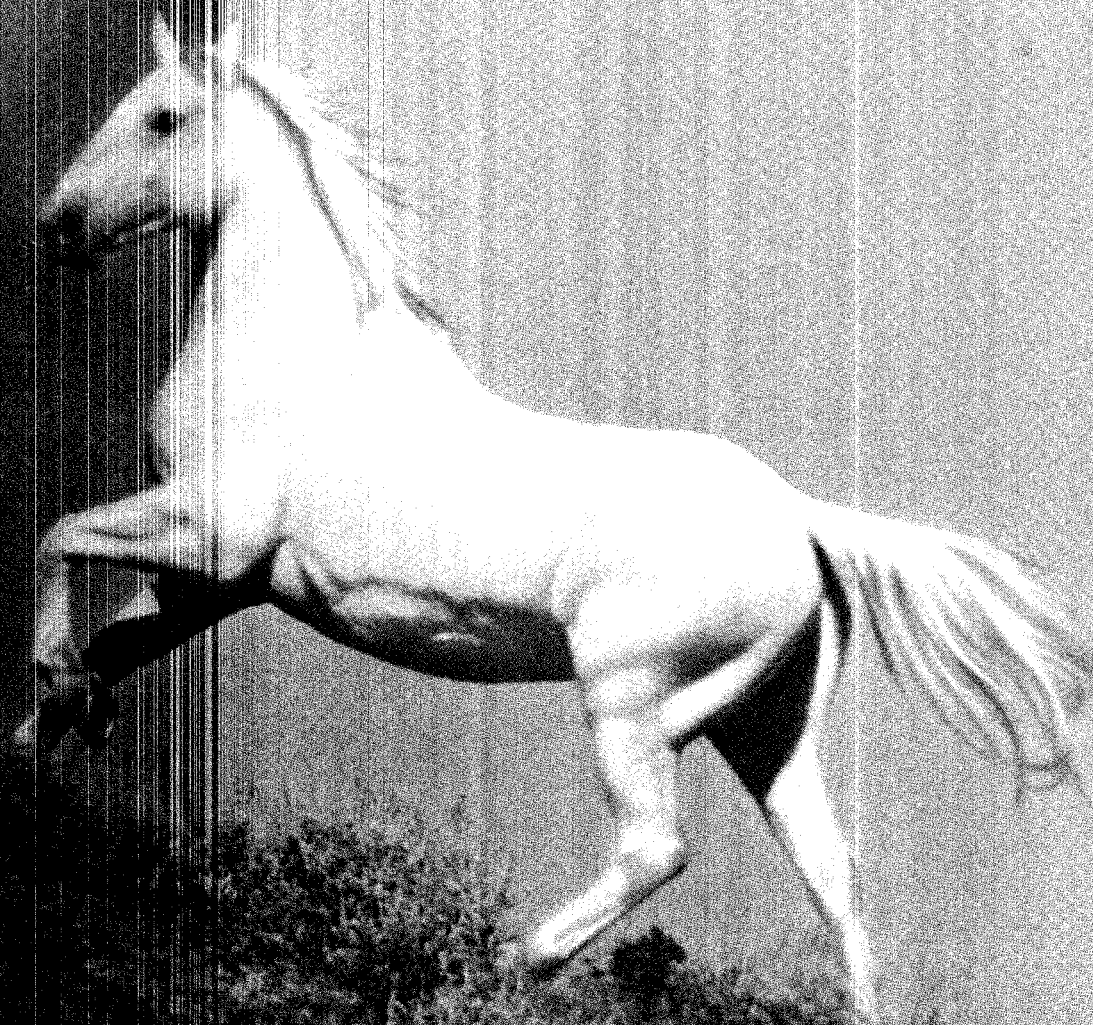
Mrs. Thatcher (“Maggie” is more frequently seen in the newspapers than heard on people's lips, by the way;



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should it ever be used as familiarly as "Winnie" was, that will be a day of real worry for the Labour Party) seems a strange novelty among British Prime Ministers, apart from her sex. There has never been one at all like her. It is hard to imagine any of her predecessors facing the cameras in Downing Street, glowing with victory on the threshold of the commanding heights of power, and giving that now famous quotation from, of all people, St. Francis of Assisi, hemmed in by large, expressionless policemen, to the running accompaniment of cheers and boos that will henceforth be Britain's mixed political counterpoint. She is an enthusiastic but indiscriminate quoter, who during her campaign flummoxed unlettered types at her meetings by flinging in lines from Kipling and Gide. She ended her Election Eve television address with what leftover remnants of the Noël Coward era recognized (the press apparently did not) as the patriotic last line from "Cavalcade"—about old England's maybe finding peace and dignity again—which used to bring down the house in Drury Lane. The audience is different now, and this sort of thing sets the teeth of the more sophisticated electorate quite horribly on edge, but it is possible that it goes straight to the hearts of many. Mrs. Thatcher is the only politician in recent memory who can and does talk about old England without a shadow of doubt or embarrassment, and with an almost mystical conviction that she knows how to set the country on the right philosophical path, which, she insists, many moderate trade unionists would secretly prefer. Since the Opposition will not be slow to construct extremely dangerous womantraps along that path—in spite of Mr. Callaghan's admirably magnanimous wishes of success and his informed sympathy to the new shoulderer of his load of troubles—her supporters are profoundly thankful that, besides being strong on supposed feminine instincts (which at her worst make her sound shrill and scolding), she is also remarkably long on supposed masculine brains, tenacity, and courage. Throughout the campaign, everybody was waiting for her to make a really disastrous floater, but she did not oblige. She was much twitted by unadmiring commentators for refusing a Presidential-style television debate with Mr. Callaghan, who would have been expected to get the better of it. However, noting how speedily she dealt with antagonistic questions during the last few weeks, many people began to suspect that he



was lucky. She is a fast, canny learner, who is certain to be changed, perhaps painfully, as she adapts herself to the wear and tear and maulings of office, which may be subtly changed, too, by the time she relinquishes it.

Conservatives who had no doubt at all about Margaret Thatcher have often observed that they were far less confident about the abilities of the members of her Shadow Cabinet, who were mostly rather little-known names to which the public would have been unable to supply faces. Her first test was the announcement of her flesh-and-blood Cabinet, which, to the surprise of all and the relief of the Party, looks alive, well, and impressively businesslike,

especially on the economic side, where she herself is strongest. Her Government turns out to be composed with much skill, astutely balanced between the untried new men and the wise old ones, between right wing and moderate center, with rewards for her own loyal lieutenants but also for former supporters of Edward Heath, brought in from the cold. There were few regrets that Mr. Heath himself was not included. He would be a constant living reminder of confrontation with the unions and of defeat, and his reported failure to force Mrs. Thatcher's name past his lips during the campaign has lost him a good deal of lingering admiration and sympathy. The appointment of Lord Carrington, an exceedingly sharp and able minister in the Heath administration, as Foreign Secretary was popular. His immediate fixing on better relations with Europe as his first priority was certainly heartening to the disappointed minority of pro-European British, who think that relations could hardly get worse than they got under Labour. The first reactions from the unions toward the new management have been muted. The teachers, however, lost no time in sending a brisk reminder to Mrs. Thatcher, a former unpopular Education Secretary, that this is where she went out, and filling her in on the newest developments of what they mean to have this time.

Even in staunchly Tory gatherings, the euphoria of Election Night has changed to deep content sensibly qualified by caution. As one man put it, "I feel moderately hopeful—no more than that." At the moment, with so many trials looming ahead for the extraordinary unknown quantity that England has just hoisted to the top, it is perhaps enough.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

DOWNEAST

WEATHER STICK

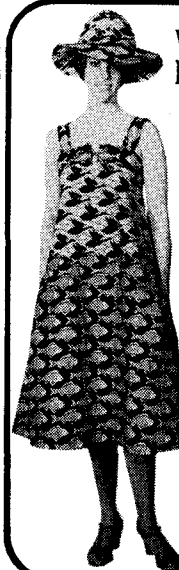


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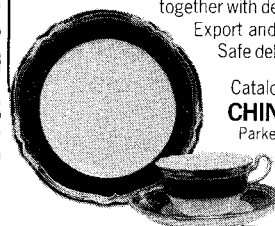
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Love and Death

IT'S a gratifying week that can boast of two truly funny comedies and a thriller that, having successfully manipulated our emotions for a couple of hours, dares to bring its innumerable calculated idiocies to a halt by drowning its heroine in the waters of Niagara Falls. The first comedy is called "La Cage aux Folles," which may be none too singingly translated as "Cage for Crazy Ladies." The title also serves, in the movie, as the name of a night club in Saint-Tropez that specializes in female impersonators—a fact from which you may deduce that nobody on the premises is either crazy or a lady. The star turn at the club is Albin, an aging, pretty-faced homosexual who sings and dances under the name of Zaza; he and his manager, Renato, have been lovers for twenty years. On a certain remarkable occasion, Renato was unfaithful to Albin: an amorous woman seduced him and, to his astonishment, bore him a son. The mother having more important things to do than rear a child, this task has been performed by Renato, with "Auntie" Albin's assistance. Now the boy, Laurent, is old enough to marry, and his fiancée's parents insist on paying a "get acquainted" visit to Saint-Tropez. For selfish reasons, they hope to discover that Laurent's parents are even more primly respectable than they are themselves. Albin and Renato live above the night club, in a flat indecorously cluttered with pagan ribaldries; what will the fiancée's father, who is head of an organization seeking to impose a strict moral order upon all France, make of Albin's and Renato's spectacularly aberrant ways?

One sees that there is ample material for farce in this outrageous situation, and the director, Édouard Molinaro, has put every scrap of it to admirable use. (The screenplay is the work of several authors, including Mr. Molinaro and Jean Poiret, who wrote the play on which the movie is based.) We laugh almost without stop at the increasingly frantic means by which Renato and Albin seek to transform themselves for Laurent's sake, but little by little something much more interesting than mere farce emerges from the slapstick

somersaultings of the plot; we begin to find Albin and Renato affecting as well as amusing. For they have put their lives in jeopardy to please a boy and girl unworthy of them; the more chances they take, the more our hearts go out to them. Luckily, the movie has the happiest possible ending, in the unexpected, incense-laden sanctuary of a church. The boy and girl marry, contentedly doomed to tread the same dreary mill of marriage as her parents, while Albin and Renato, with the benefit of a roguish wink of complicity on the part of the officiating priest, are free to go on growing old together, quarrelling and making up, as lovers will.

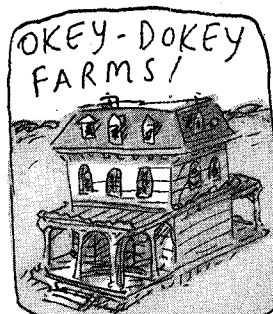
Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi are superb as Albin and Renato, and so is Michel Galabru as the huffing-and-puffing, hard-pressed Jansenist father of the bride. The boy and girl are given their selfish, doltish due by Rémy Laurent and Luisa Maneri, and the ice-cold mother of the bride is played by Carmen Scarpitta. For the Fitzpatricks among us, there are a few welcome glimpses of the shining summertime face of Saint-Tropez, but comedies by their nature tend to be somewhat ill at ease in the open air; it is under the pressure of confinement that the buttons of our minds begin to pop.

"DEATH OF A BUREAUCRAT" is a slam-bang, hilarious account of the tyranny of red tape, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. (The screen-

play is by Alfredo del Cueto, Ramon F. Suarez, and Mr. Gutiérrez Alea.) Produced in 1966 by the Cuban Film Institute, the movie is being released here at this late date because the fear that it might be considered an inside attack on the Castro regime no longer exists—our relations with Cuba have eased to the point where an indictment of bullheaded, mucilaginous bureaucracy can be safely assumed to have not a local but a universal applicability. The plot of the movie is as simple as its working out is complex: A man who invented a machine for manufacturing hundreds of plaster busts of a Cuban national hero dies in the course of tinkering with his machine and is buried holding his beloved union work card. Applying for a pension, his widow learns that she must hand in the work card in order to validate her claim. In pursuit of the card, her nephew seeks official permission to have the body exhumed. Delay follows delay, and at last he arranges to exhume the body himself. He successfully retrieves the card, but when he attempts to have Uncle (no longer in tip-top shape) reburied, the time-serving pen pushers refuse him permission. Logic is logic, rules are rules—the exhumation order *must* precede the reinhumation order, lest the heavens fall. The poor nephew is driven to the brink of suicide and then, understandably, to committing murder. The movie ends as it began, with a death, and we observe that the invincible unbudgingness of bureaucracy has provided the occasion for a second funeral far grander than the first.

As is well known, few things are more comical than corpses, especially corpses that are on the move, and Mr. Gutiérrez Alea has a grand time mocking our conventional pieties in regard to the dead even as he mocks our conventional irritations in regard to the living. Again and again, he pays indirect homage to the American masters of comedy: a clock high up on the face of a building salutes a similar clock in Harold Lloyd's "Safety Last," and the nephew's habitual blank expression as he shuffles in vain from desk to desk puts us in mind of Buster Keaton, "the knight of the doleful countenance." For me, the high point of the movie was a fantastic donnybrook in a cemetery (homage to Laurel and Hardy), in the course of which whole hearses are happily dismantled and a policeman is knocked unconscious not once

EN ROUTE



R. Chast

but three times. What a scene it is! I will never again visit a cemetery without hoping to encounter its like.

JONATHAN DEMME's "Last Embrace" is a preposterous melodrama, filled with false leads that have the look of having been left over from the novel—"The Thirteenth Man," by Murray Teigh Bloom—on which David Shaber's screenplay is based. The hero, well played by Roy Scheider, is fresh out of a mental institution as the movie begins, and I use "fresh" in the sense of "newly," not in the sense of his having his original qualities unimpaired. The fellow is a patched-up bundle of tics and twitches, convinced that every man's hand is against him, and soon enough it turns out that *somebody's* hand is indeed against him, not solely because of his job as a government agent but also because his grandfather, as an immigrant Jew on the lower East Side, profited from the prostitution of a pretty girl there. That pretty girl, now long dead, has a grandchild out in the world, bent upon seeking vengeance. Who? Where? When? How? No matter the order in which the questions get answered. Mr. Demme's specialty is to pour so much energy into a movie that the screen itself begins to tremble; what we get isn't the truth twenty-four times a second but the heebie-jeebies. One leaves the theatre exhausted and exhilarated, and no doubt Aristotle would approve of this double response. Janet Margolin has the leading role opposite Mr. Scheider, and she is very good indeed; her face conveys an exceptional intelligence, her body is lovely, and her voice utters the most implausible remarks with feeling. Also in the cast are John Glover, Sam Levene, Charles Napier, and Christopher Walken. The photography is by Tak Fujimoto, and the music, which put me in mind of hot fudge in a whirlwind, is by Miklos Rozsa.

—B.G.

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[From "Breach of Faith: The Fall of Richard Nixon," by Theodore H. White]

The chamber soaked up sound now, as those who came to listen filed in, the double rows of four pillars on each side of the square hall making an echoless chamber in which murmuring hummed below the threshold of hearing.

—Page 3.

Silence. Then the clack of a gavel. And then the Justices swiveled in their chairs, rose and, like ghosts of an olden drama, disappeared through the burgundy drapes behind them, the thwack of the gavel still echoing.

—Page 5.

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AFFAIRS OF STATE

May 21
DEBATE in the Senate and across the country on the strategic arms limitation treaty (SALT II) promises to be long and drawn out, at times rancorous, and in large part irrelevant. President Carter, of course, would like brief, pro-forma deliberations and an early Senate approval that would be taken as a vote of confidence in his leadership, a show of national unity, and a commitment to détente. But this is not to be. He is at least twenty-five votes short of the sixty-seven needed to make the treaty law, and approval, if and when it comes, will be no vote of confidence but an acceptance of the proposition that half a loaf is better than none. Under the circumstances, he may consider it in his interest—or, rather, in the interest of succeeding in what he now considers the most important of his diplomatic undertakings—to encourage prolonged hearings and deliberations that will go on through this year and into 1980, when he will be seeking a second term and can make the treaty a central campaign issue. He can reason now that the prospect of being tagged as warmongers in an election year may lead some opponents of the treaty to rethink their positions. (The opinion polls show widespread approval of the treaty; this obviously rests not upon what is in the document, which has yet to be made fully public, but upon the view that any effort to limit arms is commendable and worthy of support.) In theory, at least, delay may favor Carter both as a candidate and as an incumbent President confident of the rightness of his mission.

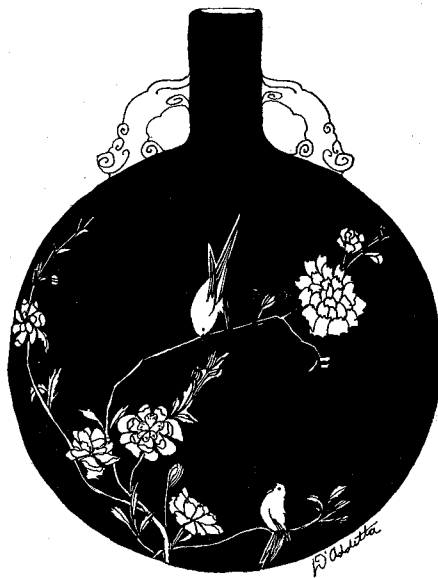
If the case for SALT II is as powerful as Carter holds it to be, debate over many months should lay bare the fallacies of the opposition. The difficulty with this is that not much of the discussion is likely to turn on the merits of the case. In matters such as this, the Senate is—as, in general, it must be—an assemblage of rank amateurs. With few exceptions, its members must rely on the expertise of others, and the field is one in which expertise is very rare. The problems are, or seem to be, essentially military, but they are beyond the competence of most military thinkers, who understand the operation and deployment of ballistic missiles and other nuclear weapons but have not yet been trained to understand their workings or to deal with such crucial questions as what constitutes “adequate verification” or even “parity.”

These are questions for mathematicians and physicists and engineers schooled in the highest of high technologies. But the scientists are not equipped to make the necessary diplomatic and political judgments that must be factored in, and neither are most American politicians, products of a unique society and a unique political system. So our politicians, who have the ultimate burden of decision, must turn for advice to a small group of twentieth-century gurus who have made something of a specialty of the arcane calculus of nuclear weapons and delivery systems and of nuclear-age diplomacy. At present, the two busiest and most respected of these gurus are Paul Nitze, who opposes the treaty, and Paul Warnke, who favors it, and who was Carter’s choice to lead our side in the SALT II negotiations. They are estimable and highly responsible men, public servants of the most admirable sort, and both have had wide experience in dealing with military matters and with their Soviet counterparts. Still, on a matter in which ideological predilections should play no part, there seems a clear connection between their differing views of the world and their differing judgments on the treaty. In Cold War shorthand, Nitze is a hardliner. Soviet-American military rivalry is at the center of his world, and he thinks the peace will be threatened if Moscow gets any kind of competitive edge. Warnke sees that rivalry not only as a source of great danger in itself but as a useless drain on the energies of both superpowers; to him, the plain task of statesmanship is to negotiate as much of it as possible out of existence. Both men, one may be sure, have done what they can to disentangle their hopes and

fears from their judgments and computations. And the language of the treaty, as technical in its concepts as a blueprint, cannot be ambiguous enough to allow two entirely different readings. Yet there is a clear correspondence between political judgments and judgments of the worth of the treaty. What we shall hear most about is not what is in the agreement but what is, deliberately on the part of its authors, beyond the rather narrow subject matter that has been under negotiation through most of this decade.

In an atmosphere less highly charged, ideology should have no more part in the debate than it would in a discussion of fire prevention or flood control. The main question is: Does this treaty create or maintain a balance in the balance of terror? In other words: Does it fix the arms race so that—in this heat, anyway—it ends in a tie? There are, or should be, no further questions. The heads of government of the Soviet Union and the United States have said that they can live and want to live with mutually-agreed-upon limits to their strategic arsenals. They believe, they are telling us, that they have found satisfactory techniques for checking compliance. It is suspected here that Moscow is dissembling, and some people in Moscow must be suspicious of us. It is also felt that, particularly since the loss of our intelligence-gathering facilities in Iran, our means of verification, which the President and his advisers say are “adequate,” are in fact not reliable enough to prevent Soviet “cheating.” This is a serious matter, and one that will be made much of in the months ahead; the minds of laymen will be assailed with conflicting and confusing testimony on the state of the art of electronic monitoring. But, important as this is, it has to be thought about, like so much else in the menacing international climate, in terms of the alternative, which is no treaty at all. What is cheating under the terms of a contract is in the absence of a contract deplorable, perhaps, but not duplicitous or legally actionable behavior.

The verification issue will be a major one, and maybe the least ideological. When Henry Kissinger, an as yet uncommitted guru but one who should be weighing in soon, speaks his piece, there will be talk of “linkage” and of Soviet “intentions.” There will be efforts to make approval contingent on other Soviet policy, to see it as an instrument for modifying Soviet policy in other fields and in other parts of the world. (Even the anticipation of this has brought some modification—the





easing of emigration restrictions on Jews, clearly, and possibly the recent exchange of Soviet dissidents for Soviet spies.) The military attitude toward intentions—assume the worst and arm against it—will be seconded in the Senate. And even if Carter should want to keep the treaty out of 1980 Presidential politics, he would be unable to do so. In anticipation of his meetings with Leonid Brezhnev in Vienna next month, he is being advised to take with him leaders of both parties in the Senate. Woodrow Wilson, he is being reminded, might not have been defeated on the League of Nations if he had not gone alone to Paris in 1919, and John Kennedy, in his 1961 Vienna meetings with Nikita Khrushchev, might have made a better show of it had he been accompanied by leading members of the legislative branch. Neither Robert Byrd, the Democratic leader in the Senate, nor Howard Baker, who leads the minority, has taken a firm position on SALT II, and it is clear that neither wants to at this time. They can hardly refuse the President if he asks them to accompany him, but they cannot be expected to lend themselves to his enterprise simply to strengthen his hand in Vienna and improve his standing at home. In the way of a quid pro quo, Byrd might ask for something quite peripheral and parochial—support for some domestic legislation in Congress or for some pet project in West Vir-

ginia—but Baker, who is a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination, might want to cut a deal of some sort on the treaty itself, conceivably a softening of White House resistance to amendments and reservations.

The major part of the debate will not get under way until the President has returned from Vienna, with or without travelling companions from the Senate. It is unlikely to be an edifying or enlightening spectacle. It seems more likely than not, though, that the treaty will in the end be approved. The most compelling case for it is the negative one—that the dangers of rejecting it are greater than the dangers of accepting it. To accept it is really to accept the status quo we have lived with through most of this decade. It is in no sense an arms-control or disarmament agreement but, as it is properly labelled, a “limitation” treaty. It calls upon the Soviets to dismantle some of their obsolete missiles, but in most categories the stockpiles acknowledged to exist in both countries are well below the ceilings the treaty sets. Under its terms, the arms industries will not suffer. The production and deployment of strategic weapons can proceed until the ceilings have been reached. Many new weapons systems can be developed and tested, and many will be. Conventional forces are unaffected by the treaty. (While the SALT negotiations were

under way in Geneva, talks on the prospect of cutting back conventional forces—the abbreviation is M.B.F.R., or mutual and balanced force reduction—were held in Vienna and are still intermittently in progress. They have not, however, been given anything like the priority or publicity of SALT and are unlikely to yield any sort of agreement for several years.) Nothing in SALT II prevents us from mounting operations on the scale of our operation in Vietnam over most of a bloody decade. The buildup of the Warsaw Pact forces in Eastern Europe, which in some places causes at least as much alarm as the nuclear threat, can proceed at any pace the Kremlin chooses. Competition for naval supremacy can and will go on. So little does the treaty do to advance Carter’s early hopes for curbing weapons development that those who oppose it because they think it goes too far may be joined by some who think it all but useless and fear that the President will try to lobby it through by making all kinds of concessions to the big military spenders. Senators Mark Hatfield, George McGovern, and William Proxmire, all of whom could normally be expected to support it, have told the White House not to count on them. Such critics, though, are likely in the end to vote for approval, on the ground that even if little of substance is gained by the treaty, the consequences of rejection would be great and unaccept-

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able. This country, having killed an agreement that three Presidents had sought and that the Russians had already accepted, would certainly be held accountable for the dashing of hopes in many parts of the world. There would be some sympathy for Moscow if it concluded that Carter was not in charge of American policy, and assumed that the jingoes were in control. An escalation of arms production and deployment by the Warsaw powers would trigger an escalation here. The end of a modest attempt at arms limitation would doubtless bring an end to the American campaign against nuclear proliferation—a campaign that loses all credibility when its sponsor, the President, cannot prevent proliferation inside his own arsenal.

The kind of uncertainty felt in many quarters now seems part of the price we pay for our particular form of political democracy. The federal system and the separation of powers have served us well in protecting us against the abuse of authority and in curbing authority when it is abused. The institutions they have given rise to have enabled a people of great diversity of background and interest to survive under one flag. But there have been times—and this may be one of them—when those institutions have worked against a rational foreign policy. Exercising their constitutional prerogatives, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon kept heightening our involvement in Southeast Asia for several years after Congress and the people had determined that it was not only futile but immoral. Congress finally managed to restrain the White House and force our extrication, but the situation now is one in which a President with what appears to be a clear mandate from the people and from our NATO allies is being held to account not for a failure to negotiate but for an effort to do so and thus reduce ever so slightly the threat of nuclear holocaust. In a parliamentary system, this could not happen. The head of government would be either supported or replaced. If the President next year should be denied the settlement he has sought, he would have to govern and exercise American power—perhaps for several months, perhaps for several years—in a world he happens to believe would be all but ungovernable.

—RICHARD ROVERE

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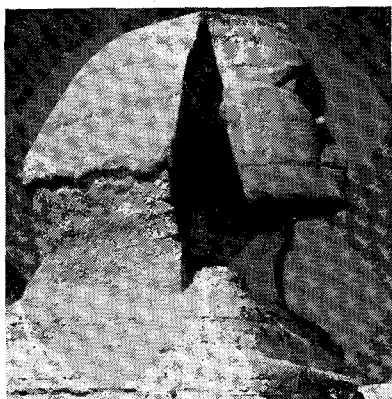
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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, by Elizabeth Hardwick (Random House; \$8.95).

This brief book, called a novel, contains much: the life of the narrator, a Kentucky-born woman who moves North, and the lives of innumerable men and women—Americans and foreigners, family, friends, acquaintances. The form is reminiscence during the sleepless nights of the title, spiked with scenes from the present, and the precise prose miraculously grasps the chaos of all these existences—the mania of racing fans, say, the self-destructiveness of Billie Holiday, the comic disappointment of a justly jilted lover. The book's aesthetic pleasure is contrast—between the exact style and the sprawling reality, between chic and seedy settings, between sad and funny destinies.

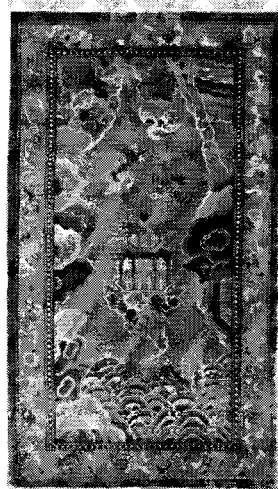
WHERE THE CHERRIES END UP, by Gail Henley (Little, Brown; \$9.95). A stunning first novel about a Polish-Canadian girl's efforts to escape her miserable niche as a drudge and a scapegoat in Jasno Gora, a remote northern Canadian township with more than its share of rocks and drunks. Genia Luckoskie, speaking as a young woman with a university degree, recalls her beginnings as a scrawny child (one of eight) in a house full of bullies—scrawny because, along with her meek mother, she washes floors, dishes, and laundry every day; is ignored by her schoolmates and teachers and insulted by her drunken father and two of her brothers; and then is obliged, at dinner, to surrender to the men most of her serving of meat. When she finally makes it to McGill University, in the hope that a slim blue-eyed girl will seem less contemptible there, other bigoted and heartless people confound her efforts to acquire an education and a job. The hopeless inhabitants of Jasno Gora, however, begin to regard her with curiosity and awe, and she, in turn, recalls them more with pity than with anger. Gail Henley's quirky and compact sentences rollick like folk tunes, as when Genia recalls her curiosity, as a youngster, about the ritual cocktail hour at a summer cottage rented by Americans, where her mother does housework: "I

wanted to see exactly what parts of the body shake, and who'd to and fro to who, and where the cherries end up."

GENERAL

PROKOFIEV BY PROKOFIEV, translated from the Russian by Guy Daniels and edited by David H. Appel (Doubleday; \$14). This autobiography closes in 1909 (Sergei Prokofiev was born in 1891 and died in 1953), and so deals with the composer's formative years. He was the only surviving child of a couple we would now call upwardly mobile (his maternal great-grandfather was a serf, but his mother was well enough educated to begin his musical education), and their unbelievable doting upon their *Wunderkind* is amply documented. Prokofiev started composing at five, and they kept every scrap of his work. Much of his juvenilia is reproduced in this book, which offers an unparalleled view of the egocentricity and naïveté of a hothouse prodigy. The memoir has other fascinations. Most recollections of the Old Regime recall its extremes—Czarist Russia, in English translation, was either famine or Fabergé. This work, however, deals with life in the middle class—with people who were getting along nicely and who noticed (for example) the Revolution of 1905 only because it temporarily closed the St. Petersburg Conservatory. Then, too, the book is jammed with Russian musical figures, and the contrast with the United States at the same period is striking—native rather than imported talent dominated Russia's musical life, which was not true here until after the Second World War.

THE MADISONS, by Virginia Moore (McGraw-Hill; \$15). This enchanting dual biography delineates a supremely happy marriage, to which both partners contributed different gifts—Dolley her outgoing warmth and James his brains and his shyer but no less deep affections. Miss Moore emphasizes Madison's stature as the most important of the authors of the Constitution, and offers a new perspective on the War of 1812, over which Madison, as our fourth President, presided; indeed, her scholarly enthusiasm shows us Madison's personal qualities—his



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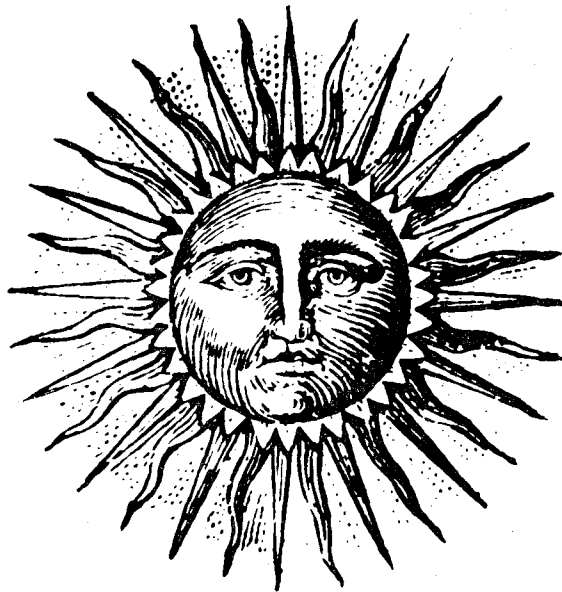
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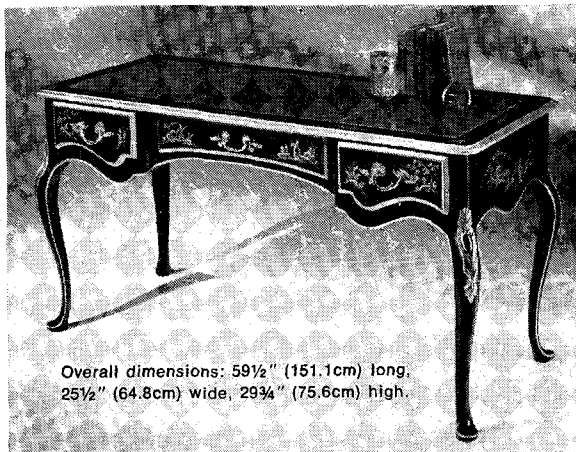
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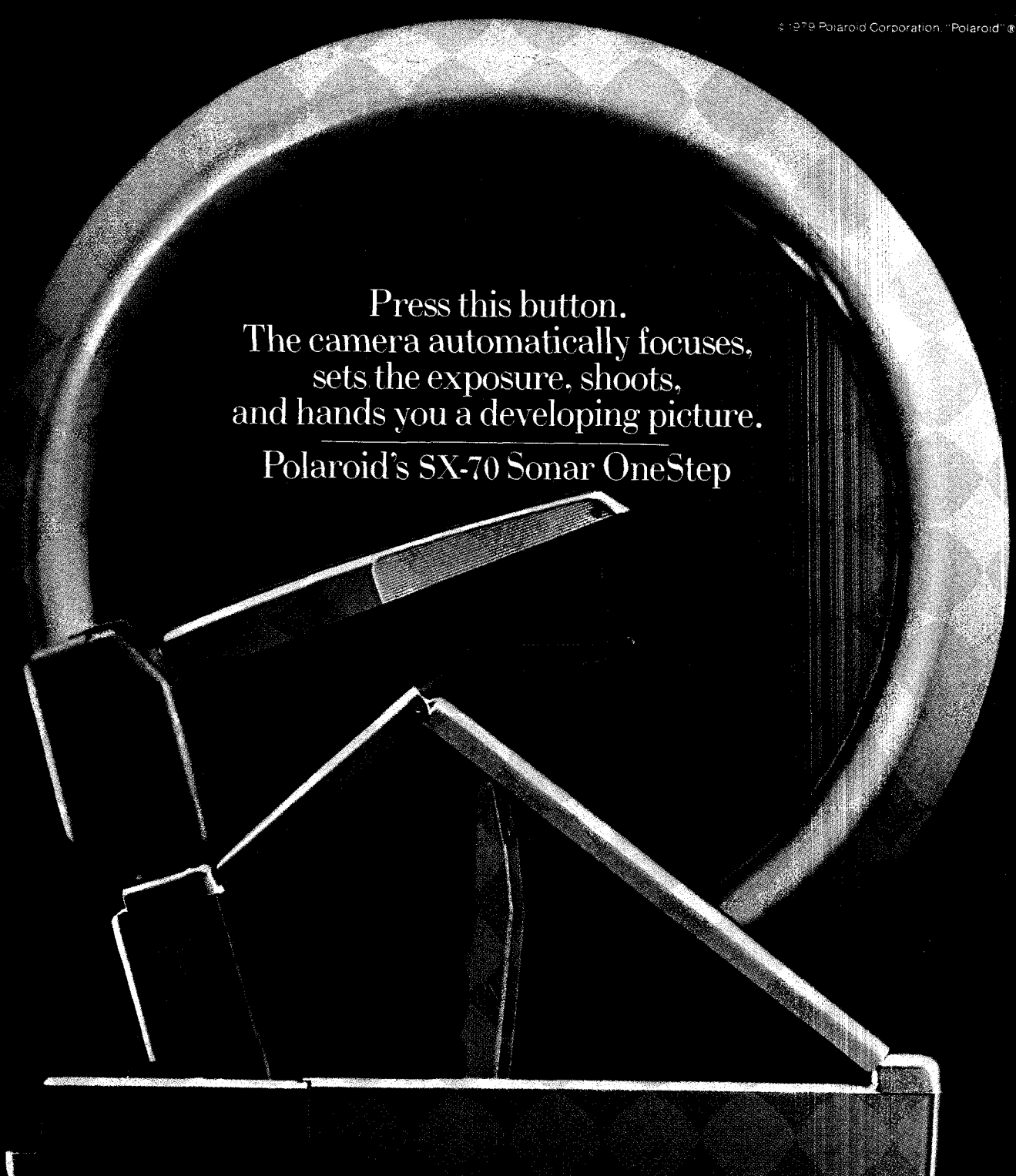
virtues, his charm—as have few modern biographers. She goes into considerable detail about the machinery of daily life in the Revolutionary and Federal eras, and makes it plain why, in the White House or elsewhere, Dolley earned remembrance as America's nonpareil hostess.

THE BEST OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY, by Kenneth Clark (Doubleday; \$16.95). Aubrey Beardsley wouldn't seem to be a natural subject for Kenneth Clark, yet Clark's enthusiasm for the fin-de-siècle figure goes back to his school days, when he made pastiches of Beardsley and thought he was stepping into the grownup world of sexual innuendo. That Beardsley is so interwoven with memories of Clark's adolescence may explain why this book—made up of a long essay on the artist-illustrator's life and work, plus notes accompanying some sixty full-page plates—has such an affectionate, almost paternally fond, tone, though it isn't sentimental. Clark is as sly and mock-gentlemanly as ever, and his voice, simultaneously languid and spare, surprisingly complements Beardsley's own ironically fussy manner. Clark makes his points with such dainty economy that one hardly realizes, as one reads, how varied and full the portrait is. The conception of Beardsley as a "mixture of naughtiness and genuine religious feeling, of mischief and repentance," is perfect, as is the coupling of his name with Blake's as a fellow-visionary. It is odd not to have, among these "best" works, those that Clark calls the "indecent" illustrations; he terms them "positively boring," though for many they are charmingly ridiculous and, even now, mildly shocking. The selection might also have included, if only to give a sense of the comic underside of Beardsley's art, some of the scruffy early parodies. But Clark, understandably, is less interested in being biographically many-faceted than in convincing the skeptical that Beardsley was a great minor talent, and with that as his goal his choices make sense.

Back on the steep Massachusetts cliff overlooking the Pacific, Quinlan digs for the necklace. It is gone. She looks around puzzled as Collins steps out of the woods. He apologizes for his poor memory for faces and she falls into his arms.

—*Variety*.

They'll make a good pair: he can't remember faces, she's disoriented.



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